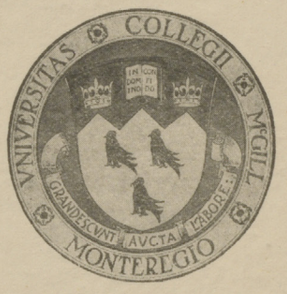
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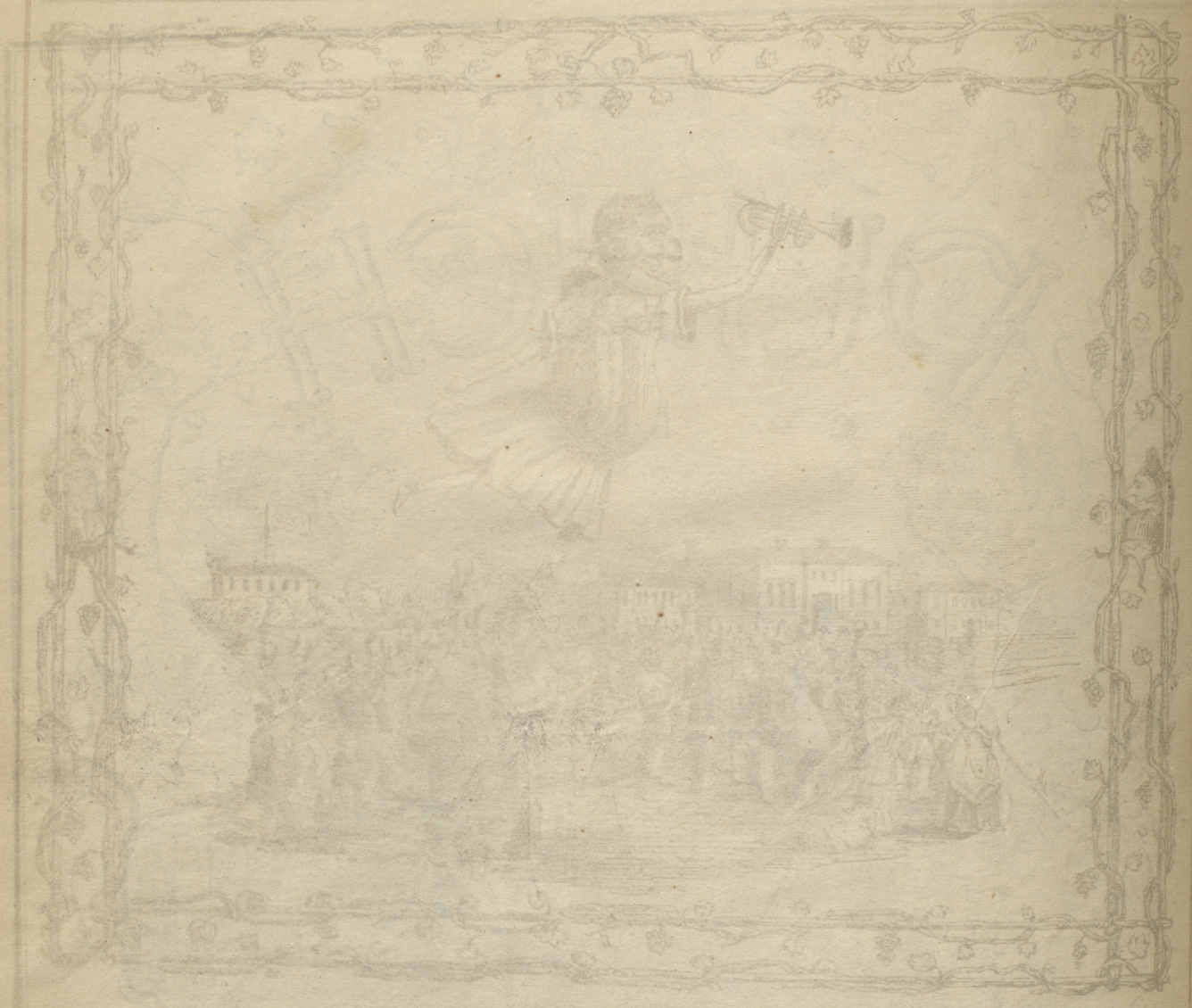
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VOLUME I.





PREFACE.

EXAMPLES are not wanting of prefaces having been read by those for whom they were written. Such instances are certainly rare—rare as the pearl which sometimes glistens at us from the oyster of our affections, rendering it doubly dear to us at two-and-sixpence a dozen. This crustaceous image leads Punch to extended flights of fancy; his First Volume is an oyster, with which he presents his voracious public, to be opened and devoured by them with that decent and respectable avidity for which Punch's public has always been remarkable. This preface is the pearl, glistening from a corner of the modest, yet cunningly contrived shell: do not overlook it, O gentle reader! ye "ladyes fair" and "gallant knyghts," whose tables have thus been provided by Purveyor Punch.

To dip deeper into convivial metaphor, Punch hopes that spice and spirit have been so combined by him, as to render his First Volume palatable to the tastes of all,—a wassail cup both strong and sweet, but containing no undue preponderance of acid, and devised, as far as possible, so as to avoid the similitude of a "regular mull."

Canada is the country of Punch's adoption. From the verge of the extreme west, where the lambent lake of Huron licks the pebbles to sleep on its murmuring beach, to the granite walls of ocean-buffetted Gaspé, whose snow-white porpoises spout anti-

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annexation to the whales of the gulf; from the trapper-trodden ravines of the Winnipeg, to the tourist-tormented ridges of rumbling Niagara,—all is Punch's. Every hut offers him a home; every table has a knife and fork for him, and frequently a spoon.

And thus it is that Punch looks upon himself as a settler;—one who, with sharp pointed instruments, the pen and the pencil of satire, roots up the stumps of humbug from the social soil of his adoption, sowing pleasant flowers where he has cut down noxious weeds. Hitherto the flowers have flourished; their future prosperity, like their past, depends upon the public, the liberal and enlightened public of Punch.

And, in another point of argument, Punch is also entitled to the style and denomination of a settler,—a regular settler. Many knotty points have been readily and completely settled by him. Ministerial measures have been settled by him; incorporated incapables have been settled by him; professional impostors have been settled by him; amateur swindlers have been settled by him, and Annexation is in a very fair way of being settled by him, and will, in his second volume, be completely and satisfactorily settled by him; or else he will perish in the attempt, leaving Judy a disconsolate widow, and Toby a poodle of many woes. Punch then is a settler;—having satisfactorily settled this last question, referred to himself by himself.

The present year will undoubtedly bring with it much grist to the mill of Punch; which shall be ground with care, and served out to his customers with strict impartiality. There will be a good deal of "chaff,"—an article which Punch never wastes; but reserves for application to the object of his particular regard, whether corporate or incorporate, political or social, annexation or anti-annexation.

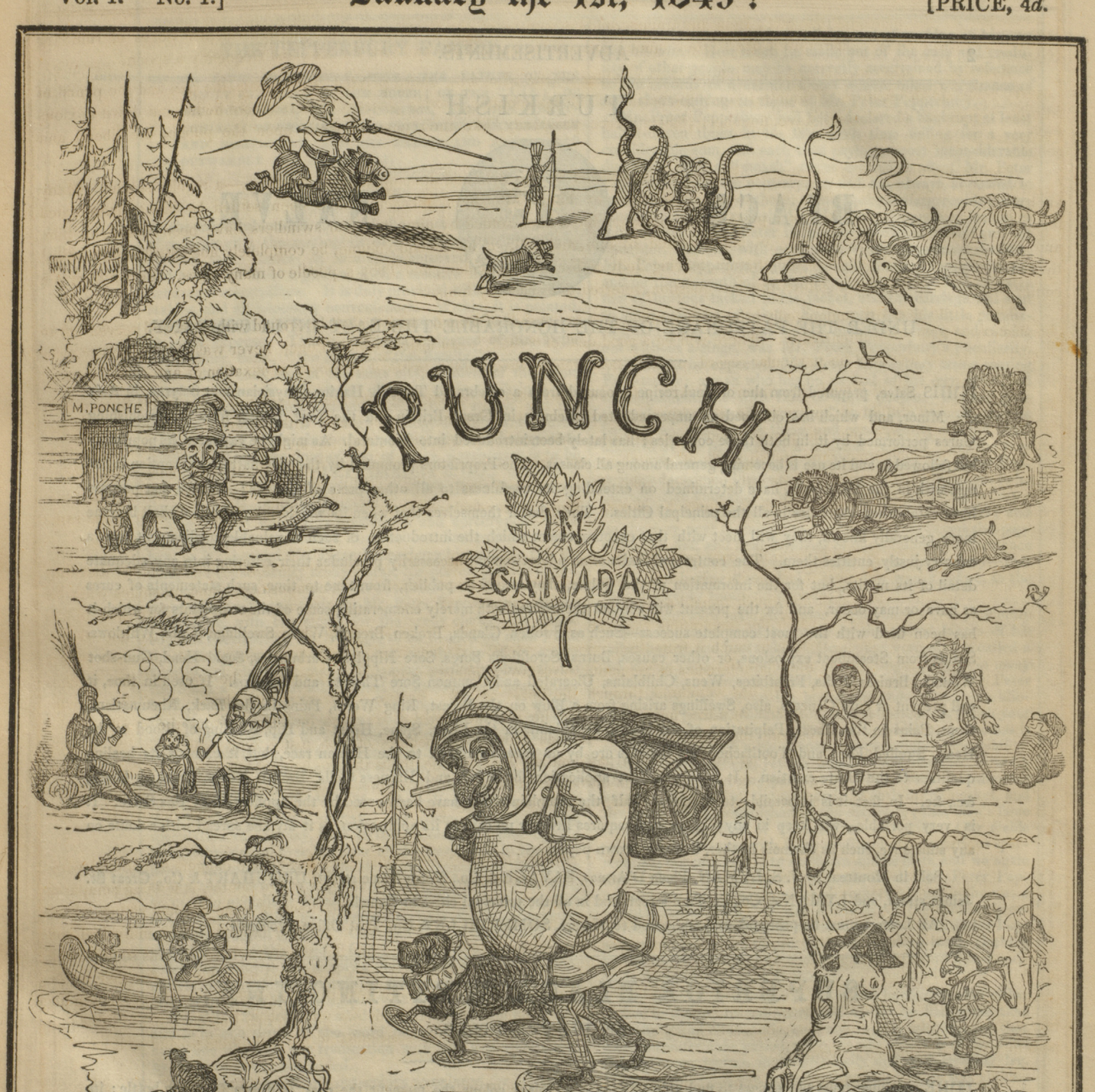
While the pencil of Punch has been used with a freedom and breadth in keeping with the character of the subjects upon which he has delighted to employ it, he trusts that the chiar-oscuro produced by it has never been tinged with the unholy light painted by the touch of malignity: nor has his pen,—albeit sharp and sure,—descended to daggerism; like the style of the ancient Roman editors, who practised a peculiar and very stylish mode of scratching out their political opponents with the points of their pens. This might have been looked upon as a capital or rather Capitol joke, in those remote ages of journalism; but Punch prefers writing *currente calamo*, and trusts to his baton when it comes to blows. Thus, he is considerably milder than Roman Punch, though at the same time incomparably stronger.

In recurring more particularly to the past year, Punch would hope that his poetical productions have given satisfaction—that they have gone to the heart-recesses of those for whom they were written. Those of Punch's own composition,—and he smiles while he pens this paragraph,—have cost him much mental as well as physical labour. He has climbed to the top of the Parnassus of the Mountain of Montreal, there to catch the inspiration requisite for the more sublime gyrations of his muse; and if he did not catch it there, he was generally pretty certain to catch it from Judy upon his return. He has herded with monstrosities in the meanest cellars of Griffintown, in order to study the characteristics of humanity in its lowest phases—converting the rags of the wretched into torches for the illumination of his readers. He has wandered through the fields and the forests, communing with the spirit of nature, who generally very obligingly perched herself in a tree near him, while he sat and smoked his pipe on a log. From the depths of the St. Lawrence,—the river of lakes and the lake of rivers,—he has brought up pebbles of rich lustre, with which he has lavishly gemmed the golden goblets of his brimming fancy. Punch has done all this; and he trusts that he has not laboured altogether in vain, but that the book of slim and genteel exterior which he introduces to the public with these few preliminary remarks as to pedigree will be welcome to a pleasant situation upon the drawing-room tables of the good, the sofas of the wise, and the window-seats of the witty.

But, in his artistical pursuits, Punch has still greater difficulties to overcome,—still more formidable dangers to contend with. Deer-stalking, in the howling wilderness of the furthest region of the far west yet trodden by the foot of the hunter, is nothing compared with the dodges which Punch had to devise, and the disguises he was forced to assume, when in pursuit of some devoted victim, whose head he had designed for the block,—there to be dealt with by his hewers of wood, after their peculiar fashion. One individual had to be watched until his tracks led the bold pursuer into, perchance, some place of resort for the thirsty, where he was secured and taken off, while imbibing a sherry-cobbler, or plunging into the evanescent extacies of soda-water-and-something. Another would elude with watchful eye the movements of the wary hunter, rendering his expression more difficult to catch than a wild mustang on his native prairie; and a third, having no expression at all, presented a still greater difficulty to the persevering Punch,—that of providing him with one. But difficulties and dangers only bring an accession of energy to the assistance of the truly great;—and so it came to pass that Punch achieved a volume.

And here it is,—the first offering of a Canadian Punch to a Canadian Public. Could the gallant Jacques Cartier have had a fore-shadowing of this on the magic canvas of his bold spirit, ere he steered his barque up the blue St. Lawrence, to the heights of Hochelaga? We rather think he had: and so, Punch has a share in the happy discovery of his adopted country; while an additional maple wreath is due to the memory of Jacques Cartier, as the primary cause of PUNCH.

Vol. 1.—No. 1.] January the 1st, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



Artists are not Steam Engines, and Woods Cuts do not grow; therefore Mons. PONCHE cannot say when he shall again gladden the world (of Canada), by his Second Appearance,

BUT THE ANXIOUS PUBLIC SHALL HAVE DUE NOTICE.

TURKISH

BLACK  SALVE.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE HONORABLE THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THIS Salve, prepared from the original recipe procured from a celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician,) at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both those countries; has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and for that purpose have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as have or may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success—Such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steamboat explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a Blow on the Breast, Ring Worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c., &c. In fact it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it my abe spread with a knife on any substance, such as chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place D'Armes, SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame street, URQUHART & Co., Great St. James street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul street, and in all the principal cities in Canada.

All Letters must be postpaid, and addressed to Messrs. SOMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

SUPERIOR BLACK WRITING INK,

IN PINT BOTTLES.

THE consumer must not expect to find this INK of a jet black colour the moment the cork is drawn from the bottle: its composition is such, that after being excluded from the air some time, its first appearance will be pale, but in a few hours after being committed to paper, its color will change to a RICH BEAUTIFUL BLACK, and remain unalterable so year after year. PERMANENCY of color and sufficient FLUIDITY to run with freedom from the pen, are two indispensible requisites to consider a perfect Writing Fluid, and those important qualities the Manufacturer has attained in this Composition.

On sale at PUNCH Office, Montreal.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENR., THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY AND HEAD OF THE HOUSE; OF THE "CO.;" OF HIS OUT-GOINGS, HIS IN-COMINGS, AND HIS SHORT-COMINGS; OF HIS HABITS AND PRINCIPLES, COMMERCIALLY AND POLITICALLY, AND HIS HABITS AND APPEARANCE OUTWARDLY AND PHYSICALLY.

CHAPTER I.

In the most fashionable street of the most fashionable suburb of a large city, the metropolis of a Province, stands a substantial stone house; it is a little removed from the road, and has in its front a garden, with a massive iron railing and handsome stone pillars. It is duly provided with coach-houses, stables, and all necessary conveniences. Within, it is painted, papered, gilded and furnished, if not with great taste, at least at great expense. This is the town residence of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr., "the Father of the Family."

In a dirty back lane of the same city, redolent of the odors exhaled from salt fish, train oil, and the multifarious and unsavory commodities, denominated marine stores, and not far from the wharves, is a range of dingy-looking warehouses, with very large iron shutters, and very small and very dirty windows. Over the door of one of these warehouses is to be seen the superscription "PEPPERBURY & CO.," and this is the warehouse and place of business of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr., "the Head of the House."

The "CO." was a very mysterious and aprocryphal affair. One thing was very certain, that no one had ever seen him, her, or it; beyond Mr. Peter Pepperbury himself, his two ill-paid, and consequently seedy clerks, his porter, and his errand boy, no one was ever seen about the premises; there was one inner office, with one chair, for Mr. Peter Pepperbury, and one outer office, with two stools, for the seedy clerks; the errand boy was everlastingly on his legs, so he needed no chair; and the porter preferred to take his rest on the top of an empty flour barrel, all which makes it appear perfectly plain, that if there was a "CO." at all, he must be looked for in some other locality than that of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr. It is true that Mrs. Peter Pepperbury was once heard to say, in allusion to her lord's last and worst smash, that that unlucky Company had been his ruin; but as that respected lady was not wont to express herself in the most lucid manner in the world, the ruin of her husband might perhaps be attributed with more propriety to his connection with the "Moonshine Rail-road Company," the "Goose Mining Company," or some other swindling speculation of the day, than to the "Company" that figured in an abbreviation over the door of the warehouse in the dirty lane. We must, however, do Mr. Peter Pepperbury the justice to say, that when he was questioned on this mysterious subject, he used to explain it by saying, that "CO." meant a partner in Glasgow, at which the hearers invariably shook their heads in a very doubtful manner. Our own private opinion is that the addition of the word "CO.," on the sign board of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, was simply a part of that gentleman's usual system of commercial morality. "Pepperbury & Co." was a more respectable looking signature at the bottom of a "bill."

Mr. Peter Pepperbury called himself a wholesale merchant, and so in one sense of the word he most decidedly was, for every one who had any transaction with him was wholly sold by the time it was concluded.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury's out-goings were large, for his family was expensive; his in-comings were small, for his business was contracted; but if his in-comings were in the positive, and his out-goings in the comparative, his short-comings were certainly in the superlative degree, for there was not a greater knave in the world than Mr. Peter Pepperbury.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury began business, as Messrs. Dodson and Fogg began the action for breach of promise against Mr. Pickwick, on speculation; for, unfortunately for himself, and the confiding individuals who trusted him, the smallest coin in the realm was the representative of his capital. As Boniface lived on ale, Mr. Peter Pepperbury lived on "paper;" he breakfasted on the drawer, dined on the acceptor, and suppered on the endorsers. Nothing can be made out of nothing, says the proverb, but Mr. Peter Pepperbury falsified the proverb, for he made a very handsome living out of nothing of his own but his wits. How much he made out of the cash and credulity of other people may be correctly ascertained by reference to the records of a certain Court which takes cognizance of such short-comings as those of Mr. Peter Pepperbury.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury had been declared a bankrupt at least half-a-dozen times in his life; each time failing for a very considerable sum, and each time paying a most inconsiderable dividend. But a "smash" never seemed to affect Mr. Peter Pepperbury; on the contrary, he and his, always appeared to come out from one of these, to most people disagreeable occurrences, like giants refreshed. Mr. Peter Pepperbury looked as jolly as ever; Mrs. Peter Pepperbury provided herself and her daughter, Pamela, with several new and expensive dresses; Mr. Peter Pepperbury, junr., bought himself another horse; and on the strength of it, the Pepperbury's page had an extra row of buttons tacked to his jacket, and the carriage was sent to get a new coat of paint. Every man has his little peculiarity, and going into what we call monetary blazes, and coming out without a singe, was Mr. Peter Pepperbury's peculiarity.

As might be expected, Mr. Peter Pepperbury was a roaring Free-trader; a man who has no capital of his own can afford to experimentalize with that of other people. He had gone through so many small "smashes" on his own account, that he had become used to the thing, and consequently was not at all alarmed at the prospect of a national "smash." At the very last public meeting got up by the Free-traders, Mr. Peter Pepperbury declaimed loudly and violently on the advantages to be derived from knocking down all protection to native industry and products, and throwing open the ports to foreigners; and on the very next morning the newspapers announced the payment of a first and final dividend of one shilling and fourpence in the pound, to the creditors of Mr. Peter Pepperbury—that gentleman having "smashed" some few weeks before, to the tune of twenty thousand pounds!!

In his outward man Mr. Peter Pepperbury was as eminently respectable as he could be made by the united labors of his tailor, hatter, and bootmaker. He always wore what is called a full suit of black: in the minds of very vulgar persons in many countries, but more particularly in the City in which Mr. Peter Pepperbury had set up his household gods, there is an idiosyncracy, a peculiar mental process of ratiocination, which your mere philosophers cannot understand, by which a connection is established between a black coat and pecuniary responsibility. Natural philosophers yet to come, some embryo Newton, Davie, or Faraday, may perhaps be able to trace the affinities between the color of the coat and the cash in the pocket, and the world will be astonished by the discovery; that man's fame will far eclipse that of Herschel or Leverrier. Our feeble mind has no concern with these profound and mysterious speculations; our province is to set down simple facts, and we again repeat that in the goodly city wherein dwelt Mr. Peter Pepperbury, no man was considered respectable unless he was a "gentleman in black;" it was a reversal of the commonly received rule, but that is no business of ours. Mr. Peter Pepperbury added to the respectability of his sleek black clothing by the use of a limp white choker, guiltless of starch and curiously fastened without a visible tie.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury was not a very handsome man either in face or figure; he was short and squat; he had some time past the grand climacteric, and was rapidly approaching that most uncomfortable period, when, as was observed of Sir John Falstaff, man has an increasing belly and a decreasing leg. Were it not for his eye, which was peculiar, there was nothing particularly observable in his face; there are hundreds of such faces to be seen every day in the week; a fat double chin; puffy cheeks; a snub nose, a little cocked up at the end; thick flabby lips, and stiff, wiry, iron grey hair; but the eye—that was an eye!—it was for all the world like a shiny, twinkling bead of the blackest jet, stuck in the very middle of a most objectionable oyster; there was a sort of a fascination in it like that fabled of the rattlesnake, only that it fascinated men out of their dollars, not squirrels and blackbirds out of their lives; the eyes of Mr. Peter Pepperbury were very like those precious stones which one sometimes sees in rings; look at them straight in front and they are plain blueish-grey stones, opaque, dull—but let the wearer turn his hand but by one quarter of an inch, and the dull stone is suddenly irradiated—bright scintillations

of the most glorious prismatic tints play over its surface, and it sparkles, glancing, like the moving, sensate, piercing eye of a living creature. Just like that opal stone was the eye of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. When you stopped him on 'change, and spoke to him of a "transaction," you looked him full in the face, and the eye was heavy, dark, inanimate; but if there presented itself to Mr. Peter Pepperbury the shadow of a chance that he might take you in, that wonderful eye gleamed, glittered, blinked, winked, twinkled, sparkled, in the most astonishing manner; it lit up the stolid, sensual countenance, gave animation, life, to the heavy features, and Mr. Peter Pepperbury, in the midst of his knavery, looked as if his carcase was really tenanted by an intelligent spirit.

To finish the personal description of the "Father of the Family" and "Head of the House;" Mr. Peter Pepperbury had what are commonly called bandy legs; an Irish laborer might have driven a wheel-barrow between them without any chance of upsetting him; a huge foot and waddling gait; a coarse red hand, with dumpy fingers, and nails gnawed to the quick; in short, Dame Nature never intended Mr. Peter Pepperbury for a lady-killer, or an Adonis; he was the ugliest sinner ever met with in a day's march, but he was VERY RESPECTABLE, and men trusted him!

An ancient author tells us a merry tale of a man who behaved like a rogue, lest people should believe him to be a fool, but any one who believed Mr. Peter Pepperbury to be a fool, from his outward appearance, would have found himself uncommonly in the wrong box, when he came to deal with him; appearances were certainly against him, and as far as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's outward and visible man was concerned, if his face proved him to be stupid and honest, for stupidity and honesty have a sort of connection this side of the Atlantic, Peter would have had just grounds for an action for libel (rather fashionable just now) against his own countenance, for it did most confoundedly belie his inward spirit, that is, if the adage be true, that the countenance is the index to the mind. The fact is that Mr. Peter Pepperbury was, to use a phrase very common in a certain locality which we shall not more particularly designate, "an uncommon smart man;" an honest Englishman would call him a "damned scoundrel!"

So much for Mr. Peter Pepperbury's description; it might have been done better in the Hue and Cry, or the Police Gazette, and perhaps it may be, if he does not reform his ways, ere he go to that bourne from which no "chiseller" returns. In the next chapter we shall pass on to other matters touching this most respectable member of society.

ADVERTISEMENT.



HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!!!

A HIGHLY intelligent and pacifically disposed YOUNG MAN, aged 76, and of promising appearance, is now about proceeding to CALIFORNIA, to fill his breeches pockets with GOLD. He has gathered from the newspapers all the necessary information to enable him to get there—will some benevolent Editor inform him the way to get back.

Address Y. Z., Bureau du Ponche en Canada.

CON BY THE COLONEL.

WHAT is the first bet of which we have any record? asked the Colonel of Policemen No. 10.

Vy, the Alpha-bet, ov coorse, answered the Official.

JOHN BROWN'S MAIRE.

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—Ever since my arrival in this blooming country, I have been learning French with the Priest at St. Laurent. My first lyric offerings in that language I am desirous of making at the shrine of the new Canadian Peer called "Boory"—(on account, I believe, of his elegance and refinement.) I have been obliged, occasionally, to introduce an English word, not with a view of insulting the French aristocrat, but partly because I have not made sufficient progress in the language to enable me to say all I wish in French, and partly because English words, to some extent, have become Canadianized.

Yours,

JOHN BROWN.

Mon cher Monsieur Boory,
Comment diable vous êtes vous fourré
Dans cette chambre, qu'on appelle "the Upper House;"
Est-ce le Comte de Kincardine,
Qui, jugeant par votre mine,
Vous a poigné as a cat grabs a mouse?

Est-ce Lafontaine le severe,
Qui a honoré le maire,
D'une place among the swells of the land:
Ou bien le galeux Hincks
Qui comme every body thinks,
Did the deed pour cent piastres paid in hand?

Mais ce n'est ni l'un ni l'autre,
Dit quelque bon apôtre:
C'est le sort qui a kick'd him aloft,
Quand la tempête bat les flots,
A la surface de l'eau
Vient tout ce qu'il y a de rotten and soft.

THE BOARD OF DIRTY WORKS.

WE have our own authority for stating that the eminently practical man, who directs the visionary and economical schemes of the Board of Dirty Works, has it in contemplation to construct a Hot-water Canal from Gaspé to Sandwich. The honorable gentleman feels confident of the success of his scheme, from the known ability of the present Ministry to keep the country in hot water, and its utility cannot be doubted by any one who has travelled during the winter months in this temperate climate. A large revenue is anticipated from the facilities which the lock-keepers will have of furnishing hot whiskey punch at a moment's notice. The Hon. Inspector General having graciously consented to provide any amount of acid, gratis, and we, with a generosity unequalled in the annals of Canadian history, will take a contract for the sugar

THE DUTIES OF COUNCILLORS.

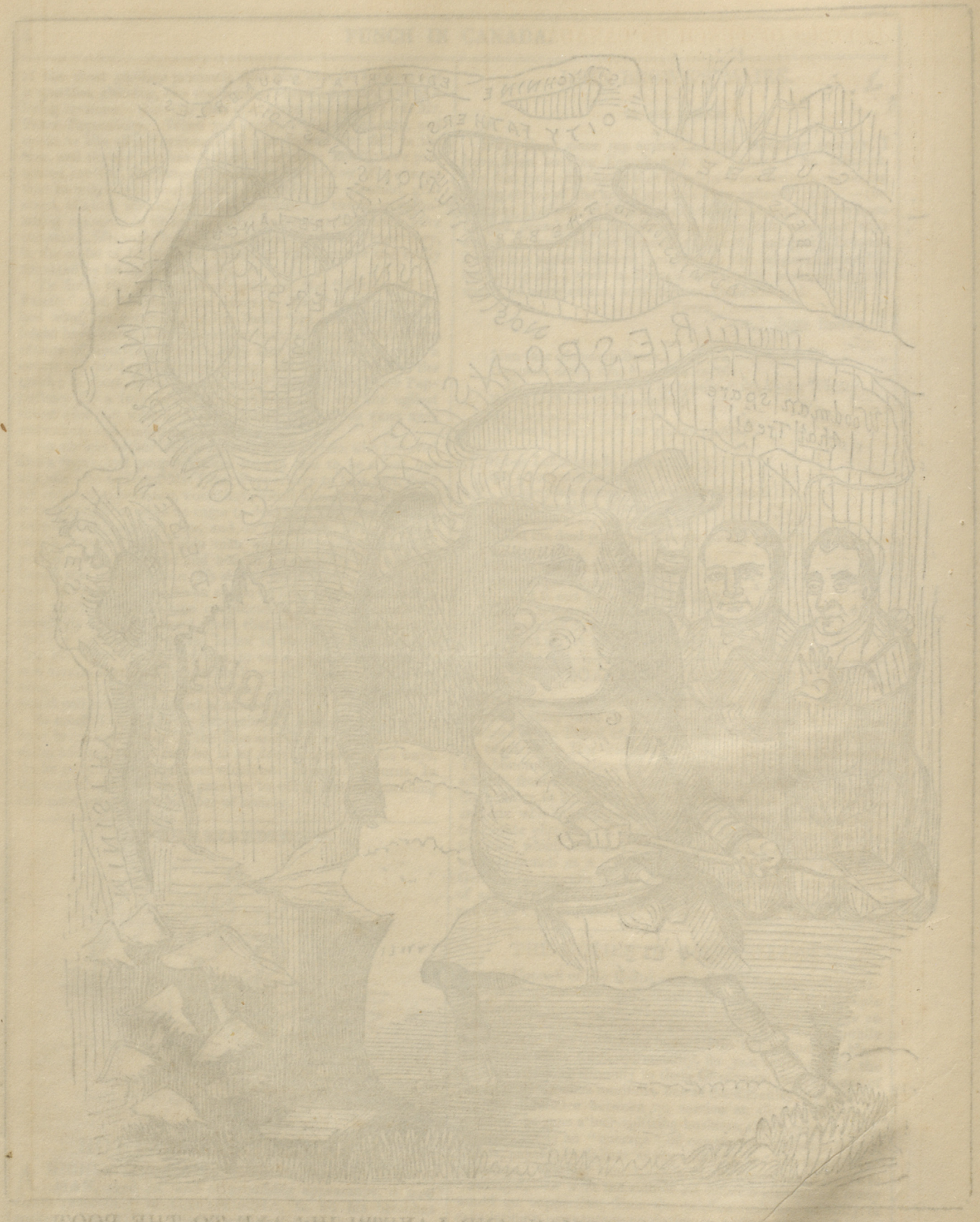
OUR Council of the Board of Trade, on recommending *ad-valorem* for all customs duties, might have extended the principle to all official duties, and established a regular per centage on the value of duty performed, for the salary of those public servants who lord it over the land. The Legislature of Massachusetts, while a colony, steadily, for years, adhered to the practice of voting annually to their Governors such amount of pay as their services merited; but as the difficulty of establishing the difference between no service at all, and "next to nothing," became a hair-splitting business, the members taking high airs, made an "average" of one thousand pounds *lawful*, that is, payable in dollars at six shillings, and no premium of exchange. We fear that Canada would have also to resort to "averages," for were the rule of *ad-valorem* introduced, many would go supperless, from the arithmetical impossibility of calculating a per centage on duties so trifling, that no figures, unless it be figures of speech, can express them.

TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE.

AN English paper says—"The Irish Butter Market has been quiet this week."—A very remarkable statement, if we consider the immense number of Pats that must have been there; and one to be taken *cum grano salis*, when we recall to mind the pickle they are generally to be found in.



MR. PUNCH TURNETH WOODMAN, AND LAYETH HIS AXE TO THE ROOT OF A ROTTEN OLD TREE.



MR. PUNCH TICKLETH WOODMAN, AND LAYETH HIS AXE TO THE ROOT OF A ROTTEN OLD TREE.

LETTERS OF PUNCH (IN CANADA,)

TO LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

My Dear Joseph,—The world, at least that portion of it to which your name is familiar, and your well known modesty assures me you believe that portion is not small, is divided in its opinion of your merits. It is doubtful whether you are a great or a little man. I think you a great one; you agree with me—I know you do. Your patriotic heart swells with emotion; your virtuous frame expands as you contemplate your bell pull, which reminds you of the rope you narrowly escaped from, and you exclaim: I am; I am a great man; a great hero! a great orator!! a great patriot!!! a great statesman!!!!"—a still small voice whispers "a great knave;" but you do not give utterance to that whisper of the inner man. No, dear Joseph, that is a secret between you and me; and I'll never mention it. Never, Joseph, never.

You are a hero; you are. When the renowned relation of that native of Albion *la perfide* who was fool enough to die at Trafalgar; I mean the immortal Doctor Welfed Nelson, that compound of gunpowder and sal-volatile, when at St. Denis, he issued his celebrated order of the day, "Jean Baptiste expects that every Papineau this day will do his duty," how your noble soul must have been wrung when you found it was your duty to run away. But you were right, my dear Joseph; if you had died for your country you would never have been able to fight for her afterwards.

You are a great orator. You *are*. I believe you could talk for the rest of your natural life, and never stop. You abound in words; and you have two subjects; a truly great orator, like you, dear Joseph, never has more. One is praise of yourself, the other, abuse of those stupid English who have "more belly than brains." What a wonderful discovery that was of yours, my dear Papineau, and you were right; quite right. Had the fools had brains, your body would never have visited the country from which your majestic legs carried you so nimbly away. But if these were fools, as you assert, who allowed you to come back, what is your opinion—and this I wish you would let me know at your earliest convenience—of those wise men who paid you £4500 for showering the blessings of civil war upon your native land? Did these Solomons expect you to be grateful? What! expect gratitude from a patriot! Good easy men. And yet they knew the nature of vipers. But what of that, dear Joseph? they knew you were not a viper. Oh! no, you could not be a viper. But never forgive them for their folly, never forgive your foolish sovereign who sanctioned their acts; I know you never will, but I thought it right as a friend to counsel you to take that course which your generous and enlightened heart will approve. As I said before, and it cannot be too often repeated, you are a great man, and great men never forgive, and to bear malice ennobles humanity.

You are a patriot, of course you are, because you abuse the aristocracy. You are right in so doing. I know, and all the world knows you once belonged to that justly despised body, but that you do so no longer. You have cast them off; have come out from amongst them. Your hands are clean—you have sacrificed your aristocratical and seignorial rights to benefit your beloved fellow men. You have no longer oppressive dues to extract from miserable *censitaires*, you possess no *banal* mills, no exclusive water privileges, no *cens et rentes*, no *lods et ventes*, you now derive revenue from no such monstrous iniquity as the *droit de retrait*. I fancy I see you at the moment when you made this unheard of sacrifice at the shrine of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*, declaring with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, that you would no longer touch pitch, lest you should be defiled—that you would no longer be instrumental in keeping your deluded countrymen in poverty and ignorance; but that clothed in a garment of *Etoffe du Pays* and ashes; eating only *Soupe aux Pois* and rancid bacon; drinking only native water or whiskey; smoking only the nastiest of tobacco from the blackest of pipes; you would wander through Canada distributing copies of *La Minerve*, and preaching loyalty and British connexion. I approve of your heroic resolution, and will forward you a supply of ashes and black pipes at the earliest opportunity, and if, in spite of your benevolent designs, there should be another outbreak, let me entreat you to retrieve your reputation for courage. Allow yourself, my dear Joseph, to be honestly shot, and die, as you have lived, for the good of your country. Believe me, that rarity, a true friend,

Punch (in Canada.)



PUNCH in Canada makes his bow to all loyal subjects in the Province. He knows the spirit of Humbug is walking abroad. It shall no longer do so unregarded. It has many emanations. The cuckoo cry of Responsible Government in a Colony is Humbug. *Nos Langues, nos Institutions, et nos Lois*, is Humbug. Non--reciprocal Free Trade is Humbug. The political trading of all parties is Humbug. Actions for Libel, such as have been attempted of late, are Humbugs. And we think, hoping all the while we may be mistaken, that the present Administration is Humbug. May Humbug be destroyed. The Canadian Punch will battle stoutly for this desirable consummation. He will belong to no party. He will accept no invitations. He will serve the public if he can, and expects to realize a fortune by levying contributions of Four Pence, to reward him for his patriotism. He will appear amongst his friends whenever it is convenient. They will always be glad to see him if they are not Humbugs.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

A nobleman sat in his council chair,
And Minerva's bird was perching there;—
From distant land had that lord been sent
As the head of Responsible Government.

And wond'ring why he was seated there—
Quoth he, "I neither know nor care;"
But nothing I'll say, and nothing I'll do—
The owl it screamed, "Tyr-whitt, tyr-whoo!"

The Judean Minister rose and said:
'Tis your duty, my lord, by the nose to be led;
To keep us in office your lordship was sent—
For that is Responsible Government.

We command the support of hireling tribes,
Of greedy Editors paid by bribes,
From a rottten debenture circulation,
So help us, my lord, to chisel the nation.

Hyœna-like, my revenge, he said,
Must be glutted, so deprive of bread
All loyal men, and place in their stead
Those with rebel heart and senseless head.

With us, my lord, make common cause—
We care not for musty old British laws;
Treat free-born men as servile slaves,
And Jackall be to a tribe of knaves.

Will you help, my lord, to carry us through,
Or what will your lordship say or do?
"Nothing I'll say, and nothing I'll do,"
And the owl it moaned "Tyr-whitt, tyr-whoo!"

THE RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

"On Thursday last the sleepers were completely laid on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-road, as far as the village of St. Hyacinthe. The road will be opened on the 27th."—*Gazette.*

We presume the sleepers now completely laid are the Directors of the Company, who having been fast asleep for some time, are now laying out profitably. We have not heard whether their repose was disturbed by the passage of the train on the 27th, although we think there was great danger of their nap and their bones being broken together. We hope the affairs of the Company will now be entrusted to men who are wide awake.

AN INDIAN CURIOSITY.

Why does an Indian never get cold in the Head?
Because he always has his Wig-wa(r)m.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL'S LAST.

It is not generally known that the Inspector General is what our friend "Joe Miller" would have termed "a mad wag". But he is. The other day, he asked his friend "Baldwin,"

"Why may the interior of a chimney be a comfortable abode for a sweep?"

Baldwin looked black and gave it up.

"Because," replied the facetious Minister, "it soots him well."

Baldwin instantly left the Council Chamber in disgust.

A LEGAL JOKE.

Why is Judge Bedard like a hen when her chickens are hatched?

Because he is not sitting.



The Old Merchant-man going Free before the Free-trade Wind.

THE WELL OF TRUTH.



In the course of our literary researches, we happened to stumble upon a curious statement made by a quaint old author, to wit: that Truth "lives in a well," though in what quarter of the Globe, that damp retreat of the Rare Spirit was situated, the writer inconsiderately neglected to state. The idea haunted us for many, many years; we think about a century. Our dreams were then of wells, of descents into bottomless shafts, and researches amongst archives, inscribed in the depths of pellucid pools; and once the delusion reached that extent, that we felt convinced we were one of Sir Humphrey Davy's Patent Safety Lamps—a scientific Jack o' the Lantern, intruding ourselves, uninvited, into the society of toads and other cheerful residents of the region of the Choke Damp. Action soon chased away the wild flight of a disturbed imagination. And then came a scene of experiments with the divining rod, and over hill and over dale, and through weird forests, and across wild moors, did we dance like a meteor for many a long year; but never did the wand of hidden waters turn in our hands. Footsore and forlorn we returned to our Ancestral Halls; and behold! an idea presented itself, an idea suggested by the "Visits to Remarkable Places," of that bird's-nesting old boy, William Howitt. And we asked ourselves why we should not assume the Scrip and the Staff, and commence a pilgrimage over the world, for the purpose of visiting Remarkable Wells; a pilgrimage we have since successfully performed, having seen all the Remarkable Wells, and many Remarkable Pumps; and we have reaped the reward of our enterprise. We are proprietor of the Well—the pure spring, impregnated with the qualities of the Rare Spirit; by the sale of which it is our benevolent intention to accommodate the public.

We will now relate the circumstances of the Well, at the critical moment in which it was discovered. Surrounding the Sanctuary, an obscene crowd, with profane gestures, threw dirt upon its waters. Amongst them we recognized, of the false-hearted, not a few. Some there were, holding high offices in the state—Ministers, and M. P. P's. Representatives of the People; other M. P's. who described themselves as Members of the Press; and yet another class of M. P's.—Members of Police, with staves in their hands, and pockets full of Strychnine—false hirelings of the death-druggers of the true-hearted dog—and they all threw dirt upon the waters; and

THE LAST OF HIS RACE,

with an assumption of candour defiled the waters rather more than anybody else. Our sleeve became inflated with melancholy laughter, as we contemplated the scene, for it recalled a remark made to us by an old French Historian, long, long ago, somewhere about the year 1550. "*La verité est une source "toute pure, que nos passions souvent troublent, suivant nos inte-"rêts ou nos caprices.*" While the waters were troubled, we bestowed upon the crowd a pail-full from the Well, returning unto them their own dirt, and causing them to shudder at their own impurities. And it was exhilarating to see how they dwindled away, and shrank into insignificance beneath the test, tumbling over one another in ignominous flight, and wriggling themselves away, like disconcerted tadpoles, into the puddle of obscurity.

WHAT REMARKABLE CURES THESE WATERS MAY EFFECT,

We are not as yet prepared to state, but certain Rooks are earnestly recommended to undertake a pilgrimage to our Well, with their boots full of loaded dice—an improvement upon the practice of the Irish penitent, and one evidently more effectual, as the dice—unlike the peas—cannot conveniently be softened by boiling. In connexion with the cure of Social Diseases, for which these waters must become celebrated,

A LEG OF THIRTY YEARS STANDING

Is informed he may hear of something to his disadvantage, and receive a sample of undiluted Truth, gratis, by calling at his earliest convenience upon us, the Proprietor of the Well.

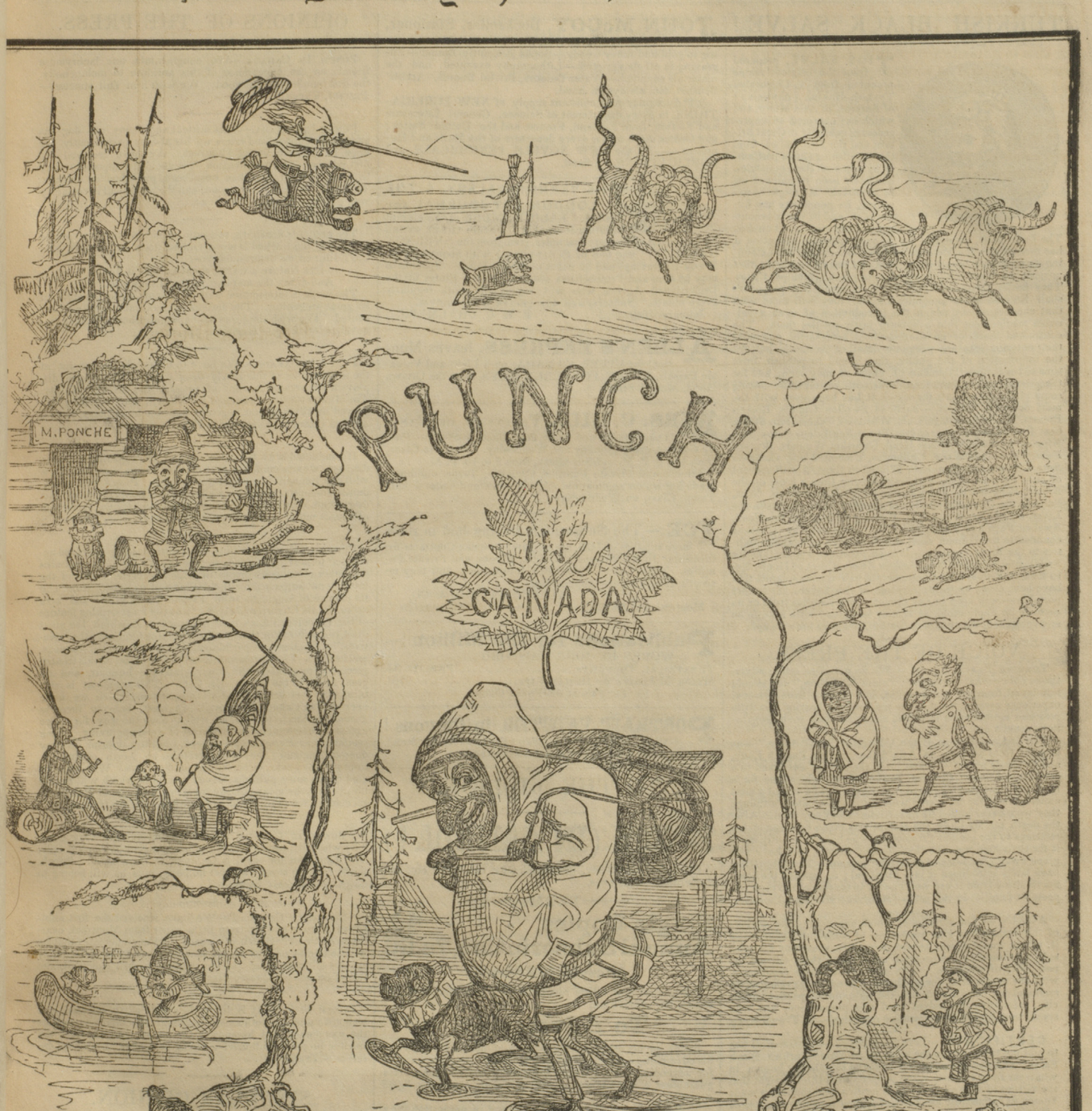
In conclusion, we have to state, that although the waters have been found to contain a large proportion of the precious metals—(A solid bar or ingot of gold—a golden rule in fact—having been discovered at the bottom of the well,) yet so far are we from being actuated by sordid motives, that we hereby grant permission to all popular impostors, having fourpence in cash and unexceptionable references, to drink freely at the fountain, hoping with all our heart that they may find it palatable; and dive into its deepest recesses, in search of the mental health and purity it unquestionably contains.

HARD TIMES.

It is generally believed that times are hard—a peculiarity they share in common with rocks and creditors, both of which at this season of the year are difficult to cut. Reasoning by analogy, Montreal must be soft, as people are cutting it daily with great ease. Those proceeding to California, we hope, will be careful in selecting their tools, and not choose them from the People's Store near the St. Ann's Market—the hardware collected there being generally found out to be soft. Indeed such a dull set of tools is now in that once-celebrated Warehouse, that the Cabinet chisellers, decidedly the greatest in their line on record, have stated, in confidence, that they doubt being enabled to cut through the work of another Session.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOMAS BLADES DeWALDEN, at his Office, 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Vol. 1.—No. 2.] February the 3rd, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



Montreal Office, St. Francois Xavier Street,
——SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.——

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGTH.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples. Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens. Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE.—We do not often either advertise or notice what are called "Patent Medicines," and should not depart from our usual course, had we not from personal experience ascertained that the medicament bearing this title possesses more claims to public attention than such preparations usually do

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the receipt was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the receipt was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

AGAIN.—The certificates which accompany the packets of this preparation give statements of some cures effected by it, which would appear almost incredible, were they not related on testimony so respectable as to place them beyond the possibility of suspicion. The originals of these certificates, with the names of all the parties concerned, we have ourselves seen and we have also heard the opinions of parties in this city, who have themselves used this preparation, and who speak most highly of its curative qualities.—*M. Transcript.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen,*—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper; for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

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ICE.—The Subscribers having laid in their large supplies of ICE, are prepared to make Contracts for furnishing Hotels, Steamers, Offices, Messes, and Private Families. Their List of Subscribers is now open, and they respectfully solicit early application.

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OUR OWN OPINIONS.

In referring to the following opinions of the Press—Punch with a modesty peculiar to himself, asserts boldly, and says without hesitation, that all panegyric falls infinitely short of the true merits of his sublime work. The unrivalled abilities of the writers, the wonderful talent of the artists, and the superhuman exertions of the wood-cutters are beyond all praise which language can give. Let it be understood in the last paragraph that the term wood cutters is not synonymous with that of Lumberers.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. the first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed. on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies.
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses moral social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and *vice versa,* by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian Punch is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artiste, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people, The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—Punch declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

PUNCH IN CANADA is, in truth, a very witty, talented, and well got up affair, both as regards its literary merits as well as the excellence and humour of the plates; and we trust the spirited projecter will meet with the patronage his attempt deserves.—*Transcript.*

SINGULAR OPINION.

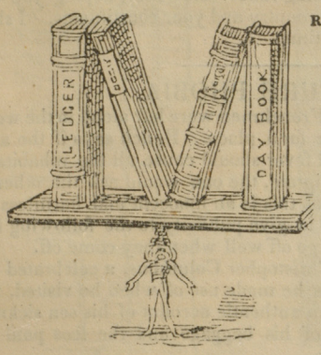
The world, and in this instance the term means that portion of it which knows no better, has at various periods of its history asserted that it was impossible to produce an illustrated work in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Canada To this assertion a publication entitled, "Punch in Canada," gives a decided contradiction: we were about to write a flat contradiction, but there is nothing flat in connection with this embodiment of wit and wood cuts, excepting the flats who refuse to buy instruction and amusement at the price of 4d. After the next issue on the 3rd of February, it is the intention of the Proprietors to publish every alternate week. The office is now open to receive incalculable numbers of seven shillings and sixpence's which will provide the payer with "Punch" for one twelvemonth without any further charge, excepting one half-penny's worth of postage which all Patriots will gladly pay.

OLD PLAY.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENIOR, AND HIS DEALINGS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR; OF HIS COACH, COACHMAN, AND HORSES; FAMILY HERALDRY; OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, AND HIS EXIT THEREFROM.

CHAPTER II.



R. PETER PEPPERBURY'S family history was involved in considerable obscurity. All that was positively known of him was that he came to the place of his present residence when a mere boy; was employed for some years as a clerk, in the firm of "TRICKLEFISH & Co." wholesale merchants; gradually worked his way up; saved a little money; in due process of time set up on his own account, and in further process of time married a wife, having previously settled on her a large sum of money.

Our friend, PETER, was a man of no education himself; he despised it in others; he talked bad English and wrote worse.—Though not celebrated for the accuracy of his figures of speech, he was pretty well versed in the figures of Arithmetic; in his day-book—cash book, and ledger,—and was wonderfully successful in making up a balance sheet for the information, though we are sorry to say not to the satisfaction of his numerous creditors. on numerous occasions. A respect for truth compels us to add that when MR. PETER PEPPERBURY betook himself to the study of Political Economy and became a Free Trader, his statistical calculations and deductions, put forth with no small amount of self-complacent pomposity, were still less satisfactory than the calculations and results of his balance sheets.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was a gentleman of a very speculative turn of mind. He dealt in everything, and dabbled in everything. Flour and Pork, Ashes and Lumber, as articles of exportation, Mining Stock and Bank Stock, he had a slap at each by turns. The warehouse in the dirty lane was a perfect emporium of sundries, the sweepings out of all the warehouses of Glasgow, Manchester, London and Liverpool, periodically consigned to Mr Peter Pepperbury. The amount of adulterated gallons, questionable broad-cloths, sour wines, mouldy pickles, rusted cutlery, half-baked earthenware, moth-eaten furs, damaged teas, rancid oils, decayed fruits, that MR. PETER PEPPERBURY contrived to disseminate through the country in a year, was perfectly astounding. It was a marvel how one man could pick up such a quantity of rubbish; it was a still greater marvel where the fools came from who purchased such worthless trash. Whether consignments, worthless as they were, proved a profitable speculation to the consignees, is quite another matter. We have strong doubts on the subject, inasmuch as MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was continually in the Gazette. Ill natured people, and the world is full of them used to accuse MR. PETER PEPPERBURY of "failing" to make money, and, to a certain extent, appearances justified the accusation; the warehouse in the dirty lane was never closed; the "smash" over, and the "certificate" in his pocket, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was again ready for action. He evidently took care to have a *corps de reserve*, something to fall back upon; though often beaten, he was never utterly vanquished.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY lived in style. He had a handsome house, fine furniture, and a first-rate cook, for he had a great affection for his inner man. We cannot say so much for the out-of-doors establishment of the "wholesale merchant." MR. PETER PEPPERBURY kept a carriage and a pair of horses, and such a carriage and such a pair of horses were never seen before. The carriage was an ancient coach—an oblong yellow box, big enough to carry eight inside, with dull, black leather sides and top, perfectly unconscious of varnish—it was sombre enough to suit the taste of a Quaker, and the very sight of it would have set on edge every tooth in Longacre. And it was well matched by the horses; a pair of ewe-necked, thick-legged, hollow-backed brutes, in bad condition, and with staring, ill-groomed coats. If horses were given to fainting, either of MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S unhappy quadrupeds would have certainly swooned away at the very shaking of oats in a sieve. In order to give them an appearance of spirit, the noses of the miserable beasts were pulled so tightly into their chests by a strong bearing rein, that if they had wished it ever so much, it would have been morally impossible for them to have lifted their legs high enough for a trot. So they shuffled along with the uncouth, lumbering old rattletrap, rolling and swinging behind them, at a pace which suited exactly the tremulous nerves and fine lady affectation of Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY and her daughter PAMELA.

The coachman and his cattle were capitally matched, and it was perhaps as well for the safety of his life and limbs that it was so. A horse of any spirit would have kicked him to death in disgust at being handled by such an uncouth bog-trotter, as soon as he made his appearance within the stable door. A coachman, that *is* a coachman, should be a stout, ruddy-cheeked, full-whiskered piece of humanity; smart in his apparel, well fed, and portly in his appearance; he is of the *genus homo*, but of a distinct and peculiar species; MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S John was of the species bog-trotter; he looked as if he had been suddenly plucked from the wheel-barrow, thrust into a livery, and crammed upon a coach box! And such a livery! A huge coat with many capes of alternate colors, red and green, under which the poor man sweated in the dog days, and shivered in January's frosts. And the coachman invariably invested his nether in a pair of trowsers! Punch can hardly bring himself to write the word, in connection with the subject. His idea of a coachman is something in boots and breeches; white tops and buckskins! He does aot recognisé anything else; a *man* may drive horses in trowsers, but a coachman, GOSH!! Some one once observed to MR. PETER PEPPERBURY that his was a very ugly livery; upon which PETER replied, that if it was, he could change it! MR. PETER evidently thought that a man might change his family livery as he pleased, just as he did his own boots! On the buttons of the coachman were the Crest and Motto of the PEPPERBURY family. The Crest was a Kite's claw, erect, coupi; the Motto, "*Rapax et tenax.*"—Such being freely rendered in MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S English, may stand thus; "What I gets, and I ain't particular how I gets it, that I sticks to." How MR. PEPPERBURY ever came by a Crest and Motto, is more than we can account for, and would puzzle the Herald's college most alarmingly. We have gone all through the Peerage, Baronetage, and Commonalty, without discovering the name. Smith is an ancient family; the world owes it something, for the Smiths have certainly more than any other family in the world, obeyed the Divine command to increase and multiply; we can understand the possession of a Crest and Motto, and a Coat of Arms too, when we see it in the hands of Mr. Smith's Britscha, Jones, too, is a time-honored name, particularly in Wales, (there are a hundred or two of Joneses in the Welch Fusileers, on half-pay and full,) but no one, before PUNCH in his researches into men and things, ever heard of a PEPPERBURY, or saw his Coat of Arms on a carriage or a fish-slice. Who can MR. PETER PEPPERBURY be?

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

Oh! Hincks, Oh! Hincks. thou perfect Sphinx!
How could-est thou a big-man,
Such courses take, and strive to make
A cats paw of poor Hig-man.

Though not leastly, tell me lastly,
Had it not been better vastly,
More worthy of thy high-lot,
To speak the truth if e'er you can
And own yourself to be the man—
The Cove wo't does the Pilot.

Jurors are not paid, and "come to Court with sugar on their backs to pay expenses (vide Wilson's speech)." Of course this sugar is to sweeten their bitter lot.

Issuing of the Second Number of Punch in Canada.

ON THIS SATURDAY, THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, HIS EXCELLENCY MR. PUNCH, WITH HIS STAFF IN HIS HAND, AND ATTENDED BY THE HEADS OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT, AN OFFICE BOY AND A CHAR-WOMAN, PUBLISHES THE FOLLOWING

SPEECH:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am glad once more to see you assembled to vote yourselves money and talk nonsense, although I confess my joy would be greater did I hope you would devote your time to something more useful and less expensive.

I did intend saying something about the credit of the Province, but after much anxious enquiry, I find the Province has none worth speaking of.

I understand our merciful Queen intends pardoning W. L. Mackenzie. Her Majesty is right: but you will find yourselves wrong if you attempt to provide for him out of the Public Purse.

The Imperial Government has repealed all restrictions on the use of the French language. I have great pleasure in informing you I learnt French at school, and intend presently giving you a sample of my quality, but, I regret that men living under the British Government and taking part in public affairs should not learn English, as their ignorance causes a great waste of the public money.

You will soon have the control of your Post Office. I hope you will manage it better and cheaper than it is conducted at present.

I am disposed to believe that an increase in the Representation would be attended by an increase in the public expense, and I recommend you to study the following question in the Rule of Three: —If eighty members occupy three months in talking, for which they are paid according to the latest records, at the rate of sixty-seven pounds the month each—how many months will one hundred and fifty members occupy and what will be the cost?—Besides, think of the chances of catching another Papineau.

Opposition to the school act has ceased because the said act has been allowed to become a dead-letter. Before you construct another, I should advise that no member be allowed to vote who cannot prove he has been educated himself.

I shall lay before you a despatch from the secretary of state for the colonies, expressive of the interest her Majesty's Government takes in the Quebec and Halifax Railway project. It is not mentioned whether it takes any stock in the speculation.

Among other measures of importance which will, or ought to be laid before you, is a Bill to abolish both in the English and French languages, the terms Responsible Government, British Dominion, Union Act, and Dictatorship, you will thus shut up Louis Joseph Papineau.

A bill to forbid all allusions to the Rebellion of 1837-8. You will thus shut up Doctor Well-fed Nelson.

A bill to make it treason for any member to talk nonsense. His opponents to be his Judges. You will thus shut up half the House and the other half will speak but little.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I shall direct the Public accounts of my speech to be laid before you—Price 4d. French Translations a bawbee extra.

I rely on your readiness to grant the necessary supplies for Paper Makers, Printers, Artists, Authors, and a snug establishment for myself.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen not Honorable:

I have observed with concern, that Canada did nothing last year in the way of business, and that the administration did the same.

I have not failed, although many merchants have, to observe that England has no intention of continuing to Canada any advantages in their mutual trading operations; therefore, the best thing Canada can do is to take care of herself and bring trade into her rivers.

To effect this object your canals must be completed. To do which, I recommend that you solicit his Excellency the Governor General to make a shift with half his present pay and allowances, which, so prudent a man as he is known to be, can easily accomplish. That all public servants whose incomes exceed one hundred per annum, should contribute ten per cent. of said income, and all private individuals five per cent.; and that you, like true patriots, which you all are, of course, serve your country and yourselves without fee or reward.

Something like this you must do, whether you like it or not, although, as I am informed, you are in possession of a revenue from many independent sources which is not equal to the expenditure, and which I cannot imagine will be increased by applying some portion of it to create a sinking fund. However, hoping you will do the best you can for your country and your constituents. I shall say no more until the next time.

LECTURE PHOBIA.

Voltaire said that if two Frenchmen were left alone in the world the one would ask the other for a place. Punch says if the anti-free trade mania or the gold fever should cause all the inhabitants of Montreal but two to emigrate, the one would ask the other to read an essay. However, as this is an innocent and harmless diversion he has no objection to give publicity to the following lectures which are expected to go off well when they come off.

W. G. Mack, Esq, on Christopher Columbus, a celebrated navigator, with the expressions he made use of when he visited, this to him, very strange land, an authentic account of his sea sickness and safe landing, a detail of his baggage and the fees paid for wharfage, porterage, &c. &c.

Dr. Russell, on the inordinate waste of plaster of Paris with illustrations.

Dr. Badgley, on indigestion and its tendency to make people indisposed—to listen to what they cannot understand. The audience are expected to illustrate this lecture.

Rev. W. Leishman on the quantites of pudding and beef consumed by working men—when they can get it.

W. C. Crofton, Esq., on the pine trees and trap dykes of Canada as available for productive industry, with copious statistics of the trade in beaver skins, formerly carried on there, he will also allude to the Affghanistan war; the flight of the Pope, the recent transit of mercury observed by Mr. M'Ginn; the pleasure derivable from fancy balls, and the injury done to the Plymouth break-water by the gales in October.

Rev. J. Cramp, D. D., on mummies and their applicability to agricultural purposes.

Dr. Barber. A general analysis of the preceding lectures—in which he will enter into and explain the amount of ignorance displayed by each lecturer in the treatment of his subject, and will set the public right on the to him familiar topics of astronomy, history, Phrenology, Geology, Zoology, Physiology, Poetry, Divinity, Christianity, &c. &c. Concluding with his well-known mesmeric feat of putting his audience to sleep.

FEMALE WISDOM.

The feminine dragons of propriety who preside over the destinies of the Ladies Benevolent Society refused a donation of £25, (a sum which Punch has for years considered fabulous) from the Committee of the Odd Fellow's Ball, because it was the produce of "Promiscuous Dancing,"—at least this was the reason alledged. It is odd in these times to offer such gifts, but to refuse them is odder. The Odd Fellows met with Odd Females. Let Punch ask these paragons if they always put odd questions to those who wish to give; as to how they became possessed of the money they are giving away. If they do, it is odd, indeed, if they do not get odd answers. Let none for the future send cash or debentures to the benevolent ladies without a certificate how it was procured, and will the ladies inform us what of the world's money getting ways they object to. Would they accept of California gold or of the profits of Punch?

☞ "LaFontaine, the modest," as he must hereafter be called, proposes to pay one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, out of the consolidated fund, to satisfy the Rebellion Losses of Lower Canada. Upper Canada paid her own. Of this sum Dr. Well-fed Nelson claims twenty three thousand pounds! If he gets it he will be better fed than ever. What may we expect next?



YOUNG CANADA

DELIGHTED WITH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

We have received countless enquiries respecting the sayings and doings before this Society upon a recent occasion; and a country correspondent, who signs himself A. S. S., and for whom it is therefore perfectly natural to ask such a question, wishes to know if the Earl of Elgin did not make a most excellent speech on that occasion?

Monsieur Ponche is saddened to confess that his *soupe aux pois* had not exactly agreed with him on the memorable evening in question, and that he was fain to comfort himself *aupres du poele* with a pipe of



TABAC DU PAYS,

and *plusieurs grands verres du Jamaique chaude*. No part of the grandeur of that trancendant night was therefore witnessed by the naked eye of the *bon homme*; and as far as we are aware, only one account, and that a very meagre one, has ever been published in any of the papers.

For the benefit, however, of the countless hordes, who will read nothing but our journal, we have made it our duty, regardless of expense, to obtain the best possible information on this interesting subject. To the association itself—to the Reverend lecturer—and to the "freedom of mind," we need not here advert; all minor considerations being naturally absorbed in the surpassing interest excited by his lordship's performance; nor is it necessary to mention the great additional "freedom" felt by all the company, on account of the presence of



HIS EXCELLENCY AND STAFF.

We shall avail ourselves then, of the best information we have been able to obtain, to answer the questions of our numerous correspondents.

A. S. S.,—To answer this question, it is only necessary to know whether His Excellency made any speech at all, and to ascertain the latter point it might perhaps be requisite merely to enquire whether he had any plausible pretext for so doing. We wish to avoid digression, but really our correspondent is guilty of considerable presumption in assuming that the performances of Governors are to be criticised with the same "freedom of mind" as other things. Besides, it is clearly against the theory of Responsible Government to understand or appreciate anything said by an



EARL IN THE EVENING.

"Go It."—In answer to this correspondent we can state, with perfect confidence, that His Excellency did *not* dance his much admired hornpipe on the evening in question, though most clearly, if he had done so, we should hold ourselves constitutionally bound to consider it "very good."

The true maxim is that "the Governor can do no



WRONG STEP.

Now as this principle has been solemnly decided by the whole Council, to be intended to apply to all acts done by him as Governor, and as it obviously belongs to the dignity and state of that office, to dance and leap about in public on all occasions, it is manifest that His Excellency *must* eclipse all competitors from David, dancing in a linen vest, down to St. Vitus.

We may add, however, for the benefit of the curious in constitutional learning, that upon a very recent application of His Excellency to his law officers, it was given as the decided opinion of those functionaries, that if His Excellency felt disposed to stand on his head, the maxim of the constitution would not save him; Mr. Baldwin learnedly adding in a note that though such an act would unquestionably be a *great feat* for a Governor General, yet, as two feet were required to make a *step*, the rule was inapplicable.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.

There came a voice from a far off shore, with a sad and wailing tone,
It told of lands and forests gone, and the starving Indian's moan;
And worse, 'gainst England's broken faith there rose a mournful cry,
"Oh! Elgin, father! weep for us, a bitter death we die!

"The Redman's lands are reft away, for food he toils in vain,
"We die and leave our bones to strew the Western Prairie's plain;
"Swart miners ply the pick, where once we bent our bows.
"And smoky steamers stem the waves where rode our bark canoes.

"Our fathers for old England fought in times long past away,
"And the 'long knives' felt our tomahawks in many a battle fray:
"Our old men still remember the giant form of BROCK.
"And where a soldier's sleep he sleeps on QUEENSTON's glorious Rock.

"This mighty land was once our own, from mountain chain to sea.
"The Great Good Spirit gave it us, our heritage to be;
"He filled our Lakes with fish, with game our Forest's free, [tree
"And the Redman roamed where'er he would beneath the broad greer

"All this is past away, our power and freedom gone,
"But a remnant of us linger yet, towards the setting sun;
"We fled before you as you came, the land is now your own,
"In Western deserts far away we sought but for a tomb,

"Oh! Elgin, father! mourn for us, the remnant of a race;
"Permit them not to tear from us our last abiding place;
"Leave us one spot on which to rest, a home and then a grave,
"'Tis all the Redman asks of you, he knows you cannot save!

CON FOR THE CURIOUS.

Why does the Hon. Robert Baldwin look like a Printer's Devil?

Because he is darkened from having been so long connected with (H)inks.

LIBERTE, EGALITE ET FRATERNITE.

Col. Gugy and Field Marshal Louis Joseph Papineau have at last discovered each other to be honorable and honest men. Through their lives they have been great examples of the French Republican motto, they have exemplified LIBERTY of speech in abusing each other; EQUALITY, in the grossness of their personalities—and their late complimentary "caw me—caw thee" is a wonderful specimen of FRATERNITY. May they long, each worthy of the other, remain united.

WINTER COLLOQUIES.



Ancient Lady. Little boy, is'nt my nose friz?
Little Boy. Friz, marm, it looks as if it vos a fire!

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO THE DAMES AND DEMOISELLES OF LONGEUIL:

My Dear Ladies,

You are advised, it seems, to abandon the use of Luxuries. I see a "*crusade contre la Luxe*" proclaimed in your beautiful parish. You are henceforth to renounce the innocent delights of dress, and of course, other social enjoyments, such as Tea, Coffee, and Spices. Your priest so advises you. Doubtless he is a good man, and means well. PUNCH is no bigot. He honors an honest purpose zealously pursued, but your purpose is one on which honesty and zeal are thrown away. A Poet says,

"Christians have burned each other, persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

It is precisely because there were wise and charitable and courageous men before PUNCH, that Catholics and Protestants have ceased to burn each other, and that my warfare is against humbug, not against cruelty. If we roast each other now, it is metaphorically. However pointed our remarks, they are not on points of faith. Of grace, we have a different idea to our sanguinary forefathers, and let us be thankful that these things are so. The excellent Father Chiniquy, or as some of my countrymen call him Sneaky, wages war against Geneva, both spiritually and spirituously, but adjure him to leave you your beloved Mechlin. There may be heresy and headache in a cup of the one, there is none in a cap of the other.

Your priest may be a good, he is not a sensible man. He is misleading you. He had better take care of your souls, and leave your clothes to the Milliner. If he have a mind to do good, let him take a model farm; send your brothers to learn agriculture, and allow none of you darling creatures to accept a lover who has not given proof of his ability to extract from your fertile soil all the blessings destined to the industrious, by that GOD whom you so piously invoke—and Punch honors you for that piety—and from the proceeds of his sales to the *Marchands* whom you would ruin; buy for you that fair share of Luxuries to which by your station you are entitled.

But what are Luxuries, my dear Ladies. It would puzzle you and your priest to answer, for it has puzzled many wiser people. A small tooth comb is a luxury. So is a close shave; but of that you know nothing. I beg your pardon for the illustration. Luxury is civilization. Luxury is everything you possess beyond the savage Indians whom your fore-fathers expelled from the lands your fathers cultivate hardly better than they did. Luxury is a stimulus to labor; and believe me when I tell you, you have far too little of both. Do you think, my dear ladies, I labor for fame, and not for the fourpence's? No! If I were not rather luxurious, I should most probably live on black bread, salt pork and peas, and smoke bad tobacco of my own raising, out of a short pipe, like a *Habitant;* a necessity, which I declare I never yet was reduced to.

The United States is luxurious, yet she is rich. She imports more foreign merchandise than any other country in the world except England; and manufactures a great deal of what you call luxuries, but what she thinks the necessities of a decent existence. She earns more than she spends. Her sons are laborious, energetic, and intelligent. Can you say so much for your countrymen? Do they explore the South Seas for whale oil, and cultivate Lower Canada like New Jersey, or even obtain enough of cured fish from their own waters, for their own consumption?—They do not. Therefore it is because they are indolent and uninstructed, and not because you are luxurious. that as you are most truly told by your affectionate fathers, and the heart of your own PUNCH has bled since he heard it that the United States has absorbed one hundred thousand of your brethren, and (that I should live to write the word) your lovers. And make sure, she will absorb you all—you will have neither lovers nor homes, nor a country, if you make her example one for retrocession not for advance, in an idle attempt at ascetic economy in dress.

Be not extravagant, but live within your means. Increase your incomes and deny yourselves no reasonable enjoyment. To do this, your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and lovers must cultivate their concessions better; if they do not, strangers will fatten on their ruin. If they do, they will have full pockets and you may laugh at any one, be he priest or layman, who tells you you cannot afford a mahogany table in your parlour, or a silk gown to wear to Mass.

I have only one more thing to recommend you—learn to speak English and read PUNCH instead of the MELANGES RELIGIEUX, in which I find the account of the Priest's proceedings and yours. Between you and me, it is a *Melange* much more of Rabid Politics of the worst kind, than of the religion of HIM to whose glory "*couronné d'épines*" you devote your efforts, and whose blessing I trust to see you evoke in a worthier cause.

Believe me, *cheres dames et demoiselles,* your most faithful and devoted friend. PUNCH IN CANADA.

P. S.—My compliments to *Monsieur Votre Curé,* and tell him to try his own system for a month, and my life for it he will see the folly of attempting to regenerate people by teaching them to wear shabby clothes and plucking out the whalebone from the ladies stays, and the ribbon from their shoes.

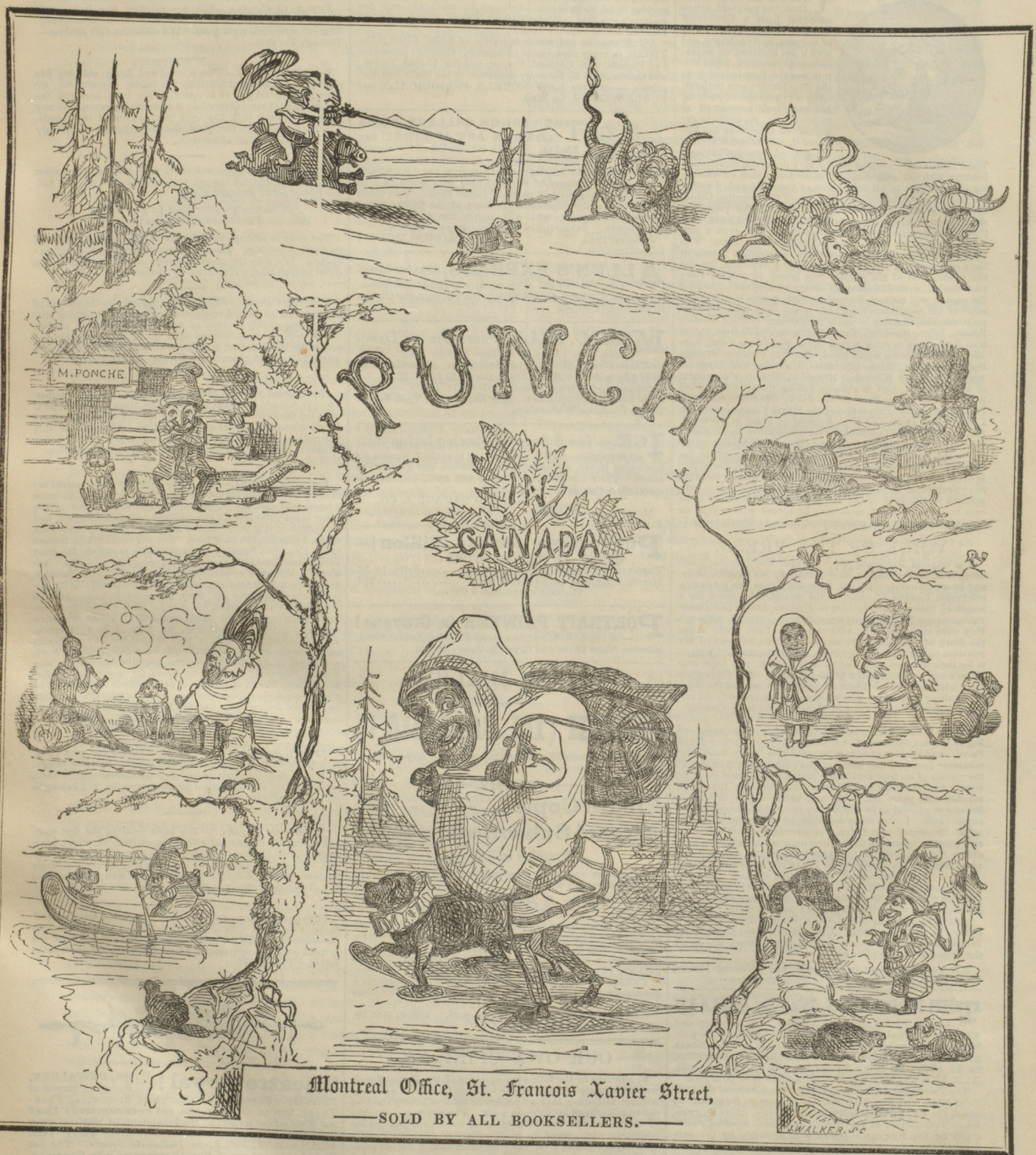
ANSWER TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES.



Female Juvenile. "Who is Mr. Pepperberry?"
Punch. Whoever you please, my little dear!

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Vol. 1.—No. 3.] February the 17th, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT

TUKISH BLACK SALVE!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success, — such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve; and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD — which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Mon-

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MRS. C. HILL, PROFESSOR OF DANC-

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TO THE MILLION.

PUNCH (IN CANADA!)

Published bi-monthly, illustrated with one large cut, and numerous smaller ones.

——TERMS.——

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Punch, in his desire for the welfare of others, throws open his advertising columns to the public, as an unrivalled medium for advancing their interests throughout the Canadas. He guarantees a circulation of each number, exceeding 3,000 copies!!!!

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OUR OWN OPINIONS.

In referring to the following opinions of the Press—Punch with a modesty peculiar to himself, asserts boldly, and says without hesitation, that all panegyric falls infinitely short of the true merits of his sublime work. The unrivalled abilities of the writers, the wonderful talent of the artists, and the superhuman exertions of the wood-cutters are beyond all praise which language can give. Let it be understood in the last paragraph that the term wood cutters is not synonymous with that of Lumberers.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and *vice versa*, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian Punch is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—Punch declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

PUNCH IN CANADA is, in truth, a very witty, talented, and well got up affair, both as regards its literary merits as well as the excellence and humour of the plates; and we trust the spirited projecter will meet with the patronage his attempt deserves.—*Transcript.*

Theatre Royal!—MR. DEWALDEN,

feeling an interest in PUNCH;—PUNCH, on the principle of RECIPROCAL FREE-TRADE, feels an interest in him, and ***recommends that on Tuesday next,*** all the Inhabitants of Montreal leave their dwellings in their own custody, AND VISIT THE DRAMATIC TEMPLE, *in Dalhousie Square.* The last Performance but one of THE OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, being for the Benefit of his benefactor.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENIOR, AND HIS DEALINGS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR; OF HIS COACH, COACHMAN, AND HORSES; FAMILY HERALDRY; OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, AND HIS EXIT THEREFROM.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

BUT we have not done with the cavalry of the PEPPERBURY FAMILY. It would be a breach of duty to get through "stables" without having inspected the animals of which Mr. PEPPERBURY, Junior, boasted himself the owner; and here, we may just as well do it now as hereafter, we shall give a sketch of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's Son and heir (?). The young gentleman was rising twenty-three; he was a thin youth, so thin that he might almost have crept through a key-hole, without tearing his breeches in the wards; of medium height, and a trifle knock-kneed; Dame Nature made his legs in order to show the contrariness of her disposition; the father's legs were just that sort of legs that look as if they were made for nothing else than to take a firm clip of the barrel of a horse; while those of the son when he was set, not seated, on the outside of his rosinante, protruded at an angle like those of a pair of compasses. He had a dissipated, unwholesome complexion; watery eyes and sandy hair, and not the slightest vestige of a beard. He was a spooney of the first class. He had smoked away his complexion, and was fast drinking away his eyes. Taken from school at the early age of sixteen, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, was thrust into a Counting-house. With no natural abilities, less application, and the laziest young rascal in existence, the amount of knowledge possessed by him at that age may readily be divined. No energy on the part of his master could drive into him the slightest possible acquaintance with any language but his own—he stuck at the first sentence of the "Propria quæ maribus," and in Mathematics he never could be driven to the "Ass's bridge." History, Geography, the Sciences, were to him a sealed book, and the very extent of his knowledge was the being able to read, write, and cipher, and these humble acquirements he possessed but imperfectly. Do you stare, reader! Do you doubt! We could show you hundreds of PEPPERBURYS, Junior, turned out into this wide world with no more provision for their march through it, than that of this unfortunate youth.

Shall Punch follow him through his career? It is not necessary. At this moment, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY is following in the footsteps of his predecessors of the same class. He has passed his time between his counting house, and as little of that as possible, the bar room,—the billiard room, and other still more disreputable places. He is already damaged in constitution; brought up in a vicious manner and on false principles, he was a man, in his habits and pursuits, before he ever was a boy; a man, did we say! PUNCH was oblivious; he had not one trait of manhood about him; he could drink, swear, smoke and gamble, and do worse things than these, but he was utterly unskilled in those manly pursuits which English youths are accustomed to follow. He could neither shoot, fence, box, swim, skate, or play cricket; he could not even ride, though he kept a couple of horses; he was as feeble of body as of mind, and no wonder, for under the infamous system of education generally prevailing in the country in which he lived, no attention had been paid to either. He kept a couple of horses—spider-shanked, herring-barreled, narrow-chested, cat-hammed brutes, that would not have carried a man, of weight and inches, over a three feet hurdle; but Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, who had not that almost intuitive acquaintance with horse-flesh which characterizes a well bred English gentleman, thought in his ignorance, that these washy thin limbed quadrupeds were well bred horses; the animals, in this latter respect, were just suited to their rider.

Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, at the time at which we write, having finished! his mercantile education under the auspices of his respected father, is going to start on his own account, in partnership with another young gentleman, of similar habits, education and fitness. The precions pair have raised a few hundreds between them, and PUNCH knows the end of the matter as well as if he had lived to see it and chronicle it; for has it not been the end of some scores before? Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, and his partner, Mr. DUNCAN MCSTICKEM, will go through three years of speculation, endorsing, accepting, discounting, lemon-colored kid gloves, perfumery, jewellery, horse-flesh, billiards, and divers detrimental incumbrances in petticoats, and some fine morning will make their appearance in that melancholy column of the Official Gazette which makes due record of commercial defalcations; in some three months after that, there will be visible over the door of an office in that street, "where merchants most do congregate," a black patch on a door post, with the inscription, in white letters, "Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, *Broker and General Agent!*" That talented young gentleman, not having been able successfully to manage his own business, will undertake to manage that of the whole mercantile community, if it will only be ass enough to let him.

The education, habits and manners of this young gentleman are those precisely of a large class. It is very disgraceful that it should be so, bnt PUNCH is a stern recorder of facts. It must always be the case in a country which pursues the vicious system of bringing its youth into public life, before the youth of other and wiser conntries have left off cricket, and been emancipated from the fifth form. This system is the best that can be desired for making young men drunkards, gamblers, idlers and siwndlers; whether under it we shall have sound statesmen, able lawyers, skilful physicians, and honest merchants, is quite another matter.

Unfortunately, society does not frown down these delinquencies. Impudence and extravagance are mistaken for spirit; a flaring style of dress, brilliant cravats, gaudy jewellery, and clothes cut in the most antic style, are considered necessary to give the appearance of a gentleman, though in other countries that we could name, gentlemen are conspicuous for the plainness and neatness of their apparel.

In our next chapter we shall probably have occasion to notice the same defects in the education of other members of the PEPPERBURY family. Our object is to reform abuses; to point out defects in our social system. Punch has a horror of snobs, whether in high station or low; whether they be male or female; for it is a mistake to suppose that snobism is confined to the poor; the greatest snobs we have ever met with, have been those who hold their heads high in the world.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

'Tis idle sitting down to sleep,
When the snow is falling, boys,—
When the wind is felt to sweep
With a blast appalling, boys.
Be the distance e'er so far,
And the suff'ring hard to paint,
Never let the heart be faint!
Bear in mind the promise quaint,
Written by an ancient saint!
Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu t'aidera.

On this earth, there's never one,
But his doom is sorrow, boys,—
Yet for every mother's son,
Joy comes on the morrow, boys.
Patience, Patience, lo! a star
Glimm'ring ere the light appear,
Tells the brighter day is near!
Are ye men that ye should fear?
Lo, the word men's hearts to cheer!
Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu t'aidera.

Rolling on, and on, and on,
Hard years our hopes will baulk, boys,
But nothing yet on earth was won
By wasting time in talk, boys.
Up! be stirring, labor wins
Dame Fortune's smiles. Strain every nerve
And work, and work, and never swerve,
Energetic toil must serve
To make ye rich, so ye deserve.
Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu t'aidera.

PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT.

Of course Punch was in his place in the house, when the order of the day for taking into consideration the expediency of paying the rebellion losses of Lower Canada was come to.—Want of space prevents Punch from printing his own speech, which was — as a matter of course — the speech of the evening, — but Punch confesses that as he is but mortal and also mortal poor, he kept his weather ear open to catch those sentiments that were most likely to please the Government, and get himself a fat place; he flatters himself that when he said, "that the measure should be carried as quickly as possible; without giving the people of Upper Canada, an opportunity of expressing their notions about it;" he saw a smile of approval on Mr. Hinck's face, which he has no doubt will turn into a snug berth of about £1,000 a year. Punch will wait a short time to see how the ministry will treat him,— if badly, Sir Allan McNab may reckon on him as a warm supporter for the future.

SONGS OF THE SESSION!

No. I.— Air,— *Yankee Doodle.*

Old McNab — you queer old crab,
Hincks — you dreadful humbug,
Mr. Blake — you Irish drake,
Vansittart's cleared the Stone Jug
Col. Gugy loves the Press,
As Parsons love the Bible,
Let him say a word of Punch,
We're ready with a libel.
Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,
May Chisselling reach perfection,
Send fighting men to Parliament,
Nor care for *fair* election.

You members all who parley French,
(And never wash your faces,)
'Twere better if you staid at home,
In your Pork and Whisky places.
When to Parliament you come,
All your wrongs to tell it,
Learn at least to write your name,
And afterwards to spell it.
Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,
May chisselling reach perfection,
Send fighting men to Parliament,
Nor care for *fair* election.

PARLIAMENTARY VOCABULARY.

Punch, in his anxiety to create a taste for refinement among the members of the House of Assembly, and wishing to aid all energetic speakers, intends to publish a Vocabulary for the use of members; — he gives the following expressions, which he has no doubt will be found useful, if the debate on the rebellion losses gets to a fight, as he fully expects:—

"You're a liar,—
"You're another,—
"Mr. Speaker, I——
"Go to the——
"Sir, you grin like a deranged Hyena!—
"You're a maniac Kangaroo——
"Sit down——
"Hit him on the head,——
"Certainly.

☞ *Thusday Evening, quarter to six.*—We stop the Press to say, they are fighting!

BOARD AND LODGING.

The French Members of "The House," are hereby offered board and lodging, in a quiet back Street, where they may pay for their eating and drinking, by chopping fire-wood for a charitable institution.

Punch begs to call attention to the above Advertisement, knowing the desire these Honorable Gentlemen have to bring back their little savings to their poor families.

£23,000!!! REWARD!!

Mr. Punch, in his desire to obtain favor with the present Ministry, and to add his testimony to the general belief that all Canadians are *humbugs* — offers the above reward to all peaceably disposed persons who will aid in the profitable and agreeable pastime of killing any given number of Her Majesty's troops, some fine summer's morning that he will appoint. He will also pay a hundred weight of Californian Gold, as soon as he gets back from the diggings, to Messrs. Nelson, Papineau, and MacKenzie, if they will forthwith set fire to their old Shantys, and transfer their claims on Government to him.

NEVER DESPAIR.

It was a great day for St. Hyacinthe, and the speculative *Canucks* of that thriving locality, when a certain Scotch Cremona Lord wended his steps there lately, to tell the stove-dried *Merchants*, (save the mark,) that they were a great and glorious community — an example to all nations — a people to be remembered in history — a set of men to whom T. B. Macauley must devote, at least, one volume of his future History of Canada, for their efforts in completing 48 miles of as lazy a railway as ever smoked. Never despair, Americans, — come across the line, and behold this noble work. Old England, return to your blundering old Stage Coaches; the Canucks have put your pipes-(steam)-out.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

Sir Allan McNab has *discovered* (thro' Mr. Hincks) that he was the cause of the last Canadian Rebellion.

Mr. Vansittart has *discovered* that after doing as he was advised by her Majesty's Solicitor General, that her Majesty's Prime Minister has kicked him out of his situation.

Lord Elgin is endeavouring to discover who the present Governor General of Canada is.

Punch has *discovered*, with much difficulty that *two* of the French Members of the Legislative Assembly can *write* their own names. Hurrah!

FOUND.

Near the House of Assembly, a brown paper parcel, containing two loaves of black bread, and six dried herrings, — supposed to be the property of some of the French Members — probably the provisions for the session. The owner can have it by applying at the Punch Office.

N. B.— Whoever calls, is expected to be suitably attired.

BOURRET *vs.* BYRON.

The "Desert for a dwelling-place."
'Twas Byron's wish — but sure the charm
Its power had lost, if once he'd crossed
That dismal waste — the drear Place d'Armes!

TOO BAD.

Why do the ladies in Canada prefer the Winter season?
Because their lips are often chapped.
Punch seized the chap who uttered this vulgar pun, and sent him to Gross(e) Isle.

PRINCELY IDEA.

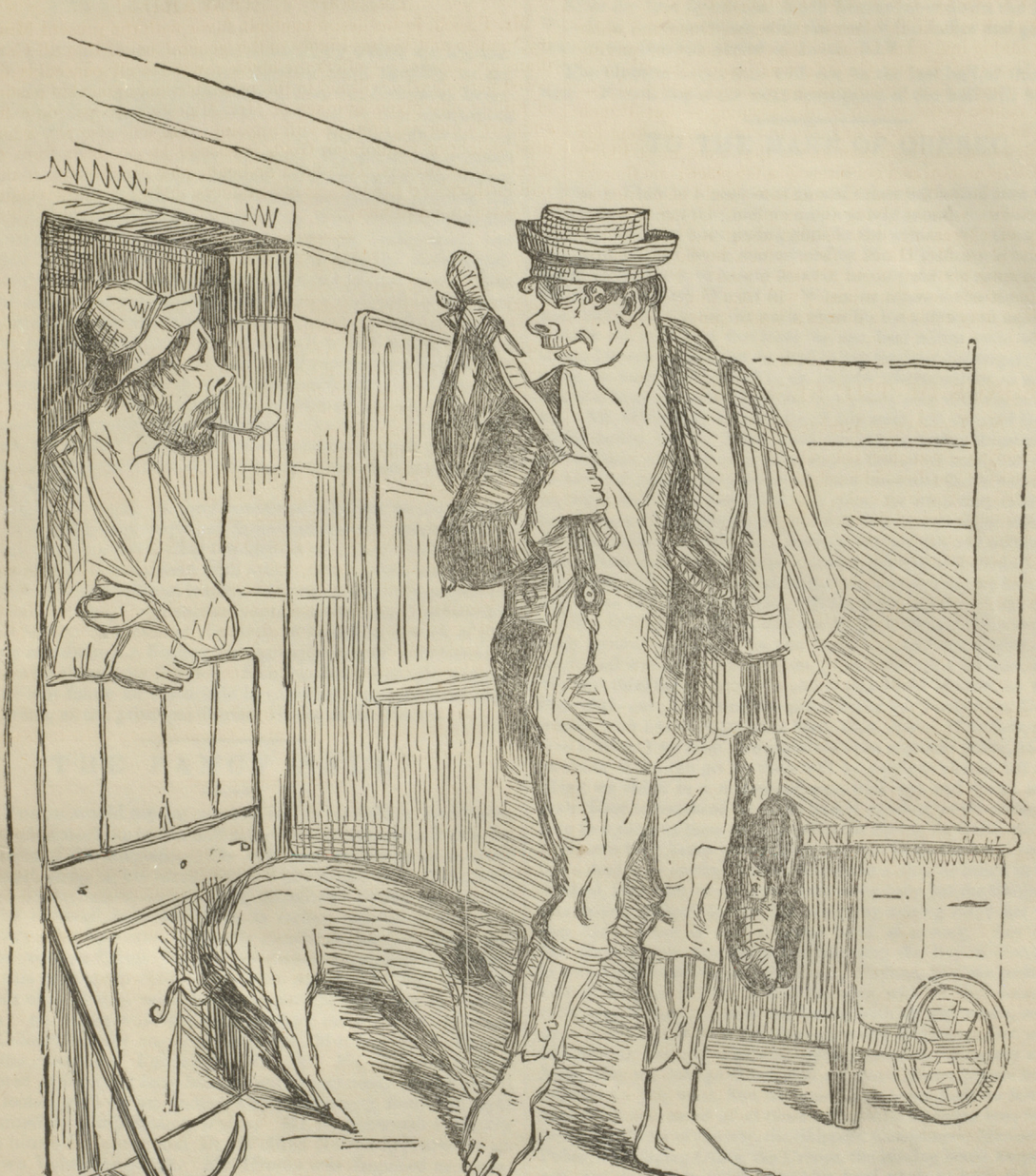
Of what modern General do our Parliamentary debates remind you? asked Col. Prince of Sir Allan.
General Wrangel, of course.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Since the opening of Parliament, Geese are numerous in Montreal, and report says previous to Mr. Vansitart's case being heard the Members all lived on fowl, which prevented them from acting fairly.

Vegetables are fresh from their sellers and any quantity of apples, can be got by applying at Monklands.

WANTED!——Professors of the Art of Self-defence!—— Apply at the House of Assembly.



A PROBABLE CONTINGENCY!

TIM.—Yath'r Teddy avic hwhare are you goan hwhy?

TEDDY.—Faix an' its just goan to imigrate sthraight back home I am—bekase if I stop in Kenada they'll be for makin' a Legislaytive Counciller of me—and I was brought up among dacent people, sure!



PITY THE POOR CABMEN!

OF all the social miseries by which we are surrounded, none appeals more forcibly to our sense of compassion, than the distress so heartily, yet so meekly endured by that meritorious class of our community, the Cab-drivers — or vernacularly-Carters. We allude not so much to the bodily sufferings endured by them upon the dreary stand; for the Cab-man, whether sweltering beneath the burning summer's sun, or parrying with mittened fists the sharp and telling facers of pugnacious old Gaffer frost, has that within him which enables him to defy the mere physical hardships so nobly shared by him with his gallant steed. But who shall tell of the amount of mental agony endured by the poor fellows, in their hopeless, thankless and unceasing task, of endeavoring to persuade obstinate foot-passengers into indulging in a shillings'-worth of *carriage exercise!* We have seen four or five of these energetic men vainly vying with each other in the painful duty of bringing one fat passenger to a sense of his situation; till hoarse and exhausted by their clamorous chorus of "*I* spoke fust, sir,—Cab, sir, Cab!" they have fallen hopelessly back upon their well-worn cushions, in meek resignation to the cold contempt of a callous public.

As a slight alleviation of their ceaseless toils, we would suggest the use of a speaking trumpet, of large dimensions, constructed so as to work upon a swivel, after the fashion of a punt duck-gun.—Repose will thus be combined with action, to a certain extent; and the brave Cab-man, without leaving his box, can sharply project his monosyllabic "Cab!" against the tympan of the distant pedestrian.

At this inclement season of the year, it would be a work of philanthropy to establish a Society for the supplying of wristbands or comforters for these poor fellows. Iron has been feelingly suggested as the best fabric for the article in question; and patterns may be had gratis, at the principal Station House of the Police.

THE FANCY BALL.

Mr. Punch would not be worsted in his intentions, and therefore wound himself up to the ball rolled at the Canadian Public by the Officers of the Garrison. He will now endeavor to unravel the twisted skein of his ideas of the Visiters and their Costumes, although the confusion, in his mind, occasioned by the squeezes of hands he received from the ladies, is rather opposed to clearness of memory; he, however, distinctly recollects that Col. Gugy entered the room as Prime Minister in distant perspective. Punch regrets this gentleman should have been annoyed by Mr. Stevens, the Spirit of the Press, who lost no opportunity of digging him in the ribs; an action was only prevented by the active interference of the Colonel's lately acquired supporter, Monsieur L. J. Papineau in the costume of Policeman, No. 10. Mr. Vansittart as a persecuted gentleman, bore himself with meekness,—and Colonel Prince looked well as an Indian Chief returning from the fight with numerous sympathising scalps. Mr. J. Ashworth evidently thought himself a card, and Dr. Wolfred Nelson appeared as an Odelltown Volunteer of '37. Mr. Hincks was disguised as a gentleman of the nineteenth century and Lord Elgin as his shadow.

We refer our readers to the "Herald," for a satisfactory explanation of the following costumes.

Ladies of Quadrille (search the map), in the costume of Louis the 1740th. Mr. Pig-on a court dress. A lorn McDougall from the Highlands. Master Dynely as a German pheasant. Ladies of ninteenth century — Hon. P. McGill, Major Annette as 19th Self. Mr. Collumn as I-dont-no-ooo of the Upper Lakes. Mr. Pilkington as General Louis 13th. Mr. Geddes as a Moorish fake-away with the song of "Nix my Dolly's" (chop house). P. Duchesney, chief of the Abednegos. Mr. Horace Wickstead as a poker. Mr. DePaybuski-bosky as a lady and gentleman. Mr. Walcott commanding a French courtier. Miss Clark as Lady Clementine of Venice! Mr. Aspinall; how! not in costume! (cold weather, eh?) Mr. Coffin, as Sheriff of the Tomb. Mr. Jos. Lee as Moses Shakespeare. Mr. Johnson as a lallah Rook. Let this crow be sent to the Natural History Society.

We are sorry to observe the want of gallantry on the part of our Telegraphic reporting contemporary of the Herald, who asserts that many of the ladies at the ball were plain. Oh! Shame!

After the first Quadrille, Rude Boreas blew down the Hall, and Punch, in the whirlwind, with the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, was blown into the period of Louis XIV!

The Gazette hopes this will not be the last ball of this description. Punch hopes the next description of the ball will be better!

TO THE MARE OF QUEBEC.

Sur, — Their be a good lot of us ould sailors left behind from hour ships hear at thie present time, and we makes so bold as to ax your honor, if there be hany chanse of hour getting grub for the winter. We three that sines this paper to your honor, was advised by Mr. O'Flaherty of hour bording house at the Cove, to happly to what he calls the Comishners who discharge sailors here. We did so. When we comes before them, my messmate Bill watch tips me the wink, gives his hat a slew, and says, all right, I knose the ould gent that leads the van, heel return some of the overcharged fifteen penses that we used to pay for hour discharges; but it was no go, he woud have no call to us, no how whatesmdevor, as we had had hour discharges, and had paid the nice young man with the butiful black hat. Mr. O'Flaherty says he dos all the work, but the ould Gents takes all the money, but Mr. Mare, woud you believe it, they threatend us with a Policeman, and told us to get a way as fast as we coud, but never told us how, but manys the time and oft, have these said Gents had a call upon us, when discharged here from hour ships, for what they calld two shillings for every man discharged, but Bill Watch says these shillings goes for fifteen penses in this here country, but we can say nothing against these Gents now, being so good-natured, generus and chicken-harted to poor Jack, that we do believe for the last year or two, we have only had to pay one 15d. in place of two. What is the cause can't say at present, but Mr. O'Flaherty tells us that one Captain Slyson, (in a very unmannerly manner) thretened the law upon-em, and one fifteen pense was docked off without any more to do, (it was through a mistake, no doubt.) We was thinking of seting the sailers true friend to work, he may make them shel-out; if so, weel live pon nothing but Turkys and Gees all the winter, with lots of obijoyful to wash them down. If he fails, (which he does at times,) we must thro ourselves upon a genrus public, and live pon ox cheek, if we can get it; there will be only one chance left to us, Mr. Mare, we red it in a newspaper some time ago, and we ax it you as a grate favor to recomend us to the basket concern, as we understand ther is to be a cargo of them to be shipd in the Spring for Californe. Bill and I can turn hour hands to anything, but poor Done Brown is best at turning a dead i, or spining a long yarn about a ship he sailed in called the Gaffend, that used to run away with every body but the Skipper, and *he* was wonst obliged to clip her wings by cutting away her masts, to stop her. Done is also a captul hand at a song. Lor bless you, Mr. Mare, if you was for to hear him sing the Bay of Bisky, O, and O where and O where, and the Flying Gaffend, how she reeld from her keel off the coast of Siri, O, how the boys, with all ther noise, behaved at the seeg of Acre, O, how the Turks, with all ther works, were blown up in their City, O, how the kings gave very fine things, but only to the Skippers, O, and 150 others too tejus to mention. You may ax us, Mr. Mare, why we dont go to law, and get those fifteen penses back again, but we tells you what, Sur, we poor Jacks never finds no law here but broomstick law, eased off at times with a little limejuice law, for wat between the Gents of the law, the Skippers, Comishners, Marine Hospital, Police, the Shiping Office, the Crimps, the bording house keepers, (mind you, we except Mr. O'Flaherty,) 'tis hard work to keep the shirt and trowsers pon us, and when we goes up to the big house, top of the hill, to make a complaint agin our Skippers, to that big Gent with a red face, he very kindly gives us the back of his hand to kiss, with a month's board and lodgin free gratis for nothing. Bill says he's a fine hirish Gentleman, and lays down the law to poor Jack in such a way that nobody whatsomdeavor can mistake him. Bill is wishing that he might be comeing from the Westinges next summer, that he might bring him a fine lively Turtle, that he knose from the cut of his Jib that he is mighty fond of Turtle, but Bill, am sorry to say hees too much of the blarney about him, and you musent mind all he says. The real matter of the case is this, Mr. Mare, if we dont get work in the Basket line, we have made up onr minds to signe a round robbin to the Governor that he may take steps to have the money returned. We now pologise to you, Mr. Mare, for this long yarn, but bein in such grate distress, we hopes you will take pitty pon us, and shew to the Governor and the public, that something may be done for our distressed case.

We are, your honor's humble servant, to command,

NED DOVERTOPAY,
BILL WATCH, DONE BROWN.

CROISADE CONTRE LA LUXE.



A Lady of Longueuil as she is in 1849!



A Lady of Longueuil as she will be in 1850!

FIGHTING INTELLIGENCE.

Her Majesty's gallant and loyal troops have been again victorious in India,— all honour to the brave, says Punch. The laurel shall bloom o'er the tombs of the fallen; but Punch can't help thinking if those who fell were loyal men, it will be just as well if they never get up again. Loyalty is at a discount, — particularly in Canada, a slight difference of opinion appears to exist as to the meaning of the word loyalty. Sir Allan McNab labours under the delusion that he acted loyally in defending the Queen's Government, from the rebels of 1837 and 8. Dr. Nelson and others are about to be convinced by that government, in the shape of large sums of money that they acted loyally in kicking up the said rebellion Punch wishes to know which of the parties were really loyal, and like the hero of St. Eustache, — pauses for a reply? The members of the house were very near deciding the question on last Thursday night, by a fair stand up fight, and really got to a few very pretty specimens of milling. Want of space prevents Punch from giving a list of the black eyes, and bloody noses on that occassion. When the news of the fight reached as far up Notre-dame Street as Lord Nelson's column, that gallant veteran jumped from his high position, and squeezing himself thro' the balustrades of the Champ-de-Mars, bolted across the country. Volunteers of 1837, up and after him, bring back to Montreal this last respectable and dilapidated remnant of loyalty.

GENERAL CONTENTMENT.

Punch congratulates Mr. Hincks, and the rest of the official bigwigs, on their successful efforts in creating a general feeling of content and pleasure, amongst all classes throughout Canada.— The measure which they have proposed to hurry thro' the house, to compensate all rebellious vagabonds, that were unjustly burnt out for merely shooting loyal well disposed people, shows at once the desire that men in power have to conciliate all classes. This is the true way to render a people peaceful and content. Reward rebels and loyalists equally,—favour to no man. Should any wish to know Mr. Punch's political opinions, he begs they will not enquire until he sees how much Dr. Nelson is paid for kicking up a revolution!

THE MEMBER FOR DRUMMOND.

Punch does not think that amongst all the intelligent and reasonable members, that constitute that enlightened body, the House of Assembly, there is one who is listened to with so much satisfaction, and whose remarks carry so much weight as those of Mr. Watt the member for Drummond. The Honorable gentleman is rather fond of startling incidents, and expressed a strong desire, a few days back, that Sir Allan McNab would oblige him with the particulars of the horrid murders, committed during the late rebellion. Will nobody lend this gentleman the Newgate Calender?

AN INVITATION.

Mr. W. Lyon McKenzie is requested to return to his disconsolate friends, when all past errors will be forgiven.

N. B. W. L. McK. had better bring back a revolving pistol, as there is no knowing what turn affairs may take.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEMAIDS.

WANTS A SITUATION, for May, eighteen hundred and fifty—a Provincial Dragoon.

GOOD CREDIT.

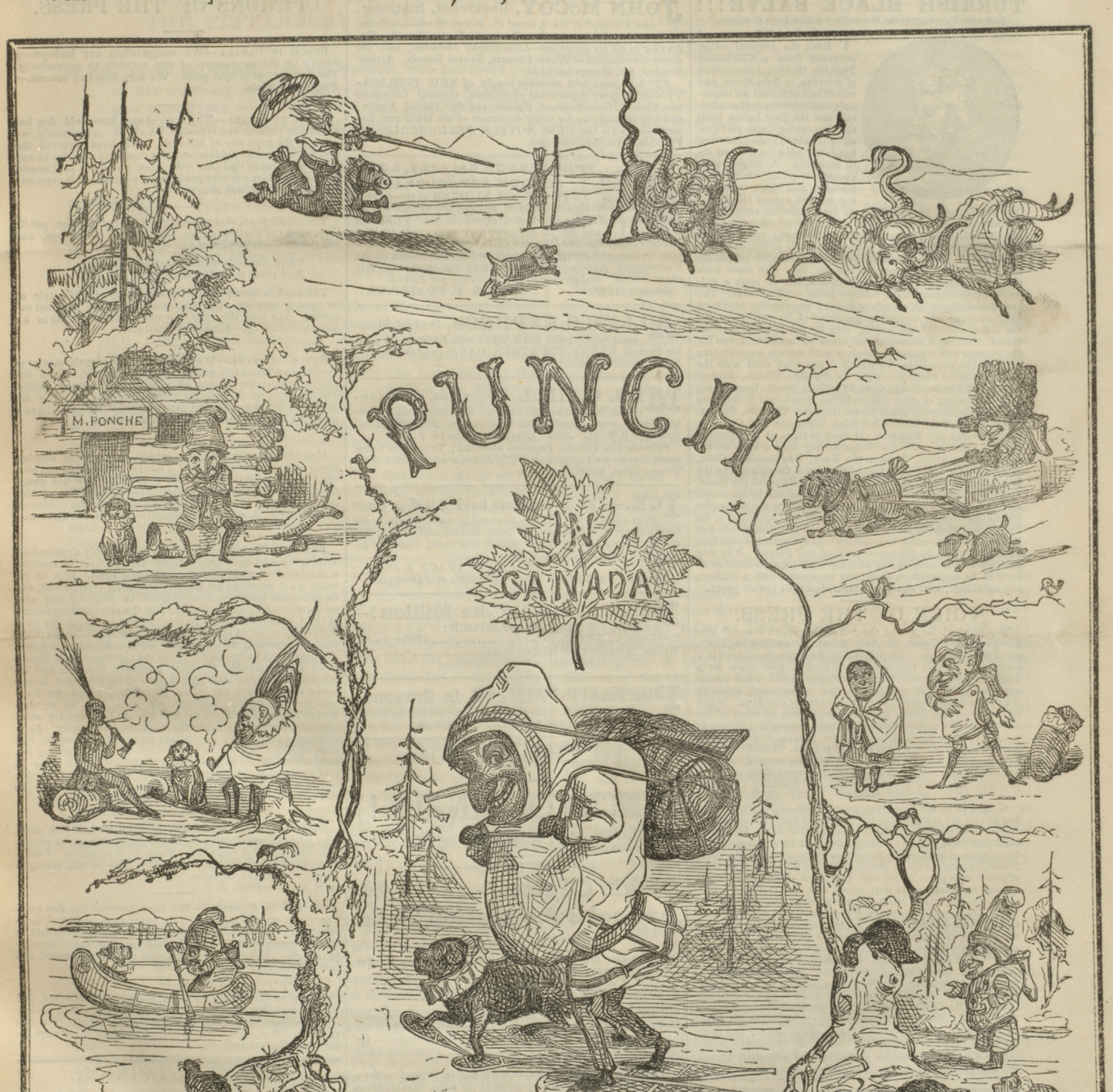
The following praiseworthy precaution, has been taken by a Shopkeeper of this city, who has posted a notice in his window in these words, "Credit given to gentlemen, cash expected from members of Parliament.

PUNCH TO HIS ONE SUBSCRIBER.

The liberality of feeling and the modesty of manner, which induced a highly spirited gentleman at St. Johns, to inclose a year's subscription, entitles him to any amount of gratitude. Punch can never die, but he may be so disgusted with things in general, as to retire into private life; in this case will his *one* subscriber dine with him every Sunday during the year of subscription, and in the meantime, induce some bosom friend to become Subscriber, No. 2.

Printed and Published for the Propietor, THOMAS BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Vol. 1.—No. 4.] March the 3rd, 1849! [PRICE, 4*d*.



PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve, and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,
Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

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THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

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for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

MRS. C. HILL, PROFESSOR OF DANCING,

Nos. 18 and 20 St. Jean Baptiste Street.—*Public Classes*, every Monday and Wednesday. *Juvenile Class*, from 4 to 6, P. M. *Adult Class*, from 7 to 10. P. M.

Schools and Private Families attended; Terms and hours made known on application. ☞ Redoaw and Valse à deux Temps Class, on Wednesdays.

ICE.—The Subscribers having laid in their

large supplies of ICE, are prepared to make Contracts for furnishing Hotels, Steamers, Offices, Messes, and Private Families. Their List of Subscribers is now open, and they respectfully solicit early application.

ALFRED SAVAGE & CO.
Montreal, Jan. 25, 1849. *Chemists and Druggists.*

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THEATRICAL THOUGHTS,.....Price, 1s. 3d.
MINOR MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE,....."....7½d.
For Sale at the Punch Office.

PORTRAIT PAINTER in Crayons!

—W. F. LOCK, STUDIO, Saint François Xavier Street, between Notre Dame and Great St. James Streets.

TO THE MILLION.

PUNCH (IN CANADA!)

Published bi-monthly, illustrated with one large cut, and numerous smaller ones.

——TERMS.——

Single Copies, - - - 4d.

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance,)

Postmasters and others remitting the subscriptions for five copies, will receive six.

To Advertisers.

Punch, in his desire for the welfare of others, throws open his advertising columns to the public, as an unrivalled medium for advancing their interests throughout the Canadas. He guarantees a circulation of each number, exceeding 3,000 copies!!!!

TERMS—Ten lines and under, $1, and in proportion for a greater number. Yearly agreements on more advantageous terms.

All communications must be post-paid. Office, No. 10, Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

OUR OWN OPINIONS.

In referring to the following opinions of the Press—Punch with a modesty peculiar to himself, asserts boldly, and says without hesitation, that all panegyric falls infinitely short of the true merits of his sublime work. The unrivalled abilities of the writers, the wonderful talent of the artists, and the superhuman exertions of the wood-cutters are beyond all praise which language can give. Let it be understood in the last paragraph that the term wood cutters is not synonymous with that of Luembrers.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and *vice versa*, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian Punch is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people, The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—Punch declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

PUNCH IN CANADA is, in truth, a very witty, talented, and well got up affair, both as regards its literary merits as well as the excellence and humour of the plates; and we trust the spirited projecter will meet with the patronage his attempt deserves.—*Transcript.*

SINGULAR OPINION.

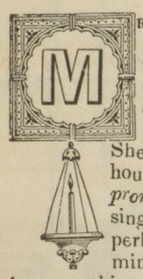
The world, and in this instance the term means that portion of it which knows no better, has at various periods of its history asserted that it was impossible to produce an illustrated work in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Canada To this assertion a publication entitled, "Punch in Canada," gives a decided contradiction; we were about to write a flat contradiction, but there is nothing flat in connection with this embodiment of wit and wood cuts, excepting the flats who refuse to buy instruction and amusement at the price of 4d. After the next issue on the 3rd of February, it is the intention of the Proprietors to publish every alternate week. The office is now open to receive incalculable numbers of seven shillings and sixpence's which will provide the payer with "Punch" for one twelvemonth without any further charge, excepting one half penny's worth of postage which all Patriots will gladly pay.

OLD PLAY.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY AND HER FATHER, THE DRUMMER;—OF HER MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT;—HER WAYS AND MEANS;—HER MANŒUVRES;—OF MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY; HER EDUCATION AND HER FLIRTATIONS!

CHAPTER III.



RS. PETER PEPPERBURY was a stout old lady, who patronized a yellow wig and had a decided taste for the primitive colors; therefore, it was by no means unusual to see that respected gentlewoman trotting to church on Sunday in a yellow bonnet, red shawl and blue gown, all of very expensive material. She displayed the same taste in the furniture of her house, her curtains and carpets being all of the most *prononcè* and contrasting colors. We think that this singular taste on the part of Mrs. Pepperbury, may perhaps be accounted for, from the influence on the mind of early ideas. That lady's papa was a drummer in a marching regiment, the Royal Blazers, who wore red coats, with blue facings and gold lace, and this may perhaps account for her continued predilection for those striking colors. The drummer after some years spent agreeably in the diversified amusements of beating the tattoo on his drum, and another species of tattoo on the backs of his delinquent comrades, had purchased his discharge, and set himself up in a small business, near the gates of his old barracks, where he retailed herrings, crackers, pipes, tobacco, pipe-clay, blacking and bath-brick, commodities much in request in the vicinity of a foot regiment. The *ci-devant* drummer was shrewdly suspected of cultivating a taste for strong liquors amongst his ancient comrades by supplying them *sub rosâ* with whiskey, which had never contributed anything to Her Majesty's Customs or Excise. But the drummer and his spouse were a careful industrious couple, and by dint of great frugality and a little cheating, they saved money, and the little huckster's shop near the barrack gate, gave place to a "grocery store," in a larger street and better neighbourhood.

MRS PETER PEPPERBURY was the drummer's eldest hope, the first arrow in his quiver, and her acquaintance with her future husband commenced over the counter in the grocery store, whilst Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, as the clerk of "Ticklefish and Co." was transacting business with her respected parent. In due process of time Peter and his intended became one flesh, in the language of the common prayer book, and Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, according to the custom of the natives in those parts, and the laws made and provided to meet such cases, effected on his lady previous to her marriage a settlement of a very handsome sum of money;—

"A castle up in AIR-shire.
"And a tenement in SKY."

Thence it came to pass that when Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, as we have seen, tumbled into difficulties, and got his legs into that terrible man-trap, the Bankrupt court, Mrs. PETER was enabled to maintain her carriage, and her horses, her footman and her page, and her establishment in general, in the most fashionable style. When darkness and despondency lowered over the "warehouse in the dirty lane," all went merry as a marriage bell in "the handsome stone mansion in the fashionable suburb."

The law of settlement or "dower" as it is called, under whose beneficent and most considerate provisions (for rogues), Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY was enabled to live and flourish during the temporary obscurations of her lord and master, is one well worthy of adoption in other countries. By it a man may not only settle money on his wife before his marriage, though neither he nor she have one solitary farthing; but even after marriage, by another convenient arrangement, she may take to herself one half of all he has, or makes; that is, one half of all which is, in such cases as that before us, the property of other people. It has been observed that in this singular country, by means of these very singular provisions, men have been known to get richer and richer, more prosperous and influential, under circumstances that in other countries drive men into poverty and contempt, into jail madhouses, and suicide.

Now this law of dower, and the settlement of property *in nubibus* made on the daughter of the drummer before her marriage was the *corps de reserve* on which Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY fell back when he went into difficulties. All the money which he made when things went well with him, the fruit of each successful speculation, he, like a good and dutiful husband as he was, duly handed over to Mrs. PETER, and that respected lady as duly invested it in the most secure and profitable manner. Thus it was that the handsome stone house in the fashionable suburb, was the property of Mrs. PETER, and many other houses; the furniture was hers; the carriage was hers; the horses were hers; Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY literally and truly, had not one thing in the world to call his own but the clothes on his back, and the desks and stools in the warehouse in the dirty lane; these rather elegant articles of furniture the seedy clerk always "bought in" for Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY at the auction which followed as a matter of course, each "smash" that occurred.

PUNCH cannot help expressing his astonishment, that a law so well calculated as this for securing comfort and respectability in private life; elegance and affluence amidst all the ups and downs to which gentlemen of a speculative disposition are subjected, is not at once embodied in the codes of all civilized nations. These poor benighted people are only in the habit of settling upon their wives property which really exists, defined and tangible;—we settle property which does not exist and never may; and more, we settle the property of other people, and this, it must be confessed, is a mode of defining the difference between *meum* and *teum* which is well worthy of imitation.

Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY, the daughter of the drummer, was fat, sixty, and vulgar. Her education had been a little neglected, for regimental schools were not the order of the day, at the date when her father beat sheep-skin in the Royal Blazers. Her conversation was principally confined to grievous lamentations over the delinquencies of her female domestics, whom she regularly changed, all round, once a month, and enquiries into the misdeeds of those of her neighbors. The chief business of her life was a series of manœuvres directed to the "establishment" of her only daughter, Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY. To this end she gave dinners and parties, dances and picnics; there was no end to the consumption of boned turkeys and doubtful champaign. All the officers of the Garrison went tame about her house, and a man on the Staff, with an Honorable before his name, and £2000 a year, might have turned the whole establishment inside out, if it had pleased him. As for poor PETER, he was a cypher in his own house; no body ever thought of him, his comfort, or his convenience. His business was to get money; theirs was to spend it; and not one of the family cared how disreputably that was obtained which enabled them to gratify their vicious tastes. On the contrary, mother, daughter and son almost appeared to make a point of "coming out strongest" in extravagance and dissipation, when things were at the worst in the "dirty lane." Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY always gave a large ball on the night after her husband's name appeared in the "Gazette."

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

Punch has been favored with a copy of a new Farce, entitled "The Returning Officer," lately performed in "The Bear Garden," once known as the House of Assembly. Although the subject was highly deserving, it was infamously treated. The following extract will give some idea of the author's style.

VANSITTART LOQUITOR.—It is NOT MAN, hath done this deed, but one of Middle-sex—the go-between of Oxford and of York. Man could not so be wrought upon to do the work of Fiends.

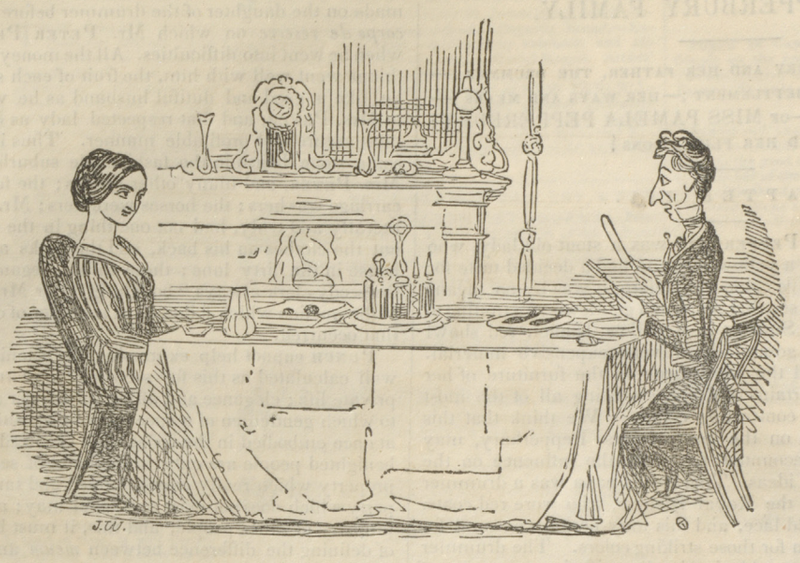
"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

IF this be truly said of wit,
Then surely of a pun,
It may be said no doubt of it,
It is the sole of fun.

MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

TO THE ELECTORS OF MIDDLESEX.

Why has your Representative no right to sit in Parliament? Because he is Not-mant



DOMESTIC DELIGHTS!

HUSBAND. Is this all the dinner, my dear?
WIFE. Yes, love, consider the expense of the Dresses for that Fancy Ball.

SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.

The Report of the Geological Survey having been printed and laid before the House. it is said that the collective wisdom are on the point of making a collection of minerals. Some beautiful specimens of spar were exhibited in the gallery of the House the other day, by Messrs. McNamee, and Murdoch Morrison, and Mr. Meyers, during the struggle for freedom of speech in the night debate, produced a remarkably fine one of feld-spar, though this evidently had some horn-blende and a mixture of quartz with it, possibly a present from his Excellency with whom he had been dining. There was one curious specimen of green-horn blende exhibited, said to have been imported from the emerald isle. It occupied the attention of the House for two days, and puzzled the scientific and learned members to find out its component parts. There was evidently much brass in it, rather vitrious and somewhat hum(e)-id. It was destitute of polish and remarkably heavy. Punch cannot compliment the Natural History Society, to whom these specimens are forthwith to be sent, on their new acquisitions to their Museum of Curiosities.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

St. Ann's. Not much business doing; orders not promptly attended to. Some heavy packages of foolscap taken daily, and a corresponding quantity sent out. Goose quills brisk. True loyalty, small stock on hand, held firmly by holders. Spurious, large supply, and changes hands readily. Conscience not much in the market, parted with freely at small advance. Honesty, contraband article, not sought for.

CONSIGNMENTS ON SALE!

1 cask Home brewed, pricked and frothy, and
1 do. Sulphur Fountaine Water from Montreal, rather stale,
1 lot Cabbage from Bytown,
1 package Odd Volumes of History from Gaspé,
1 bag of Flint from Hastings,
1 package Modesty from Kent,
1 do. Blacking from Middlesex,
1 lot of Roasted Pig from Montmorencie,
1 package Newfoundland Cod, repacked at Norfolk; will be sold low with benefit of drawback,
1 do. Shin Plasters, a radical cure for old sores, from Richelieu,
1 lot condemned hollow-ware, from St. Maurice,
1 Bale Pepper and one bag of wind, from Third Riding of York,
1 bale Allspice from First Riding,
1 large consignment of Gall and Vinegar, from Oxford,
1 empty Cask from Drummond,
1 jar Durham Mustard (*musty*) from Fourth Riding,
1 Cross-cut Saw from Hamilton,
1 bundle Circular Saws, cut on two sides, from Essex.
1 Revolver from Two Mountains.

The above will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Apply to
A. N. MORIN, *Clerk of St. Ann's Market.*

SONGS OF THE SESSION!—No. 2.

Pistols two
For I and you,
Blake he said to Cayley
Before this night, we both must fight,
(And then he turn-ed pale-y;)
A friend was got,
A knowing shot
Who understood a duel,
To set all right
And stop the fight,
And order water gruel.

The night before
Two friends—or more,
Resolved to stay the slaughter,
Found out the place,
And told the mace,
Who soon went scampering after,
Some people say
Both ran away
With macey close behind them:
But this we know
That friend or foe,
In Parliament can find them.

A CARD.——AUX MEMBRES CANADIENS.

M. Jean Baptiste respectfully informs the Canadian Members, that he has consented to open a Day School during the Session for the purpose of giving lessons on the elements of the French language, comprising Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.

Une classe orthographique is in course of immediate preparation.

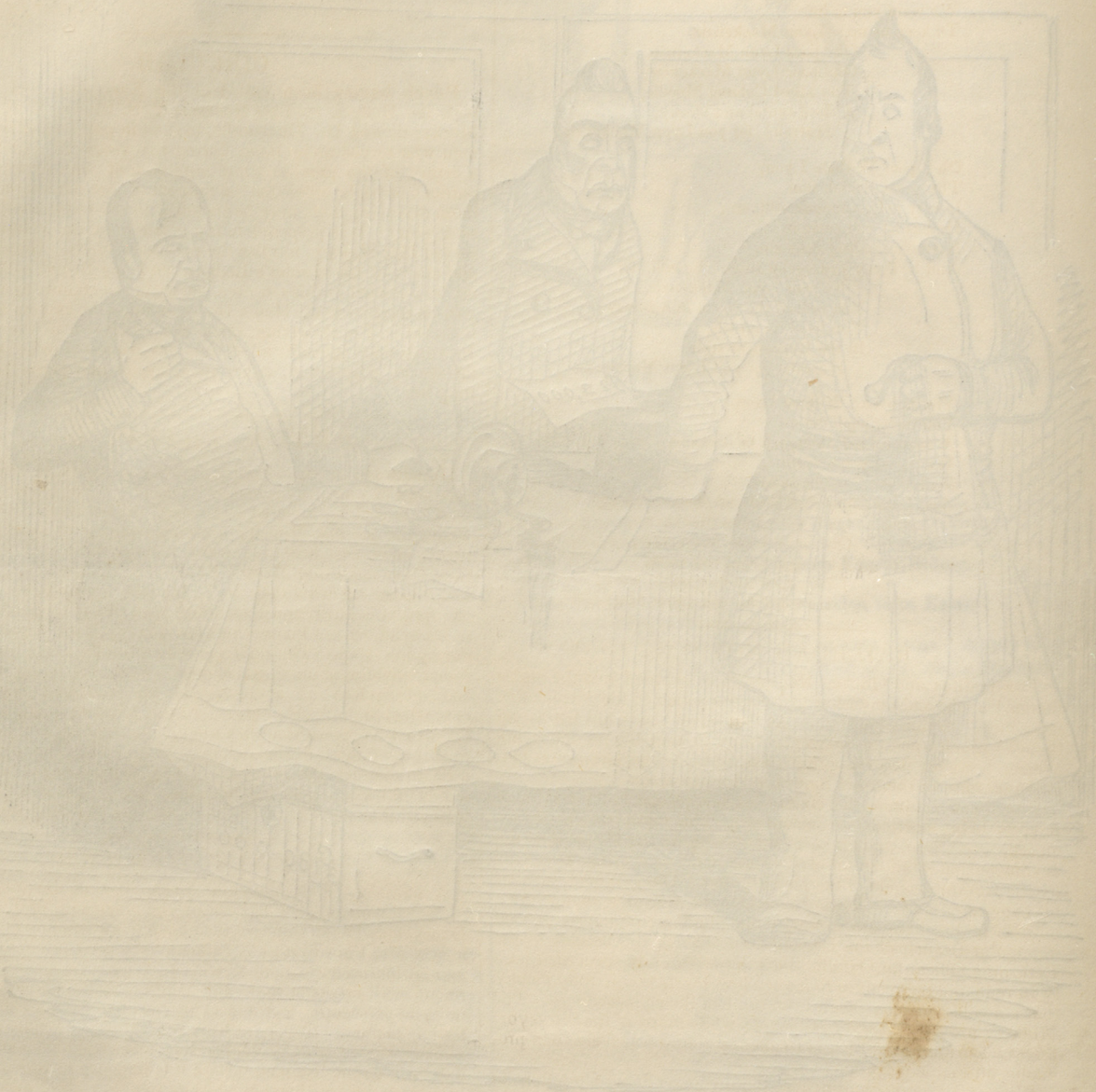


REBELLION REWARDS!

Louis H,—and you Monsieur—What is your claim ?

Louis J.—There's my account Monsieur—"For once pair of Mocassins, lost during my glorious and rapid retreat from St. Dennis, two dollars."

Wolfred.—And for your courage, lost on the same memorable occasion—two *sous !*



PATRIOTIC SONG.

AS SUNG BY MR. BALDWIN AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

AIR.—"*Oh poor Robinson Crusoe.*"

OH! poor William Lyon,
You're back; once more to try on
Your Humbug; we're all in a frenzy;
We've clambered so high
We want you to lie,
To keep us up,—Lyon Mackenzie.
Oh! poor Lyon Mackenzie,
Oh! poor Lyon Mackenzie,
You killed Colonel Moodie,
A deed brutal and bloody,
Hurrah! for you Lyon Mackenzie.

Oh! poor William Lyon,
The great British lion
Is very magnanimous still, sir;
He has let you come in
Notwithstanding your sin,
And he'll pay you,—by Jingo! he will, Sir.
Oh! poor Lyon Mackenzie,
You robbed the coach in a frenzy;
You lived on an isle,
In the Buccaneer style,
Hurrah! for you Lyon Mackenzie.

You're back, William Lyon,
You never shall die-on
A foreign land, though it be Yankee,
We'll give you a sum,
Shall strike Canada dumb,
And Lord Elgin shall feed and shall thank ye.
Oh! poor Lyon Mackenzie,
Oh! poor Lyon Mackenzie,
Although Rebel you were,
That you were not, we'll swear!
Hurrah! for you Lyon Mackenzie.

RAILROAD NOTIONS.

THE Halifax and Quebec Railroad has steamed into the attention of Punch, and he wishes to draw the notice of the "collective ignorance," to this projection. As that august body has not as yet thought much upon the subject, it may be that the members are averse, however deserving that elevated honor, to riding on a rail, although most of them are moved by loco-motives.

Punch congratulates the country on the prospect of the railway project, being carried into execution. The materials chiefly required, wood, iron, and brass, being plentiful in the House, and the acknowledged abilities for civil or uncivil Engineering, possessed by the Commissioners of the Department of Dirty Works, justifies his congratulations. Neither should it be forgotten that a great number of levellers, are amongst the members of the at present unpopular Branch of the Legislature; witness the flooring of the Returning Officer for Oxford. They have certainly succeeded lately in reducing themselves to a very low level, and it may chance that a dead level may result from some of their proceedings. The Ministry are aiming at a base level; while many of the Surveyors prefer a spirit level, which is frequently the cause of errors in producing an undue elevation.

When the grading commences there will be found Chisellers in plenty; and if tamping rods and powder should be required, there will be tampering and blasting charges, blowing up, and reports in abundance. How can we doubt, judging from recent events, that there will be railing and block-heads enough to complete the line.

LATE SITTINGS AND EARLY RISING.

OF course—Punch, with pleasure—gives place to the following just complaint of a French Member.

SARE,—Mr. Punch, vere you avake—dat is—you not couché on the 23rd night February; bekause I vish you to tell to me vat I sal get for sitting all one day to tomorrow night in my place in de House of de Halle de Parliament. Sal I get twice two fifteen shillings. I suffer much from head ache, and Madame ——— at my Maison de Pension, charge me five sous for my supper which I eat afore my breakfast. Col. Gugy talked at me until I was so ver angry dat I wished to—to—to—blow him nose. 'Tis all ver vel to pay for rebellion losses; but I lose my sleeps, and I sit twice two day till middle of next night, and all for one fifteen shillings. Sacré 'tis not rite.

Mr. Punch, am I,
Your tres obedient Serviteur,
JEAN CRAPEAU,
Member for Bètise.

CIRCULAR.

Punch having been called to the Executive, and entrusted with the Budget, requests Generals T. S. Brown, William Lyon Mackenzie and Dr. Duncombe, to send in pay-lists of those brave men who served under them during the years '37 and '38; also, a return of the provisions and munitions of war, expended in the patriot camps, in order that the amount of just remuneration due to those deserving men, may be included in the estimates for the present year. It is proposed to lay a tax upon the volunteers who served Her Majesty, to raise the necessary funds. General Miller and others of the Hunter's Lodges, not being British subjects, cannot be included in this estimate, but their just claims, as auxiliaries, will be referred to the Home Government,—the captors of the Peel included. Punch having taken the settlement of the Rebellion Rewards upon himself, all claims are requested to be sent to him for speedy adjustment, either in kicks, or half-pence as the case may be.

SET A THIEF, &c.

He who attributes unworthy motives to others, is likely to be a concocter of unworthy schemes himself. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is a time honored suggestion, the truth and usefulness of which the present Ministry are endeavouring to exemplify. If rogues know best how to reward rogues; why will the Upper-Canadians insist that Messrs. Baldwin & Co. are acting unwisely, and "know not what they do." He who vainly believes himself an upright loyalist, and goes to bed with this perpendicular notion in his head, cannot know what turn this revolving world may take during his sleep. The right leg which has for years been his best friend, enabling him to stand erect among his fellow men, may suddenly refuse its support, and the left, long neglected, be compelled to do double duty. At this moment there are men in Canada who persist that they are loyal—right leg and left; but we must beg of those misguided men to reflect. The right leg put forward to crush the rebellion of 1837 and '8, ought to have kept a watchful eye on its left assistant,--for it is now very generally believed that *one half* of the loyalists were in reality rebels.

PUBLIC DINNER.

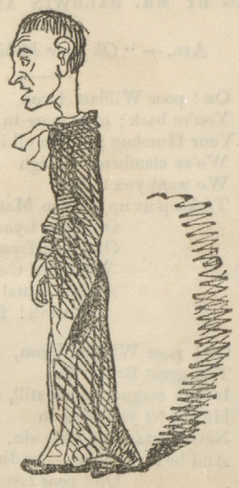
A numerous and influential assemblage of the inhabitants of Montreal, congregated together on the nineteenth of this month, at Donegana's Hotel, to prove their deep felt sympathy for the sufferings of Mr. Vansittart; (by eating a very good dinner and drinking an anti-temperance share of wine.) Such a public testimonial of regard, will no doubt make the Ministry feel their want of hospitality in persecuting a stranger, instead of spreading before him the festive board. Report affirms that Messrs. Baldwin and Co, already show regret for their past conduct and have even named a day for a public banquet, where it is intended to drown all the rebellion claims in a bowl of whiskey punch. Mr. Vansittart whose name will be handed down to posterity by the historians of Canada, as the "persecuted gentleman," has consented to return to Montreal on this occasion, followed by the procession of *Two Cabs*, which accompanied his departure, and Punch has it from "our own reporter" that Sir Allan MacNab is to take the chair, supported by Col. Prince as his Vice, with Col. Gugy as *Croupier;* the latter gentleman's well known qualifications as a *bon vivant* render him highly eligible for the office. Mr. Blake will be placed at a proper distance from the Hon Cayley, for fear either of these Hon. members, should grow heated and explode, economical and praiseworthy arrangements have been made in order that the French Members may get their tickets for soup at a reasonable rate.

CROISADE CONTRE LE LUXE!



AS HE IS.

The Curé of Longueil.



AS HE WILL BE.

INFAMOUS NEGLECT.

Suppression of Parliamentary news of the greatest importance by the vile Press.

Not one of our vile contemporaries has reported the introduction of Mr. Punch into the House. He must therefore sound his own trumpet. Thank his stars, he has a paper of his own, and is not to be put down by the paltry conspiracies of Editors and reporters.

From Our Reporter!

The clerk of the Crown in Chancery having presented to the speaker, the return for the new borough of Humbug that functionary with great dignity, desired to "congratulade dis ho-no-rabble Hawze dat Mr. Punch have been return by shoe of hands to dis-ho-no-rabble Hawze." Mr. Punch was then introduced by the Hon. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Allan. The former kindly and patronisingly lent his arm to assist the gallant Knight, who suffered much inconvenience in crossing the floor, from twinges whether of gout or conscience we are not prepared to say. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Punch was warmly cheered by both sides. The excitement at last became so tremendous that a motion to adjourn was carried, nem-con.

Thus far we quote our reporter, but for the information of the public, we tell them that the leaders on both sides were very desirous of a private interview!!! Of course Punch could not refuse such kind invitations, one of the Hon. gentlemen on the treasury benches kindly offered to pilot Punch through the dangerous quicksands of political life. Punch thought he knew a thing or two but finds that he has been quite blind. He has, however, acquired a little experience, *one eye has been opened*, he hopes the other will be shortly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the press and will shortly be published the following works; profusely illustrated with cuts by Punch.

George Brown, Esq., on Truth and the dangers of Prevarication, with notes by Notman.

A New Edition of a new way to pay Old Debts, edited by Dr. Wolfred Nelson.

Hume's History of Baneful Domination, by Blake, Notes by Holmes.

Price on Constitutional Government, shewing the effect of loyalty in causing Rebellion.

Finesse, or schemes for raising the wind and kicking up a dust, by a graduate of Oxford.

Hints how to procure good advice, "Take a leaf out of your adversary's book, by Honest Robert.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

Punch in his anxiety to circulate all that is useful, or likely to create a taste for literature and the fine arts, has collected after considerable labour and research; and intends shortly to publish, the orations delivered in the House of Assembly, by those members who are justly distinguished for their historical knowledge, sparkling eloquence, flowery language and other statesman-like qualities. the first volume now ready will contain the speeches of the Hon. members for Kamouraska and L'Islet, Messrs. Charles Fournier and Pierre Canuck dit Marquise, they have been carefully translated into French Canadian English, by the Hon. Augustus N. Morin, who will receive "ord-hairs" for the work.

A REFLECTION.

Punch does not say a great deal on any subject, but like the silent parrot of old, he thinks a great deal and when he shakes his head, he means people to believe that there is a great deal in it.—Punch is shaking his wise beak at this moment, to indicate a desire for a satisfactory explanation of a troublesome thought that is giving him much pain in his Os Frontis.

Will the Solicitor General for Canada West prosecute himself, for breaking the peace by sending a challenge to Mr. Cayley. Punch cannot answer this question to his own satisfaction; but this he knows that if the Honble. Law Officer get drunk on any festive occasion, Punch will lend him five shillings to pay the fine,—a bran new rebellion loss debenture.

Punch in his admiration for those who, like members of Parliament, Fight for their honor, gives the following advertisement immortality in his columns:

WHEREAS certain rumors derogatory to my reputation as a PROFESSIONAL MAN, has lately been mooted in this City, as such rumors have for their effect the injury of my character,

I hereby offer to FIGHT any TWELVE STONE MAN IN CANADA for £50 or upwards, and which said challenge shall remain open till the FIFTEENTH of next APRIL.

GEORGE SPAULDING.

Montreal, 29th February, 1849.

Will none of the Fighting Members accommodate Mr. George Spaulding. If so Punch will be happy to superintend their training!

Printed and Published for the Propietor, THOMAS BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Vol. 1.—No. 5.] March the 17th, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable*. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,
F. ANDREWS.

Montreal, Nov. 1848.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

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treal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

MRS. C. HILL, PROFESSOR OF DANC-

ING, Nos 18 and 20 St. Jean Baptiste Street.—*Public Classes*, every Monday and Wednesday. *Juvenile Class*, from 4 to 6, P. M. *Adult Class*, from 7 to 10, P. M.

Schools and Private Families attended; Terms and hours made known on application. ☞ Redowa and Valse à deux Temps Class, on Wednesdays.

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have established Four Large ICE DEPOTS in different parts of the City, from which they will be enabled to furnish their Customers with the *finest* of Ice at an *early hour in the morning*.

Steamboats, Hotels, and Private Families supplied on moderate terms.

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TO THE MILLION.

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Punch, in his desire for the welfare of others, throws open his advertising columns to the public, as an unrivalled medium for advancing their interests throughout the Canadas. He guarantees a circulation of each number, exceeding 3,000 copies!!!!

TERMS—Ten lines and under, $1, and in proportion for a greater number. Yearly agreements on more advantageous terms.

All communications must be post-paid. Office, No. 10, Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

THEATRE ROYAL!—

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, March the 17th, the Officers of the Garrison give their last performance but one, on which occasion, MR. DEWALDEN'S BENEFIT, will positively come off.—The pieces selected, are the comedy of the "CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH," the interlude of "A GOOD NIGHT'S REST," and the farce entitled "THE KING AND L

PROSPECTUS.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec, *once a fortnight*, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued *once a week*.

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusvely to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

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The Terms will be 12s. 6d. per annum, commencing from the 1st of May, single Nos. 3d.

Any person remitting $7 can have 3 copies sent to their address. $11 for 5 copies. $20 for 10 copies.

As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and *vice versa*, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian Punch is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—Punch declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY AND HER FATHER, THE DRUMMER;—OF HER MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT;—HER WAYS AND MEANS;—HER MANŒUVRES;—OF MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY; HER EDUCATION AND HER FLIRTATIONS!

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

PAMELA PEPPERBURY, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. PETER, was a nice looking girl. Tall and slight, with glossy brown hair, blue eyes and a beautiful complexion, with a very pretty hand and foot; of all this she was very well aware, and took the greatest possible pains that none of her beauties should be concealed from her admirers. She was a *belle* and she knew it.

PAMELA had many faults, but they were more the result of education than of disposition. She was naturally amiable and kind hearted, but she had been spoiled at home and flattered abroad, until she became a character very common in society in these parts, an arrant coquette.

Her education was, as may be supposed, of a very imperfect character. She had been sent to the most fashionable school of the city, where she learnt a little of everything, but nothing thoroughly, except dancing. She played a little, sung a little, and drew a little. The first accomplishment was a very unpleasant noise, the second a decided screech, and as for the third, the skies in her landscapes were conspicuous for a muddy mistiness, the distant hills looked like musty hay-cocks, and the foreground was more like a green tablecloth with a yellow pattern than anything else. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY "sung in church."—Singing in church is *a practice* singularly peculiar to girls with loud screaming voices; they have an astonishing fancy for David's Psalms, done into bad English by Brady and Tate, and thundering Sanctuses, done by the Lord knows who!

PAMELA PEPPERBURY danced to perfection. She was the *belle* of every Ball room she went into, and no body ever saw *her* doing wall-flower. She was the first to begin and the last to leave off, and though she would have fainted with fatigue at taking a country walk for two miles, she could get over some leagues of a chalked floor in the course of a night without a murmur. She was great in the Polka—a lively enough dance borrowed from the Hungarians,—In this dance she loved to lean her head on her partner's shoulder, in the most die-away fashion, as if she were about to swoon away, while her feet were moving in a series of playful circles, that one wondered how she managed to describe them.—Some prim, demure people thought the exhibition rather astonishing, for ourselves we are astonished at nothing, and think this languishing style of dancing highly becoming.

PAMELA dressed elegantly, though it must be confessed that when in *grand* toilette, there was a display of charms not quite in accordance with a refined taste. There is, however, no accounting for taste in these matters.

Our fair friend had also another habit, which is not considered seemly in civilized countries. Her mother permitted her, and she herself had no scruple at all, not only to borrow the horses of single gentlemen, but to accompany those single gentlemen on equestrian expeditions, with no male relation, and not even a groom in attendance upon her, a thing which is quite contrary to the proprieties of society.

PAMELA PEPPERBURY is the belle of five seasons. She was brought out as they call it, at fifteen, and has been kept out, with immense assiduity on the part of her respectable mamma. The last time we saw her, and that is not very long ago, we thought we could detect faint traces of the deterioration that late hours, hot rooms, and unnatural excitement were working in that fair face; the eyes were heavy, the skin flushed, and the beautiful white shoulders had lost their dimpled roundness. It is a sad thing to see any thing that is beautiful going into premature decay, and hundreds of fair young girls, lovely and beloved, born to be the ornaments of their homes, are yearly hurried into their graves by the detestable system that exists in modern society.

PAMELA'S flirtations were innumerable, but we never heard that any man ever thought of any thing beyond flirtation. It is a curious fact that the belles of Ball rooms very seldom do get married. The quiet, modest, demure little monkeys, that sit shyly in corners, who are never seen away from mammas' protecting wing, are suddenly snapped up, when no one expects it. They are seen one day in white muslin and pink roses, and the next day one hears of them in white satin and orange blossoms. Now we have known a very pretty girl, and a very nice girl too, who but for this confounded propensity for waltzing, polking, riding and flirting, with any man who took the trouble to ask her and flirt with her, would have made a very good match, and turned out a very good wife, too; for PUNCH has observed that whenever one of your regular flirts does marry, she invariably turns out a very quiet, sedate, matronly sort of body. The reason is, that she has had all her fun before marriage, while the demure ones, who sat in corners, and insisted on being taken to mamma the moment the dance was over, are very apt to turn great flirts after marriage. We certainly begin to have our fears that our fair friend, PAMELA, will never marry. She is now to our own certain knowledge in her twenty-second flirtation of which we will give a sketch in our next number.

THE SONG OF TOO MANY.

Who in my reckless youth I sought,—
When every warning set at nought,
The future never cost a thought?
My Creditors!

Who gave me dinners, gave me wine,—
And clothes, in heaps, too, did assign,
To make me as a Peacock fine?
My Creditors!

Who found me horses, and a sleigh,—
A carriage, too, of colors gay,
For which I had no means to pay?
My Creditors!

In short who gave me all I had—
And when they dunn'd in voices sad,—
And nothing got—declared 'twas bad!
My Creditors!

Who broke my heart and broke my pride,
And made me in the bottle hide
Talents, friends had once descried?
My Creditors!

Who in a vortex, round and round,
For life have cast me:—like a hound,—
Pursuing me as one spell bound?
My Creditors!

Who poisoned ev'ry hope I have,
And ev'ry hour make me crave,
To pay the last great debt, the grave?
My Creditors!

GREAT DISCOVERY.

PUNCH has discovered the cause of the failure of the gas on a late occasion at the Theatre Royal. The Hon. Hume Blake consumed all which the "no monopoly" company is capable of supplying. This fact accounts naturally enough for the inflated speech made by the Honourable member. However, the St. Ann's Theatre did not benefit much by the transaction, for though there was much flare, the speech was not luminous, and finally the audience were left as much in the dark as the Theatre Royal. Reports were in circulation that the Gas Company had failed; they certainly failed in their supply of gas, but of course that is looked upon simply as a light failure.

NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

The general depression of trade causes Punch much sorrow and when he sees any particular branch making an effort to emerge from the general gloom, he shakes hands with himself as a matter of congratulation.—In this cold climate, fur is an indispensable article, and the youth of Montreal deserve great praise for their efforts to produce it. It will be observed that every youth who can by dint of Rowland's Macassar or the assistance of the domestic cat, raise fur above his upper lip, or coax a fringe round his chin, does it regardless of the bearish appearance it gives to his face. This is but right, for the down of this year will be the fur of next, and every "son and hair" will have added his produce to the market.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

THE spirited young natives who light up the columns of the *Avenir* with their flashes of national enthusiasm, have lately been laying their heads together — not with a laudable view to the formation of a plank-road or block-pavement, as such inductive process might lead the reader to suppose, but for the furtherance of a far less hopeful project — the establishment, in fact, of a succession of happy valleys throughout that fertile, but benighted and Anglo-saxonified district of Lower Canada, known as the Eastern Townships. The principle contemplated for the creation of those felicitous glens and hilarious dingles, is the easy and obvious one of procuring the expulsion of the present debased holders of the soil, and handing over the pleasant places of the region to the intelligent gentlemen in blue night-caps, whose successful efforts in the agricultural line startle at every step the foreigner travelling in search of information — harrowing up every acre of soul left fallow by him for the reception of knowledge, with the sharp conviction of his agrarian inferiority.

The carrying out of the above principle will perhaps be subject to certain natural difficulties, such as the enterprising emigrants of the *Avenir* however are doubtless prepared to encounter. If the blue bells of Canada are to be sown broadcast over the smiling fields of the contemplated voluptuous valleys, there is a possibility of their being ultimately overshadowed in their struggles into light, and jostled out of the field by those tenacious weeds, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock whose pertinacious adherence to every bit of soil worth flourishing in, has doubtless been remarked by the attentive student of history. There is another style of reproductive husbandry called the drill system; but as the drill system was tried to some extent and without any very splendid results, by Papineau and other drill-serjeants of 1837, we must be permitted to doubt its efficacy as applied to the cultivation of *les bonnets bleu du Nord*. But doubtless the romantic young writers of the *Avenir* have anticipated all obstacles to the progress of their great oriental project; and it will be an exhilarating sight to behold the march of the invading emigrants, headed by their priests, their notaries, and their apothecaries, crossing the line of demarcation into the eastern valleys, and spurred into enthusiasm by their nervous young literary leaders with some such spirited chorus as:—

Marche donc! Sherbrooke and Hemmingford,
Leave us your farms in capital order,
Marche donc! Stanbridge and Hinchinbrooke,
All the blue bonnets are over the border!

And the valleys will immediately assume that festive appearance of hilarity, contemplated by the poetical young projectors of the glens of gladness—the hills will forget to echo the sounds of the anglo-saxon tongue —the merchant-princes of St. Paul street will build their villas upon thy picturesque Lake O Memphramagog! diluting their holiday rum with thy pellucid element, and lending an oriental character to the scene, by their primitive manner of combining commercial pursuits with the relaxation of clay-pipes; and a great nation will cultivate tobacco and sunflowers on the hill-sides.

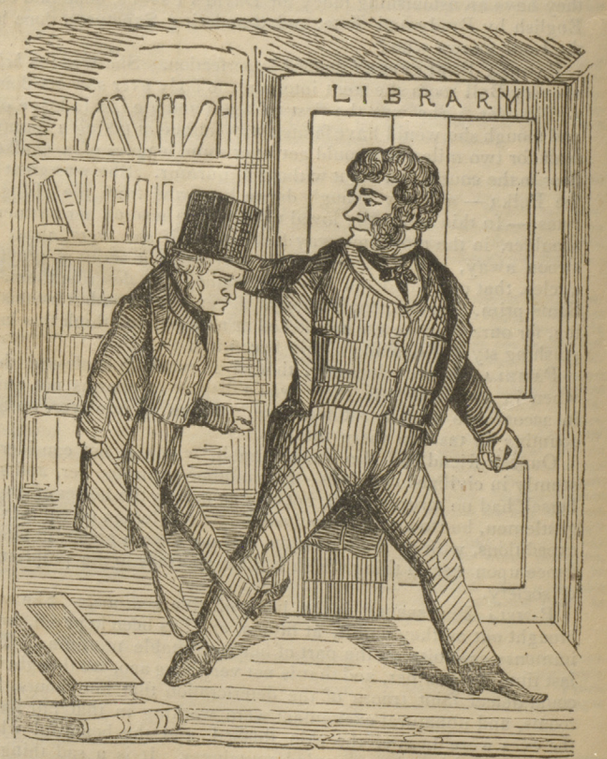
All this is pleasant to the contemplative mind, and calculated to wreathe with smiles the face of the wooden Canadian, who vigorously inhales nothing from an unpierced pipe at the door of the tobacconist's shop. We have nothing whatever to say against it. Our sympathies are with the Canadian race, as a simple, old-fashioned and light hearted people. Their wives are respected by us for their primitive and frugal virtues. Their mothers and grandmothers command our reverence for their antidiluvian and somewhat weird aspects; and dear to us in the extreme are their dark eyed daughters, with their broad *chapeaux de paille* and their still broader *patois*, and everything about them excepting the domestic dug-outs in which they sometimes encase their feet, and which we must be allowed to consider as clogs upon their powers of fascination. But why delude those simple *habitants* with the chimera of their becoming a great nation—the moral impossibility of the *Avenir's* aspirations? Plant them at your will, all over the eastern valleys, and they never will become as great a nation as the beavers which formerly inhabited the same district. In one respect indeed, if suffered to overrun the country, they might resemble the beavers—that of being the greatest dam—nation with which the country could be infested; they might also assimilate to them in their bigoted adherence to the architecture of their ancestors, but as settlers in a country, and pioneers of civilization, their inferiority to those industrious animals must be obvious to the most casual observer. The absorbed of all people must ye be O Canadian race! the settled of all settlers—the sherry cobbler of nations! Guzzled by the Germans, drained by the Dutch, and sucked to the uttermost dregs by the inevitable Anglo-Saxon.

Gentlemen of the *Avenir*, place not yourselves and your countrymen in a false position. The toad who lived in a retired puddle, was a very respectable toad, until in his obese old age he insisted upon being registered as a tortoise, when he was cruelly exposed to public contempt by being called on to furnish material for the manufacture of a comb. *You* might find yourselves in a similar predicament if called upon to furnish material for the manufacture of a nation.

Gentlemen of the *Avenir*; are there any extenuating circumstances, domestic or otherwise, which you can plead in deprecation of the verdict, we feel called upon to return against you? Do you imbibe the matutinal bitters at the bars of your respective boarding-houses? Do you, mounted upon gin-cocktails, rush up the giddy heights of imagination, until in the rapidity of the spiral ascent your brains become curdled into whey? Are there moments when ——— but our feelings become multitudinous, and we rush into rhyme.

Avenir! Avenir!
Have your young men had their beer?
Tarry not but tell us how
Circumstanced for soap art thou?
Are thy young but joyless days
Shaded still from fortune's rays,
By the Anglo-Saxon tree
Dropping fruit on all but thee?
Haply in domestic wrangle
Parent thine has sold her mangle;
Emblem fit the passing while
Of thy wishy-washy style.
Or has sorrow deeper still
Come thy bursting heart to fill?
Leave us not in ling'ring doubt,
Does your mother know you're out?

THE PRINCELY LION TAMER!



"*He who fights and runs away,*
May live to fight another day;"
But he who after being kicked,
Returns again to be well licked—
Deserves to get for all his crosses,
A thumping share of Rebel-losses!



WINTER'S TALE.

AUTOLYCUS, - - - - (*A Knavish Pedlar,*) - - Mr. W. L. MACKENZIE.
CLOWN, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. BALDWIN.

Autolycus. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. Sure the gods do this year connive at us, that we may do anything extempore. (*Sings.*)

1837!

The daisies were dead on Gallows Hill,—
With heigh! the skulkers behind the rail,—
O then I thought my pockets to fill!
For the red blood flowed and I robbed the mail.

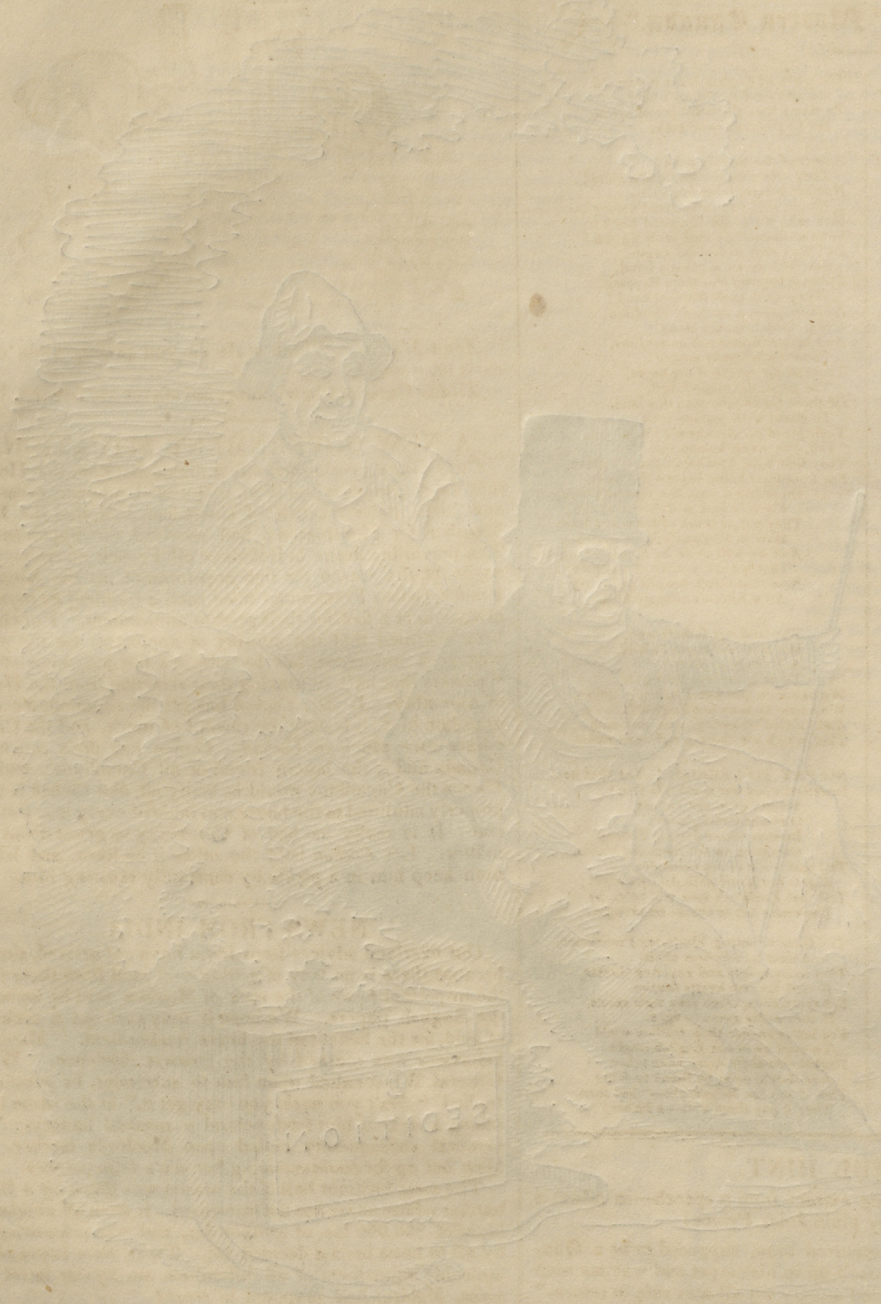
1838!

The hemp-fields waving in the breeze—
With hey! the ravens, O how they croak!
And the birds that hung from the gallows-trees,
Might rede me then that it was no joke.

1849!

But now the lark tra lira sings!
A Navy-islander bold am I;
And sympathisers may plume their wings,
All in the clover as they lie.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold.



A FRAGMENT.

—From Lays of "Modern Canada."—

"OH, Satan! Father Satan!
To whom all rebels pray,
Thy children, and thy children's cause,
Take thou in charge this day."
From East to West, from North to South,
Strange murmurs fill the air,
And presage dire and omen dread
The coming storm declare.

From Gaspé's rugged shore they come;
They come from green St. Clair;
And echoing from the banks of Thames,
From London's city fair;
In old Glengarry's far off hills,
The gathering pibroch lilts,
And twice a thousand Highland lads
Are strapping on their kilts.

The sound of woodman's axe hath ceased
By Ottawa's dark wave;
And where old Kingston's turrets grey
Ontario's waters lave,
Brave hearts are gathering for the fray.
The men of Gore are mustering
Their ranks, a gallant band,
Around their standard waiting
Their ancient Chief's command;
Toronto sends her children,
A stern and stout array,
They never yet were last to meet
Upon the trysting day.

O'er Erie's placid waters,
From Huron's distant shore,
A voice is heard in tones that drowns
Niagara's thunder roar;
A solemn voice that pealeth,
O'er hill and plain and sea,
That says in accents terrible,
We will, we will, be free!

You shall not tax our earnings,
Our goods you shall not spoil;
We will not give to rebel dogs
The fruit of years of toil:
We swear it, by the memory
Of deeds done long ago;
By every thought, by every tie,
That's dear to man below.

No, by the flag that o'er us waves,
Old England's cross of red,
It shall not so dishonoured be,
The memory of the dead!
For this did gallant MOODIE die?
For this did CHARTRAND bleed?
For this doth WEIR from bloody grave
On us for vengeance cry,
And mangled HUME, on Erie's banks,
In gory cerements lie?

No! by the soul of WOLFE,
By the triumphs that are past,
We will not yield an inch,
Nor bend before the blast.
When saucy Frenchmen hurl their threats
Into our very teeth,
'Tis time that now, as in past days,
Our swords should leave the sheath;
The mark of English heels is stamp'd
On many a Frenchman's neck,
To stamp that shameful brand again,
No Englishman will reck.

Spirits of the mighty dead!
They who died for England's glory;
Ancient heroes, ne'er forgotten,
Names that live in England's story!
Men who scaled the Diamond Rock!
Who at Queenston died with BROCK!
Lo! e'en now in fancied vision,
See their ranks, a ghostly band,
Spectral banners o'er them flapping,
Weapons in each fleshless hand!
At their head, a shadowy chieftain
Marcheth solemnly along,
And hollow drums roll mournfully,
Those awful ranks among!
These be the spirits of the brave,
The great, the mighty dust,
Of those for us who won this land,
To guard with jealous trust;
Their blood on Abraham's Plain
"Fell, like warm human rain;"
They found on Abraham's Plain a grave,
Far from their home beyond the wave.
On us, their sons, the phantom warriors
Fiercely look with kindling eye;
They bid us think of them and learn
How in England's cause to die.
And we will show, by deeds, not words,
That we are worthy of our sires,
Now that insult heaped on wrong
All a Briton's courage fires.

The land our fathers won,
We hold and mean to hold,
A heritage of glory,
To us more dear than gold.
We know no lord but England's Queen,
We know no laws but England's laws,
And by God's blessing, will maintain
That which we think a righteous cause.

NO PAY TO REBELS!! Let that be
Inscribed upon our standards free!
Shoutings in our valleys,
O'er our forest glades;
Beacon blazes fiercely flashing,
Gleaming on ten thousand blades,
Tell that we will not surrender
Rights our blood hath dearly bought;
Tell that England's sons will ne'er, by
Their own act to shame be brought.

Tell these vaunting, blustering Frenchmen,
And their treacherous allies,
That noisy boasts and vaporing threats,
Honest English hearts despise.
Bid these Frenchmen pray their saints,
If they really mean to fight,
For better swords than traitors wield
To meet us in our English might.
Englishmen their stand have taken
And they'll ne'er be found to falter,
They'll pay the Rebels, yes—"but then,
They'll pay them with—a halter!"

A USEFUL HINT.

We take the following interesting extract from a speech—in allusion to the late Rebellion—delivered by plain John Prince:

"One Robert Baldwin, a good-natured man, supposed to be a Quaker from his quiet looks, coiled himself up in his carpet and was not seen during the time of danger, but waited quietly till all was safe to return."

If Mr. Baldwin had made known his successful experiment during the late revolutionary mania in Europe, poor Louis *Philippe* might be now comfortably reposing in *Brussels*, and various foreign monarchs be quietly slumbering in *Turkey* or *Kidderminster*; the Royal Refugees would have been saved a great amount of travelling expenses, and the Carpet trade considerably increased; we would suggest to the admirers of Mr. Lafontaine the importance of presenting him with a strong specimen of that compound of thread and old rags, which adorns the houses of the French Canadian aristocracy, and is a credit to the "native manufacture of the Province."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

William Lyon Mackenzie left his card at the Punch Office.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.



Anna Maria. Which style do you prefer, Tilda dear, curls or waves?

Tilda. Curls are bewitching, but waves are flowing, love.

A NEW GOVERNMENT SITUATION.

COL. GUGY proclaimed a few nights back, in the House, that the *responsibles* had in an underhand manner, created a new birth under the title of Court-fool, and that the Hon. Member for Montmorenci had received the appointment. The prevailing desire to introduce all French customs, was no doubt the reason for this appointment, as the Kings of France, (when Frenchmen stood such a humbug as royalty) always kept a fool for their private amusement. Punch has been informed that the number of applicants for the place was very numerous, but he admires the judgment of the "powers that be" in making their selection from the House of Assembly. If *Mr. Cochon* has got the situation, we congratulate him; it is only the reward of merit, and the Canadians owe much to *Cochon*. *Cochon* has done much for Canada and is the bosom friend of all Canadians; without *Cochon* the Canadians would be badly off, and *Cochon* is very properly admitted to the house and table of every true Provincial. It is really too bad of Col. Gugy to *grunt* about the matter. Let *Cochon* hold the office if he likes, and let no man keep him in a *pickle* by constantly *roasting* him.

NEWS FROM INDIA.

Our overland advices from India have not arrived, simply because there is no way of getting over land from there; but the important news of the sack of Moulton is to be found in the English papers. We hope it may turn out a sack full of gold, for the benefit of the brave bonbardiers. Moolraj's behaviour was marked by the grossest insolence. When General Whist called upon him to surrender, he punningly replied "don't you *wisht* you may get it," at the same time taking a sight at him from behind a masked battery. The General subsequently called upon Moolraj's mother, and blew her up for countenancing her son's delinquences.

The most brilliant ball of the season was given by a Bombardier whose name has not transpired. It went off amidst the blaze of 800,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and was acknowledged by all to have been a decided hit. There were hopes of an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, as, by the latest advices, Moolraj had proposed to *treat!*

COCHON'S FIRST JOKE.

Punch is happy to state that he has made an arrangement with the Honorable Member for Montmorenci to contribute the Jokes he utters in his newly acquired dignity of "Jester to the ho-norabble House." The following is Joke, No. 1. If No. 2, is not better, we beg the Honorable Member will keep it to himself.

"Why is the House of Assembly like a piece of bad music?

Because there are flats, sharps, and naturals within the same bar, which produce little harmony and much discord, a great many crotchets set to false measures, too much base with too little of the even tenor, and because the Major Key prevails throughout the strain.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS,—No. 3.

TO WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

Accident (and men frequently owe much to accident) threw in my way a publication, the title of which is this,

THE

CAROLINE ALMANACK

AND

AMERICAN FREEMAN'S CHRONICLE

For 1840.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MACKENZIE'S GAZETTE OFFICE.

You William Lyon Mackenzie, are the author of this spirited publication. It is an emanation from your noble and philosophic mind. I beg to call your attention to the following quotations :—

"*Page* 8. *January 5th*, 1839. *Von Schoultz's Murder sanctioned by the bloody Queen of England.*"

"*Page* 13. *January* 18, 1839." After enumerating the execution of several worthy rebels, you make this high-minded remark :

"*All these murders of the virtuous Canadians are urged on by the bloody Queen of England*, WHO IS AS KEEN FOR SPILLING CANADIAN BLOOD AS HER MAD OLD GRANDFATHER, GEORGE III."

How dignified in you, my dear William, to insult the dead—to scoff at and malign a young and innocent girl (her being a Queen does not heighten the moral obliquity), and a poor old blind man (for Kings are men), stricken by the hand of the ALMIGHTY. It was a thought worthy of you, and only such as you. False to your neighbour ; false to your Queen, and false to your GOD. Breaking the bonds of friendship ; violating your oath of allegiance, how could you be expected to keep HIS commandments. In your whining letter to the *Herald* you declare you did not murder. I believe you. The man who possessed the moral cowardice to write the brutal words printed in the "Caroline Almanack," must lack the physical courage openly to do a deed of blood. But HE says "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL ! Does that feeble instinct which such animals as you call conscience acquit you of that crime ? of course not. Under your hand in the letter alluded to, you deny being a murderer ; but you make no attempt to contradict the assertion that you are a thief, and you were right. To the catalogue of your many virtues you had no wish to add the designation of liar, the term has become Parliamentary, or, I should apologise for its use.

In your peculations, to use an euphonius term, you seem to have had a partiality for letters, as one of "the oldest editors in Canada," perhaps this was natural. You first tried your hand at the Upper Canada Mail, and then when bread was put into your rebel mouth by a sympathising government, like a cur, "you bit the hand you lately fawned upon." You abstracted from your office private correspondence, and used your stolen goods as the means of dishonourable gain. A traitor to your Queen; you could not be true even to your once much-loved Republic. And now you are come back, my dear William; professing to have cast off your old skin. You are still the same reptile but your sting is gone--your venom is discharged. This may be so. But I fear you yet have the germs of the self-same poison ; that you are still in possession of the self-same subtilty ; that you are still the self-same grovelling, creeping thing you were. You will make nothing by coming back, my dear William ; you bolted like the dishonest lodger with his landlord's spoons; there is no hope for you ; you are the thief and housebreaker advertised in the Hue and Cry ; you have been hooted and pelted ; society has voted you a nuisance ; you have been turned upon the wide world as a huge ulcerous thing, at which honesty stops its nose. Can ten years have cleansed the foul sore ? Ten years passed in alternately flattering and bullying the sympathising Republic ? I think not, my dear William ; you may be sweetened by delicious perfumes ; you may be redolent of Maccassar Oil ; rich in soft and scented soap ; you may cringe and smile and place your hand where you dream you have a heart, and weep crocodile tears. But all will avail you nothing. You are unclean and must depart from amongst us. You must pay the penalty of evil ; you were wicked and heartless enough to write in cold blood, the paragraphs quoted from the "Caroline Almanack ;" you must have no abiding place amongst the subjects of that Queen you have brutally insulted and mocked.

"*This even handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips*"

I remain, dear William,

Your Obedient Servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

GREEN-HOUSE DISSERTATION.

Canada has always been called a cold country, yet the productions of milder climates flourish here even in winter. The Canadian ladies were ever remarkable for their taste for flowers, and the windows of their houses are usually embellished by them.

Of the truth of these remarks, one could be convinced by taking a walk down Notre Dame-Street, when he will be sure to see



A BEAUTIFUL SNOW-DROP,

and occasionally meet with



A COWSLIP.

Blue belles on a cold day are numerous, and for Tu-lips, Canada is not to be surpassed.

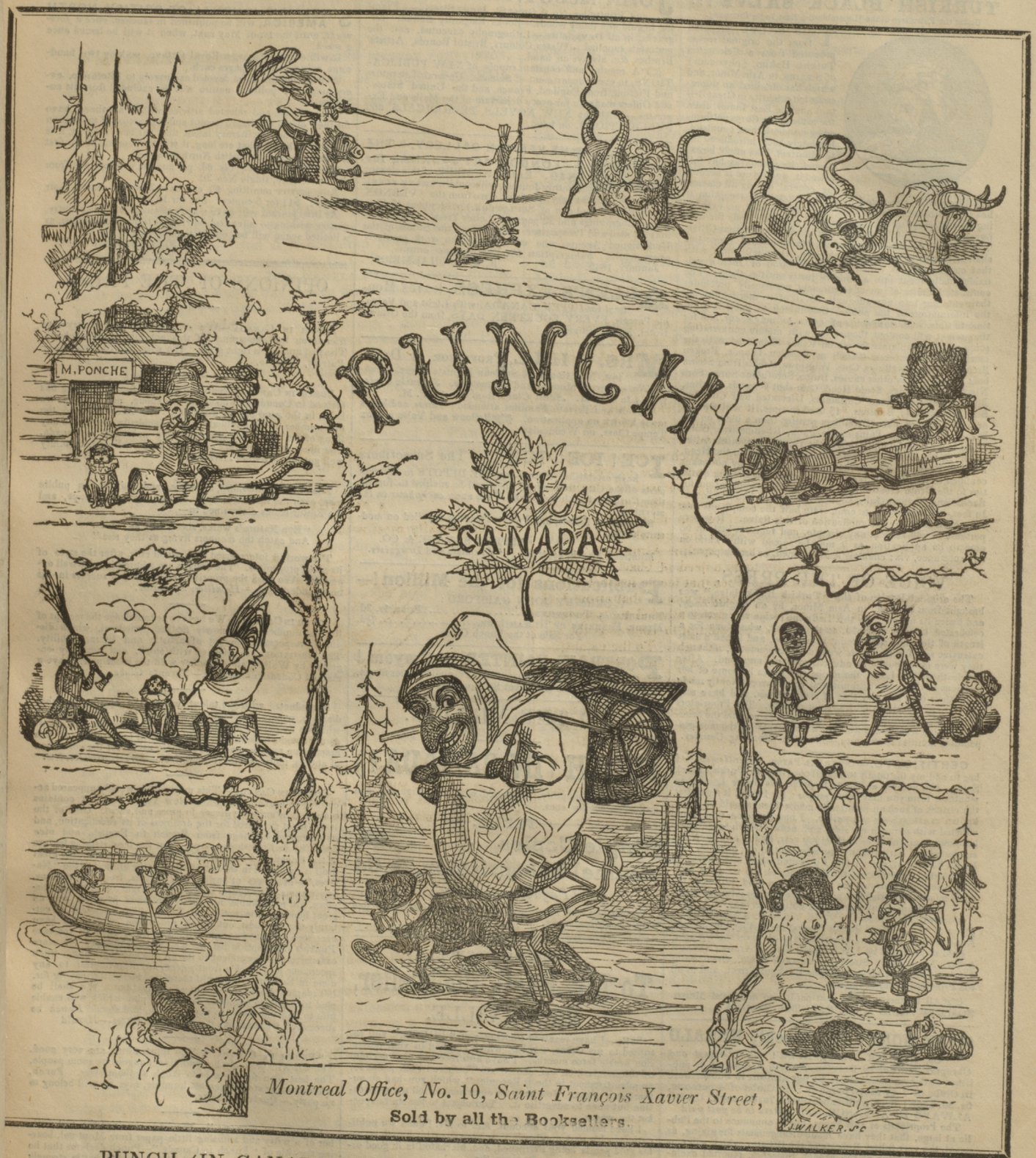
Punch thinks very little of the display at the Hot House in the Legislative buildings, which certainly has no claims to be called a conservatory.

The Passion flower grows and flourishes there to admiration ; not that it produces any flowers, but it grows high, and sometimes threatens to come to a blow. Of flowers of Rhetoric, there are few. The plants are evidently neglected, and require weeding and pruning. Some are dry and seedy ; others, especially those in cups and pots, appear drenched with heavy wet. Some seem to have been fumigated with tobacco-smoke, and have a radically-rank smell. One new and curious plant called Rebellion Claims, is undergoing the process of forcing. It is placed near a Fountain, and great heat used in bringing it forward ; but having no root, it must bear rotten fruit. Mace is raised there in great bulk. It is said to be excellent in preserving, as it effectually saved two queer fish the other day, who were in a nasty pickle.

The nursery men in this establishment should be discharged, as although they have appointed one man as speaker ; they appear to be all talkers and no workers ; their habits are evidently dissolute, and Punch is of opinion that the best thing which could happen to the establishment would be to wind up the affairs and come to a dissolution.

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Vol. 1.—No. 6.] March the 31st, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve. and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable*. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,
F. ANDREWS.

Montreal, Nov. 1848.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Mon-

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TO THE MILLION.

PUNCH (IN CANADA!)

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——TERMS.——

Single Copies, - - - 4d.
Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d
(Payable in advance,)

Postmasters and others remitting the subscriptions for five copies, will receive six.

CORRESPONDENCE

To Mr. Buell, Bookseller,

BROCKVILLE.

SIR,—I have received the copies of "PUNCH," you returned to my Office, some of which you had in your possession nearly three months. I have also received your account of sales, in which you charge me Three and Four pence for an advertisement in the "Recorder," which you had no authority to insert. You have an objection to sell the publication but none to advertise it. You object to the sin but pocket the wages.

I have handed your account, &c. to Mr. Punch for publication in his next number. You have put his hunch up;—his gold pen is being sharpened, and his baton is in good order.

Receive, Sir,
The assurance of the distinguished consideration of
THOS. B. DEWALDEN,
Proprietor of Punch.

PROSPECTUS.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec. *once a fortnight*, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued *once a week*.

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and *vice versa*, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian Punch is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—Punch declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP AND MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, THE LAST AND PRESENT LOVES OF MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY; — THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot, and Aide-de-Camp to General Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, G. C. B. is the last acknowledged and ostensible flirt of Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY; that is, he is the gentleman who at this present time most frequently and most conspicuously waltzes with her and polks with her; cloaks her and shawls her; hands her to the carriage; and condescends the most pertinaciously of any man about town, to eat old PEPPERBURY's dinners and drink his claret.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON had succeeded to the post in Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY's very uncertain and migratory affections, held only a month ago by Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP, a young gentleman who followed mercantile pursuits and who was in that respect pretty much of the same school as PAMELA's respected papa. He had been an ardent and devoted admirer for three whole months. No man can tell what desperate havoc Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had made in Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP's susceptible heart, nor the more desperate havoc in his purse, the result of the numerous articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie* which through his means found their way from the jeweller's to Miss PAMELA'S dressing table. One fine morning he found however that there was a wreathe of green willow "all around his hat;" — Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had discarded Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP for ever; but, —— she kept his beautiful bracelets! Poor THOMAS is just now endeavouring to drown his sorrows in the strongest brandy and water, and seeks a diversion for his melancholy by rushing into all sorts of mad speculation in all sorts of merchandize, from consignments of jews-harps to whole cargoes of West India produce. Two days after his unceremonious dismissal, Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP had the unspeakable satisfaction to find himself splashed from head to foot with mud, thrown from the heels of a white-legged chesnut, the property of Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, on which his old flame PAMELA was gracefully cantering along, escorted by its owner, and looking as prettily saucy as if there never had been a STUMPYBUMP in the world.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON derived his aristocratic *prènom* from a celebrated General, and his surname from his father, who had been that General's Tailor, and his Regiment's Tailor into the bargain, which was quite another matter and a very profitable one too, for the Tailor and the General, though what it was to the unfortunate "foot-wobblers" who wore the uniforms manufactured by TOMPKINSON *Père* is a "horse of a very different color." It was of course by virtue of the mutually profitable and agreeable relations existing between General LORD FITZROY and Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON *Senior*, Army Clothier of King William Street, London, that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON found himself one morning clad in a very uncomfortable jacket and trowsers, and practising still more uncomfortable attitudes, vulgarly known as the "balance and extension motions" in the barrack yard of an English garrison town, in a manufacturing district, which had then the distinguished honor of being preserved from the onslaught of rampacious chartists by the presence of Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot.

Ensign JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON having in due time according to the report of the serjeant-major and the adjutant, become duly accomplished in the "balance motions" and several other very ingenious modes of torment, deemed necessary for licking military cubs into shape, was pronounced fit for duty, and from that time to this took care to do as little of it as possible; for the three years during which he honored the 129th with his personal presence, he just contrived to attend sufficiently to the daily routine of a Regiment, to keep to wind-ward of a very grim old colonel, and then through the interest of the old General got himself appointed aide-de-camp to another old General, on a foreign station.

This General, whom we shall call Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, was a fine old fellow who had served his country for some sixty years, in different parts of the world, at one time half roasted in the tropics, at another half frozen in Canada. He was a very tall, spare man, with a stoop in the shoulders, such as is common to all men who have spent half a life time in the saddle. There was a ghastly scar on his cheek, a record of the charge on the banks of the Esla, and half his teeth were left behind him at Salamananca, kicked out by the heels of his dying charger, where he shared in the glories of Le Marchant's terrible onslaught; his right arm reposed not far from the Marquis of Anglesey's leg on the field of Waterloo, and altogether he had been so scored and hacked, that the wonder was how there was any body left together to hold his gallant spirit. He was a brave and good soldier with not an atom of "pipe-clay" about him, and the only wonder with every one was how he could possibly tolerate such an aide-de-camp as Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON; the probability was that the General knowing that there was no chance of war where he was in command, thought that he might just as well have Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON to ride after him, in a cocked hat and cock's tail, as any other officer.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was not a very military looking person. He was very tall and bony; there were as many corners in him as there are in a "front of fortification;" he was all angles, "saliant" and "re-entering," with a very red face and very light hair and very large glassy grey eyes. But Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was eminently popular among the fashionable fair, for he was a capital dancer, and it would have been hard indeed if he could not do that well, inasmuch as he could do nothing else; and he was an inimitable talker of those meaningless platitudes which make up the usual conversation of a ball room and of evening parties, in certain circles. And better than this, Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON who was the only son of his father, the tailor, received from that exemplary parent a very handsome allowance in addition to his pay, which enabled him to shew off with a stylish equipage, handsome horses, fine clothes and many other etceteras, all of which act on young ladies, pretty much the same as the worms, gentles and maggots in an angler's bait box act on fish, or a decoy duck on wild fowl. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY was the last pretty little fish, the last dear little duck, caught by the bait which has deluded so many of the genus.

OCHLOCRATICAL SAPPHICS.

Poor Robert Baldwin, what art thou going to do!
All round about thee, things are getting squally,
Terrible Tories making up their minds for
A horrible row!

Only a week ago they smashed your windows,
Brickbats and stones they threw about in hundreds,
And with many cheers the savages did in
Effigy burn you.

Better take it quietly, poor Robert Baldwin!
And like the iron Duke, put up iron shutters,
After the radicals served him so scurvily
In Piccadilly.

Next time they roast you, they'll do it in earnest,
You and Mackenzie, poor Jemmy Price and Blake,
For those fellows have some queer ways of their own
Up in Toronto.

You've made a pretty mess with your rebel bill,
Sleek-looking, sly, political deceiver!
Either instanter go about your business,
Or you'll be turn'd out.

PARENTAL REPLIES TO FILIAL QUESTIONS.

On the Choice of a Profession.

Q. What are the privileges of Parliament?

A. The privileges of Parliament consist in getting eight dollars a day, freedom from arrest, and freedom of speech.

Q. What is freedom of speech?

A. Freedom of speech consists in saying to an honorable gentleman "You're a liar."

Q. What are the liberties of the Press?

A. The liberties of the Press consist in being abused by your friends, and slandered by your enemies; in being kicked and cuffed by all who do not want your assistance, and listening to hypocritical professions of life-long thanks from those who do; in having to bear any amount of insult from privileged M. P. P's. or Barristers at Law, and being made to pay handsomely if you venture to defend yourself; in finding your opinions criticized and controlled by those who never mean to pay for your paper; and finally, being buried at the Parish expense, with a public notice that you were the friend and instructor of the people.

Q. What are the privileges of the Bar?

A. The privileges of the Bar are to wear a white choker, and call yourself a gentleman by act of Parliament, although your own acts might entitle you to a different appellation; to possess the smallest amount of knowledge, and the largest amount of impudence; to talk of books you never read, and give opinions on subjects you never knew; to bring speculative actions for damages, because law costs you nothing, but may ruin some innocent man against whom you have an innocent grudge; and finally, you may die a Judge with a thousand a year.

FILIAL REPLIES TO PARENTAL QUESTIONS.

Q. Which Profession would you choose, my son?

A. I should like to be an eminent lawyer, Papa, and—and——

Q. And what? my dear.

A. And an eminent statesman, too, like Colonel Gugy.

The Governor's Visit to the Punch Office.

It is not generally known but now it will be, that His Excellency the Governor General expressed a desire to visit the establishment of Punch in St. Francois Xavier street, and accordingly the talented boy who presides over the complicated affairs of that wonderful establishment, received a note from the Attorney General East, which on being translated to him by the renowned "Dolly" overwhelmed him with the announcement that His Excellency would drop in on the following day: unless he should on his way down, drop in to some of the holes in the streets so obligingly provided for the disappearance of pedestrians by our energetic Corporation. Our indefatigable boy instantly began his preparations for receiving the illustrious visitor. The whole of our extensive frontage was swept at an early hour, and before the Big Bell of Notre Dame had sounded six o'clock, our extensive mat was well beaten against the Seminary wall. The boy with an axe and shovel proceeded to remove the snowy incrustations bestowed upon the door steps by the liberal hand of nature, and every thing was done by that precocious juvenile to confer honor on the Representative of Royalty. The interior of our premises presented a very elegant appearance; the whole of the walls were covered with beautiful full length portraits of ourselves in our various costumes, and with posters got up with every desire to attract public attention, while the counter which had been vigorously scrubbed, presented an unbroken although dilapidated surface of painted deal. In order to give an appearance of extent, our letter box was thrown entirely open: thus showing as far as eye could reach, an uninterrupted view of our interior. A special cabman was sent to some of our principal contributors who however not having cash or debentures to pay the fare refused to attend. Our artist was a noble exception to this discourteous behaviour. He immediately LOCK'D up his studio, put the key in his pocket and not caring whether the cab was paid or not, obeyed our summons; having first put on a clean collar, and carefully turned it down for the occasion. At precisely one minute and two seconds and a half past ten, the facetious Editor smoothed the grey locks on his venerable brow, and took his station at the back of the till, keeping a strict eye on the boy, who was decorated with a fur cap of the order of "Ancient Mouser" to which was attached the black ribbon of the venerable sandal. Our artist wore, as is his custom on wet days and State occasions, the celebrated looped up, large flapped Spanish sombrero presented to him by "Santa Anna" some time after the battle of San Jacinto. Having remained until two o'clock in anxious expectation, the artist and the grey headed Editor went "sudden death" for beer. The grey-headed Editor was the victim, and the boy being ordered to appropriate four pence, which a patriotic individual had deposited on the deal counter in exchange for No. 5. was on the point of disbursing it for fluid, when the voice of the Attorney General East was heard to exclaim—"Mon Dieu, est ce la le bureau de Ponche" which freely translated means "my eyes, this is the magnificent dwelling of the celebrated Punch."

The grey headed Editor instantly had a game of leap frog with the counter and received the Governor at the scraper, while the boy pocketing the four-pence made a gráceful obeisance. The scene at this moment was particularly grand; but as description must fail to impart an idea of its sublimity, we shall refrain from entering into further particulars.

On the entrance of His Excellency, a procession was formed in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,
Carrying the Till of Maintenance;
THE GOVERNOR GENERAL,
Supported on each side by several pages of our Publication.
THE ATTORNEY GENERAL EAST,
Supported by nothing.
OUR ARTIST,
Supported by himself.
OUR BOY, (*with a Clean Face.*)

In this order the procession moved slowly round the counter, and the grey-headed Editor having deposited the till in a place of safety, proceeded to explain to the Governor, the various branches of our establishment. The first thing that was brought beneath His Excellency's notice was our paste pot, and as he expressed a wish to stick a bill, his desire was instantly gratified, and the Governor graciously posted the representation bill on the back of Mr. LaFontaine, and instructed him to carry it through the Houses of Parliament, in spite of any opposition.*

The grey-headed Editor then announced that a cold collation was spread in the wood closet; but as he had previously uttered a bad joke, a gloom had been thrown over the party and the procession evinced a desire to move off.

Before leaving the premises His Excellency conferred the order of the half dollar as well as the trente-sous upon the grey-headed Editor, and put into the hands of our boy a copper medal, bearing the inscription "a bas du Canada."

The crowd outside the office manifested their loyalty by calling a sleigh; His Excellency and Mr. Attorney General East instantly slipped into it and slid away.

The Procession then moved off to lunch at "Dollys" in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,
Bearing the Till minus the Maintenance.
OUR ARTIST,
And his Hat.

The Boy has not been heard of since.

* Punch is sorry to add that he has since been informed that a notorious character named "Papineau," has wilfully destroyed this cherished document.

Col. Gugy's Distress.——Col. Gugy wished to prevent the *Pilot* from getting out on Thursday. What would the vessel of State do without the *Pilot* at the helm! Ship-wreck would be the inevitable consequence, as she was much damaged in passing through "the Rebellion Losses" straits, and nearly foundered on Representation Rock through the obstinacy of one of the seamen named Papineau. For Col. Gugy, under such circumstances, to endeavor to prevent the *Pilot* from going aboard is an action as little creditable to him as some of his previous actions. By and bye, he will be caging what Shakespeare calls the lark—"the *Herald* of the morn;" he will allow no "*Transcript*" of the times to issue; will way-lay the "*Courier*" and leave the inhabitants of Montreal no resource but the "*Gazette*," which however profitable to merchants is not desirable to honest men. Punch has heard the reason given by the Colonel for his obstructive proceedings is that the *Pilot* offered himself for sale; which would have sold the Colonel, and the Colonel has great objections to a sell. Nevertheless Punch will sell him—his back numbers; a few copies of No. 1 and 2 having come back to Punch from Mr. Buell Bookseller of Brockville, (vide advertising columns.)



REBELLION LOSSES.

Aha! dey have giv me *une poche* full of money for lose my vife, and I vould have sell her myself any time for two dollare!



THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.

THE NEWEST EDITION OF A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

My Dearest Niece,

THIS season of the year—Lent, having been declared by the fashionable world (very properly—no doubt) to be one, when no ball can be given, I avail myself of my leisure to write you a few truths. Grave truths, which cannot be graven too deeply on your mind, concerning the carving and gilding of which, I am about to speak.

You have before you advantages which many may envy. Youth, beauty and a good ancle; besides a brother in the Commissariat; and the first step is to shew you, how to put them to good use.

Youth passes away more quickly than the tobagon descends the hill. This is a serious consideration and ought to remind you, that as your attractions are greater now, than they ever will be, they ought the more to be displayed. To hide our talents under a napkin is forbidden, therefore I would recommend you, not to waste your charms on the desolate solitude of your dwelling, but to shew them in the streets of the city as much as possible. Lose no opportunity of walking up and down Notre Dame Street, more especially after a shower, and on that occasion always wear black silk-stockings, and be exceedingly careful that your dress is not soiled by the mud. By thus walking you not only obtain much healthful recreation, but you and your ancle will become well known and well talked about,—a sure prelude to the admiration of a sensible man. When in the streets always be giggling. A gentle giggle,—a demure simper is of great use. It makes the men believe that you have much heart, and yet be quite artless. It can easily be prolonged to a laugh, or it may dwindle to a cry. It is particularly effective when you do not want to understand a person, especially when you have no bouquet to smell, and you can drop into a serious vein directly it is worth your while.

As to beauty,—it is a subject requiring great thought, and ought to be the first care of your life,—being, if I may use the term, your capital in trade; the endorser of your notes, (even when you sing badly), and the best card in your hand. I used to think that, the most necessary part of education,—was a judicious course of reading,—that it instilled generous principles and gave us constant themes for conversation. But a close observance of the habits of society have led me to change my opinion, for I find things are altered since I went to school. We have now a far more refined and ecstatic pleasure in telling how the X's spent the evening at the Z's, and how melancholy to state Miss A. is losing herself. In fact, it is difficult to fathom the delight, with which many speculate how the B's manage to live, or to know why Mr. I admires Miss Y—. For what is the use of friends unless they add to our entertainment, and if you only say what others say, you tell no fib. Moreover there is no commandment against bearing true witness of your neighbour, and of course, you would not repeat what you did not hear.

Reading is very well for editors of newspapers, and such men as your uncle Punch keeps about him to enliven his old age; but unless you have a great deal of spare time, I do not think it is of much use to you, at all events, it is no good talking about it, at present.

I must now conclude, for the labor of this letter has been such, to have shaken my nerves; so adieu, my dearest neice until the next time, and believe me

Your affectionate Aunt, JUDY.

LIBERAL DONATIONS.

Punch has to acknowledge the following munificent donations, handed to him during the week:—

A phial containing the tears of Francis Johnson, Esq. when called to act as a volunteer in 1837—'8.

Two sentences of good English from Mr. Christie's History of Canada, (rare.)

A political point (very small) on which two Canadian editors agreed.

An endorsed note, paid when due, (very scarce.)

A dividend out of the Bankrupt Court, presented by an assignee.

A manuscript of an editorial in the Pilot, written by Mr. William Hincks, (very curious.)

A manuscript of an interesting lecture delivered at the Shakspere Club, (not believed to exist.)

Punch returns thanks for the above.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL LEADER.

"AFTER THE FASHION OF THE GAZETTE."

In contemplating the state of the province and the aspect of the Canadian political Hemisphere, we are struck with the proud but painful recollection that our country stands upon a pinnacle, while it trembles on a pivot; and the very abyss into which it must eventually fall, is deepened by the height of the rock it rests upon. While the angry monster of despotism places his paw upon the growth of liberty, we are startled by the humiliating consciousness that the loyalists of 1837 and '8, who fought and bled for all that was dear to them, have failed in securing for us the fruits of their valour. It was emphatically declared that Cæsar sat "straddle-ways" upon the world, but this feat of horsemanship does not equal the rough riding which the Canadian provinces are about to experience, and which for effrontery has not been equalled since the days in which it last occurred. When a ferocious foe forces the yoke upon the necks of a subjugated people, the burden must be borne and the cud however bitter must be thoroughly chewed. But we will not trust ourselves further on this exciting theme,—we quit the topic with a fervent wish, that we may be rewarded for our enthusiasm on the subject by a tremendous sale of Punch No. 6, and an unlimited amount of ready money to replenish our exhausted treasury.

N. B. No Government debentures taken, as our conscience tells us that we are already guilty of circulating a large amount of waste paper.

STATE PROSECUTION!!

The many attempts recently made in Ireland, to get up exciting and amusing State Prosecutions, have proved so successful, and have tended to elevate the majesty of the law to such an astounding height in that prosperous and happy Island, that other Governments are anxious to try their hands at the same sort of amusement. In Canada, the authorities have at length determined to bring the Honorable Augustus N. Morin to account, for numerous attacks upon Her Majesty's English Alphabet, and it is reported, that he is charged with the wilful murder of the Queen's English. The Attorney General West has received orders to take an eastern circuit for the purpose of prosecuting; and it is also rumored, that several witnesses for the defence have been already subpœned, but as they are all English-French Canadians, we suggest to the authorities, the propriety of taking the whole French population into custody, and framing a monster indictment. The proprietor of "Townsend's Sarsaparilla" assures us in his advertisements, that *one trial* will prove the fact; we hope the Canadian Government will be equally successful in their State Prosecution, for although we stand up for the majesty of justice, we fear we should be obliged to sit down if it were thought necessary to have five trials to prove Morin's guilt, as in the case of the "popular Irish felon," Mr. Duffy. As we do not wish to prejudice public opinion, we refrain from making our own impressions as to Mr. Morin's innocence or guilt known, but for the private information of our country friends, we inform them that our opinions are our opinions, and what our opinions are, is entirely our own business.

MONTREAL SWEEPERS.

The "Montreal Courier" of a late date proclaimed to the world in a spirit-stirring paragraph, that one thousand thorough-bred Anglo-Saxons, well known to the writer, could "sweep the streets of Montreal, in the event of an election or a rebellion." May Punch ask what prevents the thorough-breds alluded to from at once indulging their sweeping propensities. Never could their exertions be more needed. Let us advise the Corporation to send a deputation to the "Courier Office," for the aforesaid thousand sweepers and give them instant employment at high wages. After having swept the city, if they prove themselves good workmen they might be employed by the country in sweeping out the present administration, who could not object to their operations, they being devoted to sweeping measures. We have no doubt Mr. Hincks would furnish the brooms and pay for them with a special issue of Debentures.

"THE WEAL OF THE MANY."

——BY A COCKNEY.——

A common phrase, a proverb old, a word of daily round,
How oft in dreamy mood we find a spirit in its sound,
And from its dullness desolate, ideas quaint evoke,
Illuminated manuscripts in desk of homely oak!

The "weal of many!" springs a thought, a bubble to the top
Of fancy's welling fountain, there a moment let it stop;
Suggesting, though his bread may fail, yet joyful be the man
That his weal is still protected in the Market of St. Anne!

Again, a foam-bell rises, hush! it whispers to the first
With a deep low rainy murmur, let us catch it ere it burst!
"There are butchers in the market laying knives upon the steel,
And the many may be losers in division of their weal."

Shall I conjure up another?—No, 'twere better let them rest;
But cancel not the warning from the tablets in thy breast,
For a bubble on the surface in prophetic circles cast,
Is the harbinger of storm as a straw upon the blast.

O distant be the dismal day and far the future dark!
When the fire of British feeling has out-flashed its latest spark,
And the Vulture of Columbia in its wheeling flight will pause
To lacerate the common weal with annexation claws!

But chimes upon the belling wind are borne, and ere long
Æolian wires of telegraph may vibrate to the song;
For even now a breezy voice this pithy moral drops,
"When the weal of many is at stake let men look out for chops."

LAYS OF LIBERTY.

We are indebted to a late number of the Gazette, for a very singular and original martial poem or war song, attributed, we believe, to the pen of one who having in his time satisfactorily discharged the office of exile to Bermuda, was subsequently, in due course, promoted to one in the Revenue Department of Canada. No literal translation of such a production could adequately convey the spirit of the original, and in essaying a version of it, we have accordingly taken occasional liberties with the text; sifting the chaff in search of the expected grain of wheat, and throwing in an occasional clove of our own, with an effect that must exhilarate the ex-exile, should this reverberation of a long-struck chord from his lyre, chance to tingle in his ear.

First, he apostrophiseth the valiant; reminding them of a great anniversary, and recommending to their consideration a remarkably spirited war-whoop.

Braves of the bold Canadian band
Remember Feb fifteen,
Let no domestic feeling stand
You and your foes between:
But let each son of the *Bonnet bleu*
Thus proclaim with wild halloo ——
Down with the English,
Dispose of the Scot,
Capsize the Governor, hesitate not
The work of revenge to do!

The mildness of the "chaff" here—"dispose of the Scot," is finely contrasted by its vigor in the next verse.

The darbies on our limbs to fix
Let them come on if they dare!
Polish them off my patriot bricks
And down with *la Reine des Ners!*
Let each Canuck his weapon wield
Howling as he takes the field.
Blow the English
Skiver the Scot,
Rose and thistle consign to pot
Till the fate of your foe is sealed!

Affecting, almost to tears, is the fond familiarity of the playful epithet "Canuck." Mark how the soul of the poet rises with the occasion too; "disposing" of the Scot is no longer the indefinite operation recommended; "skiver," is now the word—a term equally applicable to the administration of a pitchfork and the introduction of a bayonet. The withering scorn too, shed upon the national emblematical vegetables! surely the thorn of the English rose has entered into the inmost soul of the ex-exile—the spicula of the Scottish thistle has spurned into madness the long-eared Pegasus of the Bermudan bard. But why is the verdant triplet of the shamrock exempted from his inspired commination? Probably out of personal respect for the well balanced shillelagh of some individual Hibernian navigator.

The simplicity of structure which obtains in the next verse, together with its statistical tendency, entitle it to a place amongst the prose works of the age. We shall not, therefore attempt to translate it at all; merely remarking that the "chaff" of the burthen now runs thus:—

Roast the English
Scollop the Scotch!

a fine touch of cannibalism and cookery, "scollop" being the culinary term for a peculiar mode of frying oysters. Here the poet might perhaps be convicted of plagiarism; the parallel being obvious between, "the world is mine oyster which I with sword will open," and "the Scotchman is mine oyster whom I in shell will scollop:" but we acquit him of wilful plagiarism, as the odds are against his ever having read the passage referred to. We hope, however, that the Scotchman may not stick in his throat; though, knowing what obstinate unaccommodating fellows they are, we are rather afraid he will.

If the distinguished ex-exile will favour us with a bushel or so of his "chaff," he may rely on its being "done into English" in the same impartial spirit with which the poem before us has been treated. No extra charge made for the additional spice.

WANTED £500.—Will nobody LIBEL Punch! Preference given to a Cabinet Minister. Apply at 10, St. Francois Xavier Street.

PUNCH'S "GARLAND" POETRY.

After George Frederick Augustus Stevens.

By the banks of the Gaudalquiver
I saw a young maiden shiver
All alone,
Sitting on a stone,
On the banks of the Guadalquiver!

Maiden, sweet maiden, come hither,
Why do you sit there and shiver
All alone,
Sitting on a stone,
On the banks of the Guadalquiver!

Have you no friend or "mither,"
That you sit there and shiver?
"Friends I have none,
Uncle is gone
To fish in the Guadalquiver!"

Once I had shawls to "kiver"
My back that you now "diskiver,"
I wish I may die
If I'd tell you a lie
On the banks of the Guadalquiver.

"Aint you got ne'er a bob to give her?"
Says a voice in my ear by the river,
All alone,
With my grey cloak on,
By the banks of the Guadalquiver.

Says I, sweet maid, come hither.
Do not sit there and shiver;
Get under my cloak
Or the rain will soak
Your clothes by the Gundalquiver!

You dirty-faced son of your mither
I'll pitch you into the river;
Do you think I'm a flat
To go and do that
By the banks of the Gundalquiver!

To frenzy her passion did "driv" her,
And ere I the double could give her
She grabbed at my tile
And shied it a mile,
To float down the Guadalquiver!

So, Stranger, should you, going thither
See a maid by the Guadalquiver,
All alone,
Sitting on a stone,
Why just let her sit there and shiver.

REWARD FOR LIBEL.

Punch has received the following note from his esteemed subscriber, Tibbings, although he wishes to enter into a similar speculation on his own account, he cannot refuse insertion to the communication of his beloved Tibbings.

Mr. James Tibbings, dry-goods merchant, presents compliments to Punch. He wishes to be libelled. Will Punch use his influence with any one of the Proprietors of the Montreal papers to do the deed, and gratify his innocent desires.

Mr. Tibbings has tried the Bankrupt court; but is only $200 richer than when he went in, and will be forced to emigrate to California, unless he is published as a rogue and a swindler. Mr. T. is not particular as to the term so that it is actionable. Mr. Tibbings was once called a vagabond in the United States and believes he was, but his action was dismissed, there being no law for injured innocence in that country.

If something could be said about Mr. Tibbings licking his old grandfather at Brummagem, it might turn out good, in which case Mr. Tibbings would shell out something handsome for Punch. Mr. Tibbings is of opinion, that a fair spec might be made out of his character, if it was only properly abused which he is quite willing it should be. Perhaps Mrs. Tibbings and the baby might be brought in, in the way of female innocence and youthful beauty, to which there is no objection if the thing pays well; which on those terms it ought. Mr. Tibbings authorises Punch to allow a liberal per centage to Jurymen if he can manage that politics and libel should be so mixed up together that, as the *Gazette* observes, the independent Jurors may somehow forget which is one, and which is tother. An answer will oblige.

St. Paul Street, March 27, 1849.

No. 7 of Punch in Canada, will be profusely illustrated with Portraits of the Pepperbury Family,—Specimens of Canadian Colonizers,—California Emigrants,—a Pictorial Summary for the mail,—Effects of the Croisade Contre le Luxe, &c. &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

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VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant.

Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

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SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec, *once a fortnight*, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued *once a week.*

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

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The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Positively the last Performance by the OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, *on Monday, April 16*, for the BENEFIT of MRS. CHARLES HILL, when will be performed the new drama of

THE JACOBITE;

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THE FANCY BALL,

And the new Farce of

MY WIFE'S OUT.

Doors open at half-past SEVEN, and Performance to commence at eight o'clock.

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To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

To Booksellers.

All Agents for Punch are respectfully requested to send in their accouut of sales, and remit the amount due, however small. Let them remember that wise saw, of which the accounts of "Punch" present a modern instance, "Mony a mickle mak a muckle."

To Advertisers.

Punch in Canada circulates from Sandwich to Gaspé.—The travelling season is about to commence. Not an Hotel in the Canadas, but Punch will be on the table. Not a steamboat on the rivers or the lakes, but he will perambulate amongst the passengers. Reflect on this, Oh, Advertisers, who seek for support and sustenance from the Bipeds who migrate, and honor Pnuch and yourselves by inserting your names in his pages

Mrs. Chas. Hill, begs to an-

nounce to her Pupils and Friends that her *Vacation Ball* will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 25th April. Tickets may be had at her Academy, Nos. 18 and 20 Saint Jean Baptiste Street.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE. NO. II.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

My Dearest Neice,

LENT being over and the Bachelors' ball being announced for next Tuesday, I cannot do better than give you a few rules to guide your conduct in the Ball Room. For, as it is the sphere where your greatest triumphs will be gained, it ought to call forth the first thought of your life. No where is greater science displayed—no where more adroitness—no where more manœuvring. In short, a Ball may be compared to a game of chess, in which you adopt a system of tactics to obtain a *cheque*-mate.

There are certain general truths which rule here as elsewhere; the principal one is, that the more airs you give yourself, the more people will think of you. I would therefore recommend, a dignified *hauteur* to prove to the world, that your uncle the plasterer—good man, as undoubtedly he was—must not be taken as a criterion of the family respectability. I am in some doubt, as to the dress you ought to wear, short frocks and *pantalettes* have lately proved very attractive, and by some are considered, identical with innocence. At first, I was inclined to recommend the adoption of this costume, only I think that the ground is pre-occupied. This matter I leave to the discretion of your excellent mamma, but I must impress on you, that whatever you wear, let the *crinoline* be redundant. You will then appear fashionable, modest, and attractive. In the dressing room, always snub the tire-woman, the exploded idea of civility to servants can never be sufficiently discountenanced, especially by a young lady of your pretensions.

A ball is nothing unless your partners are somebodies, and I must point out to you that the fustian, about right feeling in which a few weak people indulge, is to be totally rejected. It is ridiculous to think that we are all dependant on each other for little interchanges of civility. Therefore dance only with those who gratify your vanity, and if your hand is asked by any equivocal personage, at once reply that you are engaged, whether so, or not. And do this in a firm dignified and decided manner to prevent a repetition of the impertinence. No matter about the young man being the son of an old friend of your father. That is nothing to you, he is not an old friend of yours. When dancing, (of course with a proper man) never cease laughing; it shews a happy joyous nature—but never forget to blend with it, the stateliness I have before pointed out. This applies to the quadrille; and while, on this subject, I must tell you the etiquette to be observed in *la grande ronde*. See who dances next to you, and regulate your deportment accordingly, giving him your hand, or one finger,—a gaze, or the disregard of contempt, as he may deserve. In the waltz and polka never object to your partner putting his arm entirely round your waist. There are some weak people who while they think waltzing innocent enough, condemn the mode of completely clasping the waist. This is all nonsense. Let your partner do as he likes. Try to rival him in the energy he may display, and at the conclusion, to show the zest, with which you have entered into the amusement, use your fan with an earnest energy, and give audible relief to the panting of your excited heart. Never forget a bouquet, for it makes strangers think that you have admirers to send one to you, and there are many brilliant, generous minded men who never admire a girl, until it is the fashion to do so. If pressed to give away a flower always comply, if the petitioner is of sufficient standing. Above all things be careful not only whom you recognize, but how you recognize them. To some bow with a sweet winning smile, to others with a calm grave countenance, while some people—family bores—mere friends of your childhood, pass them by.

Never cease to remember that your object is to obtain a husband—the richer the better. As to men of intellect and education, I have always found such people prosy, dull, and fond of solitude. But if you should happen to meet a personage of this sort with money, you ought not to refuse him, for a well furnished house is a great set forth against the fact that he cannot dance the polka. Play your game accordingly, and lean affectionately on the arm of every man, who can really give support. If he walk quick, keep up with him in an engaging amble. Men think it effective. At supper always declare that you have no appetite, and whatever your partner helps you to, tell him he has given you too much, and always leave some of it on the corner of your plate.

I have no room to say anything of your flirtations, but they cannot be too deep, and in a pause, you can find topics of conversation, in remarking upon the company present. As I have before said your friends will always furnish you with amusement.

The evening's reminiscences will relieve the insipidity of the following day. But do not forget to walk up and down Notre Dame Street, the whole afternoon of Wednesday, you will thus get rid of the head ache caused by the late hours of Tuesday, and meet some of the agreeable companions whom you have edified at the ball by your wit and modesty.

Adieu, my dear. JUDY.

"A FEW WORDS IN SEASON."

The state of our streets—the wet and damp weather, peculiar to the "smiling Spring" of this climate, has generally such a disadvantageous effect upon the nightingales of private life, and the melodious denizens of drawing rooms, that we are induced to publish a song for people suffering from "Cold in the head."

Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family,—we have lately seen noses chiselled as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day as scarlet as our own; as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving to their proprietors, whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into mutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about the bridge, which should be placarded "No thoroughfare." To do away with the excuse too frequently used as a cover for vocal inability, we give the following as a specimen of several songs we are preparing for the use of the Catarrhed, believing that by anticipating the cold by converting every m into b, and every n into l, we will do away with the necessity for Pectoral Lozenges and Paregoric:—

By Bary Alle is like the Sul,
Whel at the dawl it flilgs
Its goldel sbiles of light upol
Earth's greel ald lolely thilgs.
Il vail I sue, I olly wil
Frob her a scorlful frowl,
But sool as I by prayers begil,
She cries, O lo! begole;
Yes! yes! the burthel of her solg,
Is lo! lo! lo! begole!

COLD-CATCHING MADE EASY.

Father Chiniqui has arrived, and for the present, has taken up his residence at Monklands. Punch met the sober and reverend gentleman there on the occasion of "the-temperance-and-a-very-little-music" festival, held on Tuesday, the 30th ultimo, a date which in the memory of many will be held dear, from its expensive consequences—cab-hire and doctors bills—medical skill having been required to relieve the mortification arising from the cold-water drank on the occasion. Punch was pleased to see the cold-water apostle looking so well, and had the honor of taking cold-tea with him. Punch tried to be facetious but could not, and next morning was seized with a severe fit of shivering. He thinks he must have caught cold from sitting near the cold-water jugs, so plentifully introduced on the occasion!

PUNCH'S CLASSICAL ODES.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget mauri jaculis neque arcu
Nec veneratis gravidâ sagittis.
Fusce, Pharetrâ.

(*This is*)

Part of an Ode by a very old Poet,
Mister Quintus Horatius Flaccus by name,
He wrote it in Rome, and sent it by mail to
Fuscus, his crony.

Which being interpreted, something like this runs,—
"Stick to your principles; go to bed sober;
Keep your hands out of other people's pockets;
Buy Punch and read him."

And you'll not want Brother Jonathan's Bowie,
Frolicsome Paddy's illigant Shillelah,
Or Johnnie Baptiste's venerable duck-gun
Loaded with marbles.

SOMETHING UNIQUE.

Flasks and Sandwich Boxes.—Punch having been urged by several most respectable inhabitants of Montreal, has entered into a contract for a supply of the above more-than-ever-necessary Pocket-companions for persons who are urged by a sense of duty rather than of inclination to spend their evenings with people

"Who entertain them with nothing
Nor give them to drink."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

Of M. Narcisse Rossignol dit Le Vert,—a Crusader "Contre le Luxe,"—Translated and illustrated for Punch.

I WILL keep a Journal, I will write with a purpose; and with a pen from the pinion of that domestic aquatic fowl to which literature is so deeply indebted, will I chronicle all the thoughts that suggest themselves or are suggested by the actions of my every-day existence. My luxuries are now but few. Sacrificed to the newly acquired prejudices of my Eulalie, they have one by one been wrenched from me with ruthless hand; but I still possess at least the liberty of thinking, and the power of registering my thoughts. Can the poet be deprived of his lyre? No. They may indeed break the strings; but he will then perform melodies on the back of it as on a kettle-drum; and his reveille will go to the corners of hearts, calling out responsive echoes from the remotest alleys of feeling, and bursting the sympathetic strings behind the waistcoats of the right-minded. I will keep a Journal.

1st *April*. Buckled on my armour, as a Crusader *contre le Luxe*, and breathing the name of my Eulalie rushed upon the foe, selecting the feeblest, those of easiest conquest, for my first essay. Struggled with soap, my casual luxury for years. Conquered it single-handed, and flushed with success followed up the victory by wrestling with my razors, handling them with such effect, that my occasional toothbrush of fifteen years standing shed its bristles with terror, and lay shivering beside the soap-dish, a miracle of baldness. Ah! let me not forget in my exultation, the foes that still in ambush surround me. Tobacco is not soap, nor are the bitters with which I have hitherto uplifted my matutinal spirits, to be counted amongst the weak. But there are other bitters in store for me. Thy tyranny, O Eulalie!

Dressed myself with more than my usual care, that is, made myself as nasty as possible at a short notice, and having fought with my *eau de Cologne*, which I settled with a bootjack after a spirited conflict, I waxed my mustachios, and walked forth to visit Eulalie. Found her in tears. Her canary, the bird I gave her, was dead. Poor Bijou! they had substituted a diet of small shot for his natural sustenance, and he died a feathered crusader against the luxury of linseed. Now my troubles are coming thick upon me. It had been my daily custom to present Eulalie with a bouquet of flowers, culled from choicest in the conservatory of Guilbeault. And did I go unrewarded for my delicate attention? I should rather think not; for from the lips of Eulalie I exacted the guerdon of my generosity, the cherished salute. But that boon is no longer conceded. Cut off is the kiss of my dreams. Ah, I was happy then! happy as the humming-bird that vibrates around the gorgeous dahlia, snatching honied bliss from its pouting petals. I *was* a humming-bird, I could almost hear myself hum: but now the inverted house-fly that recklessly perambulates the ceiling, is not more completely upset than I am. Suggested to Eulalie that she should give up the luxury of flowers. Brought vividly before her the sinfulness of geraniums and the immorality of mignonette, advocating with my usual eloquence the propriety of substituting noxious plants, such as nettles, for those unprofitable vanities. Did not quite succeed in bringing her round to my way of thinking; but to-morrow I will try her with a bouquet.



2. *April*. My friend Guilbeault has kindly undertaken the cultivation of such unpleasant plants as must speedily become a feature in the fashionable circles of the *Croisade*. Walked down to his conservatory, and selected a thistle of such unparalleled ferocity that it almost made my nose bleed to look at it. With this, and some choice nettles of the most stinging character, I composed quite a love of a bouquet, which I transmitted to Eulalie, with the following production of my muse.

With those flowers for your brow,
Eulalie!
Wreathe a chaplet—you know how,
Eulalie!

For altho' they may not shine in the vegetable line,
Yet there's something in them too should have interest for you,
And the nettle which you settle
In your hair so rare
Will remind you in its verdure of me,
Eulalie!

But its fragrance as you sip,
Eulalie!
Should it hurt your pretty lip,
Eulalie!
And at first you may not like the thistle with its spike,
Yet at last I'm pretty certain that you'll pin it to your curtain,
And the thistle with its bristle
Will seem, as you dream,
To recall my mustachios and me,
Eulalie!

How everything seems to be expanding beneath the genial influence of spring, and unfolding itself into the glad sun-light! Thought I felt my very shirt-collars growing as I walked in the warm breeze. Recollected however that I have no shirt-collars, having cut them down in their pride and routed them with ignominy. Still I certainly experienced a growing sensation, and on consideration I am inclined to think it must have been my ears.

Saw a grocer to-day in the Quebec Suburbs with mustachios, a green-grocer with red mustachios. Have we no protection? are *nos institutions* to be thus mocked with impunity? Not when *I* become a legislator,—*le bon temps viendra*.

I think I will get a coat trimmed with the fur of the Porcupine. Have already suggested to the *Croisade*, the feasibility of having furniture covered with that elegant article, as a substitute for the old luxurious hair-cloth or damask. Tried it myself for cushions, &c. and found it as uncomfortable as the most enthusiastic crusader could desire. In a commercial point of view, this little animal (the porcupine) has hitherto been sadly neglected. A Canadian poet of great antiquity has termed it "the fretful porcupine (*le porc-épic qui toujours pleure.*) Why was the porcupine unhappy? Simply because while the sable furnished the boa which entwines the neck of beauty; while the diminutive ermine sported its skin upon the skirt of fashion; and while the martin might calculate with certainty on eventually becoming a muff, he, the unprivileged porcupine, pined neglected in his native woods,—a pig without a prospect. But henceforth he will take his proper station in society; and for him, as for the Canadian, *le bon temps viendra*.

How those Englishmen talk! Heard one say that he dined lately at the Governor's, and upon asking for some wine was privately informed by the butler, that owing to the port having been kept so long, the bees-wing got the better of and flew clean away with it, and that all the other wines turned sour with fright. What could he have meant, and what is the bees-wing? It must surely be some great conqueror of luxuries, and should be brought under the immediate notice of the *Croisade*.



Met Eusebe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc. He too, poor fellow! has his tyrants. They have cut off his tobacco, and under the influence of its substitute, opium, he appears to be gradually withdrawing from the world and retiring into his boots. Alas! alas! I wonder if I ever shall become like Eusébe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc!

3. *o'clock*. Ah! what is this? Where am I? What do I behold? On my return home I find my bouquet rejected, my verses returned with contempt, and a note from Eulalie, forbidding me her presence. I rush frantic from the house, and wander wildly I know not whither. After many hours my thoughts rally, and take the following fragmentary form:

The tresses bold that from her brow
To billowy bosom dip,
For me she fondly curled, but now,—
She only curls her lip.

No more for me her silk of green,
Shot with a golden red,
Blushes its mantling folds between,—
Would I were shot instead!

This short poem, and a brandy-smash, (*une fracture d'eau de vie*) medicinally imbibed by me at Madame Lafont's, somewhat soothed my perturbed spirits; and in calmer mood I returned to my *maison de pension* and my porcupine pillow.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

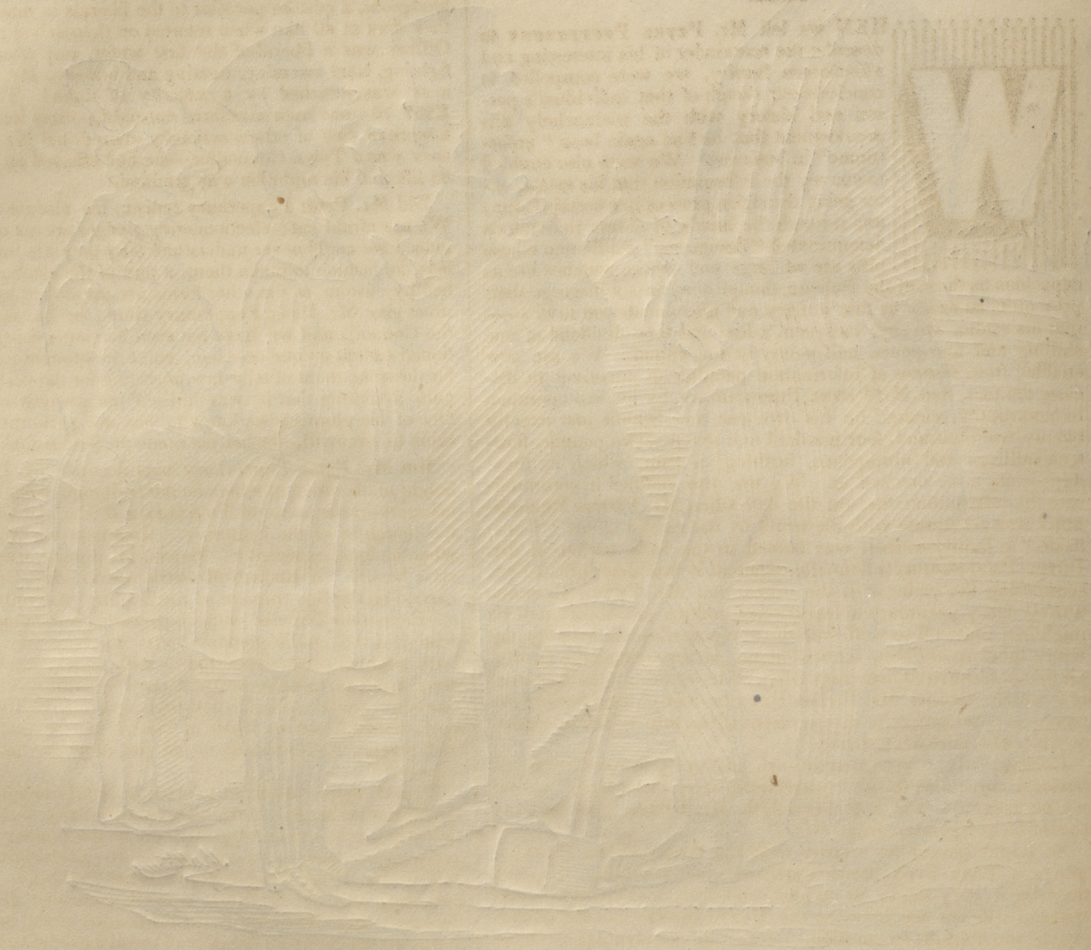
Punch is authorised to state that His Excellency the Governor General, at the general request of his visitors, is about to change the name of his residence from Monk-lands to Dry-lands.



TOWNSHIP'S COLONIZATION—A SETTLER.

Young Literary Leader. Here is one Settler, sare, for your Township, sare, on your farm, sare.

Townshipper. Oh, that's your Settler, eh? Why there's lots of them chaps here already—in the mashes!



THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S EXIT FROM THE WORLD OF COMMERCE AND ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE AS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE CORPORATION AND A GRAVE SENATOR.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN we left Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to describe the remainder of his interesting and affectionate family, we were compelled to conclude our sketch of that individual's person and history with the melancholy announcement that he had again been "unfortunate" in business. We were also enabled to convey the information that his estate, after going through a process in a certain Court, and through the hands of divers individuals denominated "Assignees," gentlemen whose bills are as large and whose pouches are as capacious as those of the Pelican, though they do not disgorge their prey quite as easily as that hungry and affectionate sea fowl —— that his estate, we say, had paid a first and final dividend of one shilling and four-pence half-penny in the pound. We are now enabled from sources of information peculiar to ourselves to disclose the fact, that Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, by his last operation in bankruptcy, cleared for his own use and benefit just exactly twenty-two thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pounds, fourteen shillings and nine-pence, farthing; a sum, which in these days is not to be sneezed at. We are also enabled to communicate the information that on the day when Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was set square with the world by the receipt of his "Certificate," a family council was holden in the back parlour of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S domicile, whereat it was determined that, considering the badness of the times, and Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S many pecuniary delinquencies, and the probability that he might not come off so well, were he to try another bankruptcy, the wisest thing would be to let well alone, particularly as the family, all things considered, was very fairly off in the world, thanks to the law which enabled Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to appropriate the money of other people to the payment of the sum which he settled on his wife before his marriage.

Consequently it was determined, in family council, that the business carried on in the "warehouse in the dirty-lane," should not be resumed, and that henceforth Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY should be a "gentleman at large."

So things passed on merrily with the family of the PEPPERBURYS. They lived pretty much as other animals; they eat, they drank, they slept; so do pigs, and dogs, and donkeys; and we really do not see in what the PEPPERBURYS had the advantage of the animals in question, unless it be an advantage to have the trouble of wearing breeches and petticoats. Intellectually and morally there was very little difference between the PEPPERBURYS and the animals.

It was dull work however with our friend PETER. He missed his daily avocations in the warehouse in the dirty-lane, and "Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do," as the nursery rhyme hath it, his evil genius put it into Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S head that he was by nature intended to make a useful servant of the public. Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY'S ambition warmed into action Mr. Peter's imaginings, and an election for members of the Corporation coming on about that time, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY caused himself to be put in nomination for the Ward of the city in which the "handsome stone house" was situated, and forthwith commenced an active canvass amongst the electors.—Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY came out on the liberal interest. He was an advocate of the principle of giving every body every thing, though there was nothing to give. He talked loudly of economy and retrenchment, and promised every man that the street in which he lived should have a board walk and be thoroughly repaired; and what tickled the fancies of the electors the most, he solemnly vowed that he would make the Tories shake in their shoes.

Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S life for a month before the election must have been a very trying one to his constitution. He had several committees and sub-committees nightly sitting in sundry pot-houses at his expense; and the quantities of sour beer, vitriolized whisky and strong tobacco, drank and smoked at his cost and charges, and which he was compelled out of politeness, to drink and smoke also, were perfectly astonishing.

Well, the day of election came; Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY surrounded the poll with two or three hundred ruffians, armed with bludgeons, a custom peculiar to the liberals in that city, but which they dont at all like when retorted on themselves; the Returning Officer was a liberal of the first water, and after a great deal of fighting, hard swearing, treating and bribery, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was returned by a majority of three! The election cost £257 10; one man murdered out-right,—three lamed for life, and a score or two of others seriously injured, but Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was a Town Councillor—he had effected an entry into public life and his ambition was gratified.

Did Mr. Peter Pepperbury redeem his pledges to the electors? We are afraid not; electioneering pledges are not often redeemed; indeed we could never understand why they are made, unless that it is the fashion to make them, a part of the election itself, prescribed by custom, as the other forms are prescribed by law. But we must give Mr. Peter Pepperbury time; he has not been long in the Council, and we have not seen his name conspicuously mentioned except on one occasion, when he brought forward a motion for the enactment of a by-law providing for the destruction of dogs, quite forgetting that he was himself the greatest cur in existence. One of his promises we know he has not performed, and we dont think he ever will,—he has not made the Tories shake in their shoes.

But Mr. Peter Pepperbury was destined by Providence to a height of elevation of which he never dreamt when he was a humble clerk in the house of TICKLEFISH & Co. and when he married the daughter of the drummer. Greatness was thrust upon him when he least expected it. Senatorial dignity was to be added to civic honors. A Radical Ministry was in power; a Ministry who carried on the Government of the Country pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury carried on his business as a merchant; a ministry who paid the public creditor pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury paid his private ones, that is with paper; their *Shin Plasters* were about as valuable as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's notes, and they, like him, would speedily find their way into the Bankrupt Court, only that a Court in which a Nation can be made a Bankrupt and receive a Certificate is not yet amongst the institutions of society.

This ministry was about to bring in certain measures and it was doubtful whether in a certain House a majority could be found sufficiently pliant and accommodating, so the ministry cast about for gentlemen to their mind, and one of them suddenly bethought himself of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. That gentleman was seen and consulted, and he in his turn saw and consulted Mrs. Peter Pepperbury; there was another family council in the back parlor, and it was determined that the offer of the Minister should be accepted. During that week the public prints announced that His Excellency the Governor had been pleased to call to the Legislative Council, Peter Pepperbury, Esquire, and some dozen other accommodating gentlemen, and they were duly gazetted.

The last time we saw the Honorable Peter Pepperbury, he was standing up in his place in a certain house, dressed in a blue coat with shiny buttons, a buff waistcoat and black trowsers, making a furious speech in favor of paying the "Rebellion Losses," and there we leave him.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!

To Let, a House near Monklands, which may, at a small expense, be fitted up as a respectable

House of Entertainment,

Where chops, steaks, and exhilarating drinks, are sure to command an extensive sale.

☞For further particulars apply to JAMES BRUCE, on the premises.

CANADA *versus* CALIFORNIA.



Hiram. 'Say Zeb! I'm off right slick away for California. My wings is grew, and my nails is mad for diggin!

Zeb. California be bust!—Canada's the washin for me; I guess I'll squat there, where Government pays for Rebellion and no questions axed!

CHANSON GAIE ET VIVE.

Chanté par Mons. Amiot on his appointment as one of the Kingston Penitentionary Commissioners:

Oui, oui, je suis, je suis
Un des Commissaires,
Il y a Mons. B. and me,
And l'autre Monsieur B.,
And Monsieur F.
Nous sommes—Je suis
Des quatres grands Commissaires.

Oui, oui, nous irons, eux and me
Ce Monsieur F, and Monsieur B.
Nous irons tous, nous tree,
Avec l'autre Monsieur B.,
All to Kingston for to see
Vot ve sall see
Dieu merci
Nous quatres grands Commissaires.

Nous irons, et moi, je vais
For de sake of de good pay
Vich is eight dollare a day,
Eight dollare! c'est vrai
Eight for me and Monsieur B
And Monsieur F. aussi
Car Nous sommes, je suis
Des quatres grands Commissaire

I vonder vary much vot
Make dem choose Amiot
Such good luck, oh mine Got'
Mine head go trot-a-trot
I hop like de young flea
Moi et Monsieur B
And Monsieur F aussi
Car nous sommes, je suis
Oui, oui, c'est vrai, oui, oui,
Des quatres grands Commissaires

Il sort faisant des grandes pirouettes!

Court Circular.—Punch is authorised to contradict the rumor that several members of the Administration left Monklands on the night of the Musical Soirée in a state of intoxication. For this scandalous and malicious report, there is not the slightest foundation.—Nor has the Butler who violated the sanctity of a bottle of beer been dismissed.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.—No. IV.

TO ROBERT CHRISTIE, ESQUIRE, M. P. P.

"Mr. LaFontaine *proposed a resolution to the effect that* 15s. *per day be allowed to members for the present and future sessions.*"

"Mr. Christie *moved in amendment that* 20s. *should be the amount.*"

Extract from Journal of the House.

My dear Christie,

You are a reformer, an economist and a humbug. You preach retrenchment and you practise profusion. You twaddle incessantly about the expenses of Government, and whenever you can you dip your hand into the public purse. You profess to look back with lingering fondness, to the time when men were patriotic enough to serve their country for nothing; but you prefer 20s. to a york six pence a day, and are most zealous in taxing the country.

Yet for all this, my dear Christie, Punch delights in you, you are such a gorgeous Pharisee, such a delicious humbug: and Pharisees and Humbugs are the mental food of the Hunch-backed Philosopher. Of all who wear buff waistcoats you are the best of buffers. Your annual bills, like Doctor's bills, are "bills of mortality." Canada is bound up with your history: The nation owes much to Gaspe, Gaspe might have sent us a cargo of Codfish but she sent you: the nation cannot repay Gaspe except by sending you back again.

The question, now is, my dear Christie what will you do with your money. I know you are not selfish, you do not want it for yourself. You will lend it to Col. Gugy, who will make it a present to a hospital, or add it to the munificent gift of his Excellency to save Gaspe from starving! or will you keep it to erect a monument when dead? You will my dear Christie, you will, I know you will, and I now offer you

AN EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT CHRISTIE,
Many years Member for Gaspé.

HE WAS THE AUTHOR
OF
INNUMERABLE BILLS,
AND A
HISTORY OF CANADA.
The former died with him,
The latter may still be found at the Trunk-makers.
HIS WORTH
Was estimated by himself,
AT
TWENTY SHILLINGS A DAY,
To record which fact,
His suffering countrymen have raised this stone.

Stranger pause: beneath this crust
See Christie turned to mould and dust
His speeches done, his motions past
Outvoted by old death at last:
Pray Heaven, with all a Christian's love
He'll get his twenty bob a day above.

SUMMARY FOR THE MAIL.



Parliament is still sitting.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DeWALDEN, at his Office, No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Vol. 1.—No. 8.] April the 28th, 1849! [PRICE, 4d.



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TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant.

Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

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His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

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CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850 A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

To Booksellers.

All Agents for Punch are respectfully requested to send in their account of sales, and remit the amount due, however small. Let them remember that wise saw, of which the accounts of "Punch" present a modern instance, "Mony a mickle mak a muckle."

To Advertisers.

Punch in Canada circulates from Sandwich to Gaspé.—The travelling season is about to commence. Not an Hotel in the Canadas, but Punch will be on the table. Not a steamboat on the rivers or the lakes, but he will perambulate amongst the passengers. Reflect on this, Oh, Advertisers, who seek for support and sustenance from the Bipeds who migrate, and honor Punch and yourselves by inserting your names in his pages

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

THE PEPERBURY FAMILY.

How Miss Pamela Pepperbury lost Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson, and how the loss brought on a fit of "green and yellow melancholy,"—how Mr. Peter Pepperbury betook himself first to the dogs and then to California, and how Mrs. Peter Pepperbury consoled herself amidst the family afflictions.

CHAPTER VI. — CONCLUSION.

A sad change came suddenly over the fortunes of this amiable family. The prosperity and high dignity of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, was a drop too much in the cup of happiness, a turn too many of fortune's everlasting wheel, and we regret to say that the first stroke of her malicious spite was levelled at the fair Pamela. It came unexpectedly and cruelly, and on the side of her affections, for strange to say, Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson had really contrived to make an impression. It came in this wise. The Regiment of Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson was suddenly ordered to India, on the receipt of the intelligence of the disaster on the Jhelum. The grim old Colonel who commanded it caused a representation to be made to a certain high authority, that it might be as well for his corps, as it was likely to be actively engaged, to proceed to its destination with its full compliment of officers, and that as another Aid-de-Camp could easily be found to ride behind Sir Jasper Shabracque, he therefore suggested that an order should be sent forthwith to Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson to rejoin his Regiment. And it was sent, and that interesting young gentleman had just twenty four hours allowed him to pack up his kit, settle his affairs, and put himself *en route*. Packing up his kit was a serious business: for Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson, was a young gentleman who did not at all agree with Sir Charles Napier as to the quantity of articles necessary to take the field with. But there was no help for it, so Mr. John and his servant, proceeded to pack up some twenty pairs of boots, dozens of coats and scores of trowsers; lots of boot hooks and hairbrushes; bottles of scents and jars of shaving soap; hundreds of useless and costly knicknacks; enough of whips, harness and horse gear of all kinds to stock a saddler's shop. And then Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson packed up his books—there were only two or three of them; those he was obliged to exhibit at certain periodical inspections; and then he put on his regimentals, and lastly his sword—and as he looked at the latter, there rose before him an unpleasant vision of whole ranks of Sikhs, and Affghans and Beloochees, with fierce mustachios and very sharp tulwars, and Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson at that moment felt very queer and uncomfortable, and we are afraid that he broke the articles of war by an indulgence in profane swearing. In other words, Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson dammed his bad luck and the people at the Horse Guards. Having thus packed up his baggage, and the sight of his chests, boxes and bags would have made old Napier's hair stand on end, Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson made arrangements with a brother officer for the sale of his horses, and his Staff uniform and appointments, and went to bid farewell to his numerous friends and Pamela Pepperbury. We cannot say that Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson appeared to be much affected at the prospect of parting with the fair Pamela; the truth being that he had no more real respect for her than he had for the Queen of Clubs, and had only flirted with her because she was a very pretty girl, and the fashion. Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson conceived it to be as indispensable and requisite to have a flirtation in every town he was quartered in as to have a horse in his stall. So he wished Pamela Pepperbury good bye for ever, without a word of sorrow, without a word of explanation; he did not even promise to write to her; he did not even make her a parting present of the white-legged chestnut mare. Punch is not malicious, but he sincerely trusts that Mr. John Fitzroy Tompkinson will meet with something unpleasant on the banks of the next river to the Jhelum, whatever that may be; he does not hope that he may lose an arm or a leg, only that Charles Napier may order twenty camel loads of his effeminate trumpery to be pitched into the water. Poor little Pamela took it sadly to heart; besides that she liked the man, beast though he was, it is not pleasant to be made a fool of; and with all her faults she had a warm heart and a high spirit. It has in one respect done her good; she has quite eschewed the Polka, and is no longer seen promenading for hours at a time on the sunny side of the most fashionable thoroughfare. We did indeed hear, that she had become very religious and was an active teacher in a Sunday school, but that we hardly believe. Mr. Peter Pepperbury Junior., "Broker and General Agent" is himself broken; thoroughly done up; the affectionate father has refused any further advances, and his unhappy mother is tired of his delinquencies—so Mr. Peter Pepperbury Junior, has started for California to add one more to the rogues and knaves, congregated in that auriferous region. Whether he will return with any gold, is quite another matter; we have not yet heard of any one who has.

There remains yet one other member of this interesting family—the mother of the children—the wife of the husband—the daughter of the drummer—and of her we shall only say, that not even the unexpected honors showered on the head of her husband, by a discerning and pugilistic constituency, and a needy and unprincipled Government, could entirely make up to her for the sorrows and misfortunes of her children. Mrs. Peter Pepperbury has taken the affairs of her son and daughter so sadly to heart, that for two months she has done nothing but scold her servants and occupy her leisure hours in perusing the light and agreeable pages of the "whole duty of man" a book held in great estimation by old "ladies of both sexes;—some scandalous people say that she has acquired a great taste for cherry-brandy, Punch says nothing but he thinks the more.

There is a moral to this history of the Pepperbury family; but it is not necessary that it should be written here—for is it not written, on the faces of scores of men and women, whom we meet daily in the streets—is it not written in courts of law—in the Gazette—in the jail—in the mad-house—in exile—in suicide—in disgrace? We may have written in a light manner of these things, but it is the way of Punch. His style may be light but he inculcates serious truths.

WHAT IS A BRITISH AMERICAN LEAGUE?

Mr. Punch having been waited on by a highly influential deputation (his boy, with a clean face and a subscriber) requesting to be informed what a British American League is: instantly formed himself into a Committee and makes the following

REPORT,

Your Committee, Mr. Punch, having looked into his mensuration tables, finds that a British American League is about three miles. A French League is two miles and a half. The famous seven League boots are understood to have strided twenty-one miles. The corn-law association was a League, and so was the band of forty thieves: the band of the nine-teenth Regiment is not a League: although they might be present when others are beleaguered. Leagues are generally marked by mile-posts: as thus: DISTANCE FROM CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES. 1st Post erected by the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, 90 miles, decreasing distance. 2nd Post erected by Thomas Wilson Esq., 7 1-2 miles. 3rd Post by Harrison Stephens Esq., O.

From all which your Committee, Mr. Punch, concludes that a "British American League" is a distance of about three miles from Annexation Point.

The whole is respectfully submitted.

A MONSTER PETITION.

Punch is authorised to state that a numerously signed Petition is to be presented to "Dolly" in the course of a few days: the prayer of which is that he keep his establishment open to a late hour on the nights of musical parties at "Monklands." The petitioners having found from experience that though "music is the food of love," it is not refreshing to those who travel miles on bad roads to listen to it. Harmonious sounds are very delicious but under such circumstances even cod-sounds would be preferable.

THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.—No. III.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

As private parties succeed public balls it naturally follows, that in this letter I should direct you as to your behavior at *soirees musicales* and *thes dansants*. Here you must be the lady, for until you are so considered, you will not get an invitation, and of course under such circumstances you would not go out. Now a lady is known more by her tin than her temper, and is rated by her gown rather than her gentleness. But remember the reputation for money is as good as actual possession. Or in default of both substance and shadow, a confident assurance of manner is very advantageous. It is by no means necessary now a days to cultivate the mind, to have refined tastes and generous sympathies. On the contrary these insipidities are thought slow. A lady ought to have spirit, a loud laugh—and a capability at all times to talk about nothing in a sort of voluble mumble; for with her the tone rather than the sense, is the indication of her gentility. Above all she must avoid undue condescension; keeping persons not in society and her servants at a respectful distance. If she has commenced this sort of thing late in life, for I assure you, it is by no means necessary to be born to it, she can soon pull up, by noting how others do. No education is necessary, but it is highly advantageous to have a flirtation with a married man who keeps his carriage, which will establish her character.. Of course she must dance, and she must learn the piano. If she have any relatives less aspiring than herself, she must cut them, for her polite friends, cannot possibly know them. She must have constantly on hand a good assortment of anecdote, true or not, it matters little, about her friends. If she likes to be witty, she can, for as she never read a book in her life there is no fear she will be a plagiarist.

Carry out these principles at evening parties, and you will be sure of success. Make yourself agreeable only to those worth your while to conciliate. Snub all improper pretenders to your acquaintance not omitting the mistress of the house if necessary. Have a sliding scale for your friendships, but none for your sincerity, which ought to be the same for everybody. Be ready to flatter people who can serve you, and cut those who cannot. Dance by system and flirt by rule. Have a good stock of quadrilles, waltzes and polkas, by which means you will be enabled to show off, and never go out without your music books. In fact you should make it a rule always to obtain the newest of these classical works before any body else. For they constitute the only music worth knowing, a remark which by no means applies to the antiquated productions of Haydn Beethoven or Mozart, mere psalm tunes, which every well bred person holds in proper contempt. If asked to sing, at once comply, whether or not you have a good voice. The principle qualification for success is assurance; and the louder you squall and the more hideous your grimaces the higher the execution will be ranked. A language you do not speak is preferable, and if you fail to give a correct pronunciation the advantage is obvious, for your Spanish will be taken for German and *vice versa*, consequently your acquirements will apparently extend over a wide range. Where it is established you do sing, a little gentle hesitation is always an agreeable prelude. In entering a room take your shawl in with you if it be a handsome one—and as it is for show not warmth, it must hang loosely down the back, the ends only being held at the elbows, your dress can never be too long, for as whoever approaches you is sure to tread upon the skirt, so you can draw yourself up with dignity, and talk of the awkwardness of "some" men. Besides in promenading round a room, it is so agreeable to be held fast behind like a rat in one of the patent exterminating traps, and there is an agreeable romance in having the train pinned and refitted.

In conclusion, I cannot but express the delight which both your uncle Punch and myself experienced at your conduct at the Batchelor's Ball; you not only laughed louder than every body else, but you evinced a proper sense of your beauty on the choice of your partners—and the people you looked at need we add our admiration at the length of your dress which was more trod on, than any skirt in the room.

Persevere, my dear—Persevere, and you will become a pattern for your sex.

Your dearest Aunt and Friend.

JUDY.

FOR QUIET PEOPLE.

To let, a convenient residence---at least a mile distant from a minister's house.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.—No. V.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE &c. &c. &c.

My Lord.

I beg to call your Lordships attention to the following passage quoted from Macauley's history of England.

"It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the Crown, wrong was followed by just retribution: how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the present state."

Your Lordship has given your assent to the bill for indemnifying Rebels. You know the immediate consequences of your foolish act. The Flames of the Parliament House should have enlightened your Lordship. Ponder on "Macauley's" wisdom Be neither imprudent nor obstinate.

I remain, Your Lordship's

Devoted Servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence has been handed to us for publication.

[Copy] COMPAIN TO DOLLY.

Place D'Armes, Tuesday 2 o'clock.

Sare—Mistare Dolly:—

Vat for you sall say dat I can no do the bif-stek, Eh? Repondez moi cela donc—Sare, you sall touch my honour ven you sall touch my cook. I sall tell you to make de soupe and de *fillet de Bœuf aux champignons* I sall give you de lessons, sare. I sall teach you mooch ting you sall nevere learn. Ah, ah, Monsieur Dolly you sall be vicked, sall you, you sall throw your bif-stek in my chops, vich is not cook-but I sall show you de bif-stek vot *is* cook vich you sall nevere, nevere, nevere do, de bif-stek vid de grande-sauce a la Russe. You sall never do dat sare, comme votre profound serviteur.

CAMILLE COMPAIN,

[Copy.] DOLLY TO COMPAIN.

Chop House, Great St. James' Street.

Sauce with beef-steak! you be d———d.

DOLLY.

REMARKABLE FACTS.

There were 69 applications the other day for a vacant place in the Police. Amongst them were thirteen newly admitted lawyers, and ten brokers.

Several creditors received dividends last week in the Bankrupt Court. It is understood that an Assignee has absconded in consequence.

His honor the Chief Justice has lately given judgment on a motion without taking it *en Delibere*.

An individual has volunteered to read through the report of the Kingston Penitentiary Commissioners when it is published. It is understood that he has made his will.

THE FORCE OF SYMPATHY.

During the debate on the Timber duties the other night, Mr. Holmes declared that his head had never ceased aching, ever since the hon. Inspector General's proposition to impose a duty of seven and sixpence a load on Colonial Wood.

MISSING.

From Government House; a Scotchman formerly a member of the St. Andrew's Society and of the Thistle Curling Club. He was last heard of as signing some combustible parchments in the late St. Anne's Market, which are supposed to have exploded and consumed the building. When last seen he was on the road to Monkland's the carriage driving at a great rate; in consequence of having been "*egged*" on by the populace.



A HARD CASE.



PUNCH'S LEAGUE.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF CANADA.

Fellow Countrymen,

British American Punch has read the address of the British American League, which he considers reflects the most injurious imputations upon him. Punch hopes that he is a man and a brother, but he cannot allow himself to be outstripped by a League which has not as yet offered a single wood-cut or joke to the Public. Punch tells the League, that the Public have placed the redress of their grievances in Punch's hands: and that it is to him they look, and not to the League, to regulate all questions respecting their own fates "and the happiness and fate of their posterity.'

Punch admits that "there is a general depression throughout the Province," owing to the want of a more general perusal of his inimitable columns. If the people will not read Punch they must expect to be miserable, and they deserve to be miserable, and Punch has no pity for them. If the League will expend £600 a year in circulating numbers of Punch, it is admitted by "all men of unbiassed judgment and adequate opportunities of observation" and "commercial men of the greatest experience and political economists of every shade of opinion" that grumbling and dissatisfaction will cease. Punch is a thousand Leagues in himself. Punch walks over a thousand Leagues every day of his existence. Punch can walk into a League, and Punch will walk into any League which treads on his corns or crosses the shadow of his venerable hunch.

Punch is a Briton and a "brick," and he denies that any thing about him has been "diluted and weakened" excepting the tea and coffee which is about him at the hour of breakfast; which hour is with him an uncertain hour and at times only half an hour. "The wasteful expenditure of time and talents" has also no application to Punch, although he is a member of the "honorrable House." Had money been mentioned; Punch would have "acknowledged the corn." The allusion to the "noble ends" of the members of the League, Punch considers highly indelicate.

In order to secure his rights granted to him by an idolizing Public, Punch has determined to form an organization of his own which will consist of HIMSELF AND SUBSCRIBERS THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE PROVINCE, "to be known as PUNCH'S LEAGUE." The objects to be attained by this great agency are, good humor, jollity, and contentment. The interchange very simple. Wherever there are five Punchites, they will form themselves into a club, which on the payment of thirty-seven shillings and six pence will entitle them to receive one hundred and thirty numbers of Punch. These members will be entitled to enrol as many fresh members as they can in each locality; administering the following oath of allegiance on admission:

"I PROMISE CAREFULLY AND CONTENTEDLY TO READ PUNCH IN A PROPER SPIRIT, NOT TURNING UP MY NOSE AT HIS WITTICISMS OR REFUSING TC LAUGH AT HIS JOKES—GOOD OR BAD. I ALSO PROMISE PUNCTUALLY TO PAY FOR PUNCH IN ADVANCE AND INDUCE MY NEIGHBOURS TO DO LIKEWISE, WHICH WILL BE THE WISEST THING THEY CAN DO."

"Upon this general basis" it is believed that Punch's followers will soon be a majority of the Colonists, strong to cope with hypocrisy and humbug, and able to put down all imposters.

If indeed, as some have said, the time will come when even Punch must cease to be potent, it can only arrive when the wood-engravers have struck for high wages aud the printers slunk from their duty. Even in that hour, the shadow of Punch will be seen on the roof of No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, flourishing his *baton* and shouting at the top of his voice "Shallabala! Shallabala!! Shallabala!!!

FLINT UPON PHYSIC.

From his place in the House, Billa Flint has been discoursing in the most flowery style, in favor of the Botanic or Thompsonian school of medicine. Thompson, it appears, found physic in flowers, and flowers in those who had rather go to grass with him, than to their graves with the aid of the more orthodox sons of Galen; and in the course of his remarks, Billa openly avowed his Thompsonian tendency, by moving that the usual privileges be granted to those practitioners whose cunning lies in the culling of simples.

We rather like you Billa, and are inclined to allow that in this instance you are one of the sharpest flints we have met with for some time; but, for the sake of the public, we would object to granting unlimited powers of physicking to the "root-doctors," until the superiority of their practice has been established by a proper course of experiments. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—and we think the Legislature could not do better than make a grant of Sam Mills, for the purpose of testing the efficacy of Flint's physic. Should he sink beneath the treatment, the members will of course go into mourning; but should the result prove favorable, the name of Mills will go down to all posterity, flanked by those of Flint and of Thompson.

Again we say, we like you Billa—and although we have long been convinced that there are sermons in stones, we certainly never before knew that there was so much physic in a Flint.

HONORABLE MEMBERS.

A certain moralizing Wit whose name we can't take the trouble to remember, observed a troop of Eton boys at play, and pathetically remarked "what a dreadful thing to contemplate that some day many of these happy little fellows will be turned into members of Parliament." How would this moralizer's sympathies be excited to see the specimens of Statesmen this juvenile country has produced! but we believe his mental suffering would not be one quarter so great, as that of the Parliamentary victims themselves. We know little of human nature, if we are wrong in supposing that if many of our Honorable Representatives had not the pleasing pecuniary reward attached to their high position, their interest in the politics of the Province would grow

Small by degrees and beautifully less"

Perhaps we are peculiarly constituted; but if we sought to avoid the tedium of life by the rational employment of our time, certainly with the police force open to us, we would rather have "Policeman No. 10" upon our collar, than M. P. P. appended to our name. Much more healthful and interesting to our immortal part would be to us—a nightly duty in Notre Dame Street, than in St. Anne's Market: and although Policeman No. 10 does not receive the same number of shillings for keeping awake at night as the M. P. P. receives for sleeping, in his place: yet has he the pure air of Heaven about him and the consciousness of authority simmering at his heart.

Turn to the picture of the dumb "M. P. P" the mere mannikin of Legislation. He takes his seat at four o'clock in the afternoon, and with the exception of an occasional shirk to "the tea and toast of Madame St. Jullien, is nailed for eight hours to his seat." He is a member of "Parle-ment" but he cannot use his tongue and has not courage to say "bo" to a goose, although the goose may be a minister. He sees an iniquity, is perfectly conscious of a wrong committed: yet is he as dumb as an oyster, and only watches for the earliest opportunity to get home, smoke his pipe and slink between the sheets, with a humiliating sense of Parliamentary inability and the pleasing subject for his dreams that he has knocked another twenty shillings out of the Province.

PUNCH'S SONNETS.

TO A GOVERNOR.

Saving and sad, Ah! hapless Lord,
A bitter lot is thine, for babbling guests
Say that thy fetes are parsimony's tests
Tho' tea and coffee load thy scanty board,
And cakes and sweetmeats—all you can afford?
Hunger and thirst, pleasure's destroyers, wait
At thy feasts, so drear and desolate,
Although increasing daily is thy hoard.
No praises reach thy ear: but Folly's grin,
Good nature's sigh, and pity's gentle tear:
Will make thee often wish thou hads't stoodest gin
Or made the corks to fly from "Molson's" beer.
And now farewell—to gain thy path's secure
Much, much, thou'lt save, but Ah! how much endure.

A Legend of a Leg.

"The Dewan's mother, several of her relatives, with many of her Sirdars, together with a great number of her troops and people, were blown into the air." — Official Account of the taking of Moultan.

It wasn't polite, oh dear, oh no,
To treat an elderly lady so;
If they had called a coach and pair,
And asked her out to take the air,
Or got a steed
Of uncommon speed,
That might have been polite indeed,
But to send her up, baggage and crop,
Without enquiring where she'd stop,
How she'd travel, or where she'd go,
That wasn't polite at all, you know!

But where did the Dewan's Mother go,
After she left this world of woe?
Some will talk of a bright abode,
A half-way house on the starry road,
A lonely place for a country seat,
Out of the way of the dust and heat,
And just the spot for an Indian fair,
To pick her teeth, and arrange her hair.

But no, oh no! she wasn't there,
She had no heart to enjoy such fare,
Her heart was gone, the deuce knows where,
Her heart and liver,
May heaven forgive her,
I'm afraid she hadn't much heart to spare.

Smash, splash, dash, what a terrible crash,
Somebody's mutton is turned into hash;
A hiss and a roar
Like the sea on the shore,
A cloud
Like a shroud,
And then all is o'er.
And of women and children who lenpt, wept and ran,
There's hardly a vestige now left in Moultan.

But where did the Dewan's mother go?
That's the question; yes or no,
Shouldn't you like very much to know?
Look to the map: where the waters flow,
Washing the banks of the Ho-gang-ho
Where oranges ripen and myrtles blow,
And you scent the scent of the sweet Pekoe,
There sixteen minutes after one,
When the water was boiled and the breakfast done,
A Chinese youth who was sucking an egg
Caught a sight of the matrons' leg;
Caught a sight, for the noon was clear,
Of the small red sock, she used to wear
The small red sock and following "arter,"
A very small piece of the lady's garter!

What can it mean? See there it goes,
Only the leg without the toes,
A single leg in a cloudless sky
And never a head nor a body nigh,
'Twas a comical sight for a youth to spy,
A single star when it shines out clear,
And lights the bark of a gondolier;
Or a single flower that blooms to die,
Only seen by a single eye;
Or a single ginss of Whiskey punch
Supped by a friend at a single lunch;
Are things to meet with approbation.
But a lady's leg at an elevation
Of sixty miles, and all alone
Was a sight to make a Chinese groan.

He reported the sight
That very same night
To a very great man who vowed he did right,
There was no doubt
The leg he'd spied out,
Was the leg of a spirit who'd got the gout.
So he called six priests,
All nasty beasts,
Who made a terrible noise and rout,
And ordered the people *he's* and *she's*
All to go on their bended knees,
Vowing that if
They were rusty and stiff,
There wasn't a life that was worth a whiff,
But if they would give of their sugars and teas,
Mind their Q's and look after their P's,
Pray to Foh and give tribute to F'um,
There wasn't no harm at all should come.

So straight they brought their sugars and teas,
And every soul went down on his knees,
And made a terrible pother and bother
To lay the leg of the Dewan's mother.

But where is the leg? Alack a day!
Down in a field of rice it lay,
Never again to walk or prance,
Never to swim, and never to dance,
Never to feel the mortal throes
Coming from over-tight walking shoes,
Never to know the misery born
From cutting your toe instead of your corn,
As still as the leg of a turkey or noddy,
After its cut for a month from its body.

And then—What then? Listen!

Six days later—hum—fo—fee,
(The very man who took the teas,
And made the people on their knees
Their money bags and conscience ease,)
This same man, the horrid sinner,
Had a party home to dinner,
And of the dishes rich and rare,
One was quite a dainty there.
Some called it chicken, some thought hare,
This said venison, that one bear,
But whatsoever name it bore,
None had tasted such meat before.

Whence did it come? They called the seller,
A kind of Chinese "Samivel Veller,"
Who being questioned once or twice,
Said he found it in the rice,
And when suspicion had grown hotter,
Confessed it was a lady's trotter.

Alas! in spite of Fo and Buddah,
In cunning sauces made to smother,
They'd eaten the leg of the Dewan's Mother.

GUBERNATORIAL MUNIFICENCE.

Punch has heard what has gladdened his heart. After a few Philosophical individuals on Wednesday last had endeavoured to impress on the mind of the lost Governor General, that one egg was equal to a pound of meat by showering on him that delicious article of domestic consumption, he became fearful lest they might visit him at Monklands and "cook his goose." Having a decided objection to any such proceeding he requested the company of an officer's guard of British Bayonets to afford him protection; in return for which he afforded his protectors the most unbounded hospitality. The sumptuous repast spread before the officers in command, after their pleasant walk of three miles was a deal table and a jug of beer. Punch has not ascertained the quality of the beer but from all His Excellency's proceedings thinks it must have been small. The men fared in a similar manner, but they are soldiers and should be enured to hardships. After the exhiliarating refreshment of an eight hour's watch, the officers and the men were at cock crow marched back to their barracks. Of course on leaving they gave three hearty cheers for the hospitable Governor; who had thus testified his respect for gentlemen holding her Majesty's Commission, and the brave fellows who went to risk their lives in his defence.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

For the last two days the cry of Fire has haunted us that we cannot help recommending the inhabitants of Montreal to form themselves into one vast fire company, one half to be employed in burning the city and the other half in looking on. That accomplished they can then turn artificers, and will be sure of plenty of work and no money.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Although Eggs are active; several smashes have occurred in consequence of exorbitant bills having been presented for acceptance, to the holders. Rotten Eggs in great demand, their odour having been discovered to be useful in removing a nuisance.

TO J. B.

If J. B. who has absented himself from his usual place of business in the City of Montreal, and who has lately come out from England in the employ of Government, but has been detected in passing some bad bills, will return to his disconsolate friends in Scotland, his errors will be forgiven and forgotten by his present employers.

On entering the *Halle de Bonsecours*, Cochon said that the Rebellion Bill had brought the Legislative Pigs to a pretty market.

PUNCH EXTRA,

On the Rebellion Loss Riots, will be published on Saturday next, May the 5th.

Containing Views of the Burning of the Parliament House, and Portraits of Messrs. Montgomery, Mack, Heward, Ferres, and Perry; the Martyrs to their reverence for England's Queen and England's Principles.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—*Gentlemen*,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful *as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable.* I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,
Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.



THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Mon-

treal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

MRS. C. HILL, PROFESSOR OF DANC-

ING, Nos. 18 and 20 St. Jean Baptiste Street.—*Public Classes*, every Monday and Wednesday. *Juvenile Class*, from 4 to 6, P. M. *Adult Class*, from 7 to 10, P. M.

Schools and Private Families attended; Terms and hours made known on application. ☞ Redoaw and Valse à deux Temps Class, on Wednesdays.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—The Subscribers

have established Four Large ICE DEPOTS in different parts of the City, from which they will be enabled to furnish their Customers with the *finest* of Ice at an *early hour in the morning.*

Steamboats, Hotels, and Private Families supplied on moderate terms.

ALFRED SAVAGE & CO.
Montreal, March, 15, 1849. *Chemists and Druggists.*

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THEATRICAL THOUGHTS.....Price, 1s. 3d.
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PORTRAIT PAINTER in Crayons!

—W. F. LOCK, STUDIO, Saint François Xavier Street, between Notre Dame and Great St. James Streets.

PROSPECTUS.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec, *once a fortnight*, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued *once a week.*

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusvely to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

The Terms will be 12s. 6d. per annum, commencing from the 1st of May, single Nos. 3d.

Any person remitting $7 can have 3 copies sent to their address. $11 for 5 copies. $20 for 10 copies.

As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

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John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesecadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

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having secured a fine crop of ICE in excellent condition;—Warranted to keep remarkably cool,—are prepared to take orders to supply Hotels, Vessels and Private Families for the season, on the most reasonable terms.

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Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850 A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

To Booksellers.

All Agents for Punch are respectfully requested to send in their accoount of sales, and remit the amount due, however small. Let them remember that wise saw, of which the accounts of "Punch" present a modern instance, "Mony a mickle mak a muckle."

To Advertisers.

Punch in Canada circulates from Sandwich to Gaspé.—The travelling season is about to commence. Not an Hotel in the Canadas, but Punch will be on the table. Not a steamboat on the rivers or the lakes, but he will perambulate amongst the passengers. Reflect on this, Oh, Advertisers, who seek for support and sustenance from the Bipeds who migrate, and honor Punch and yourselves by inserting your names in his pages

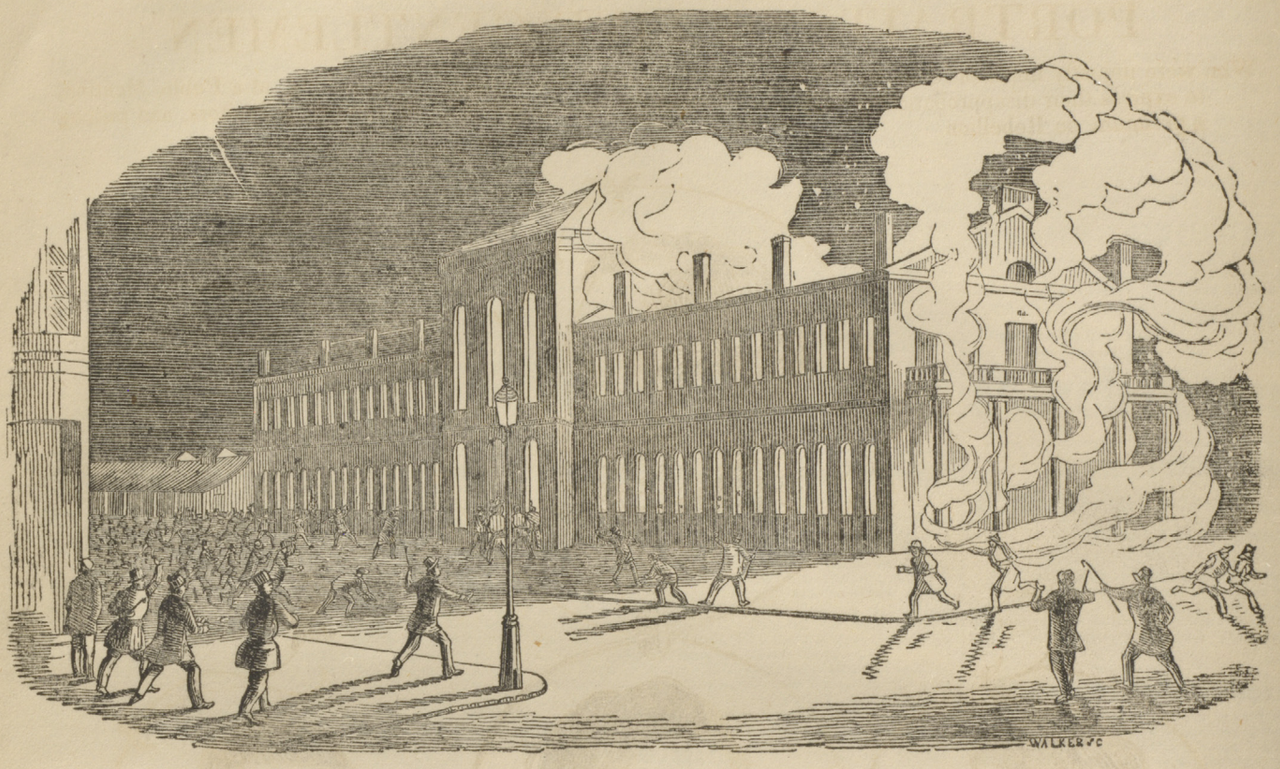
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

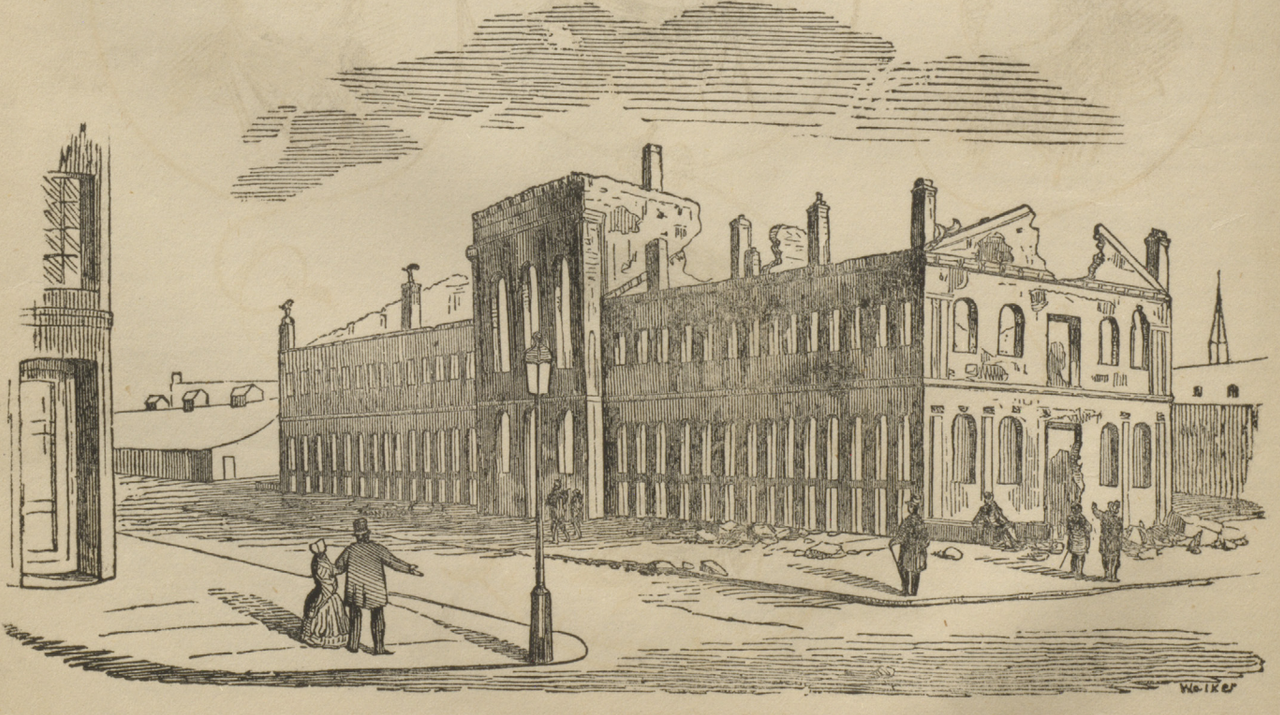
"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*



THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, MONTREAL.

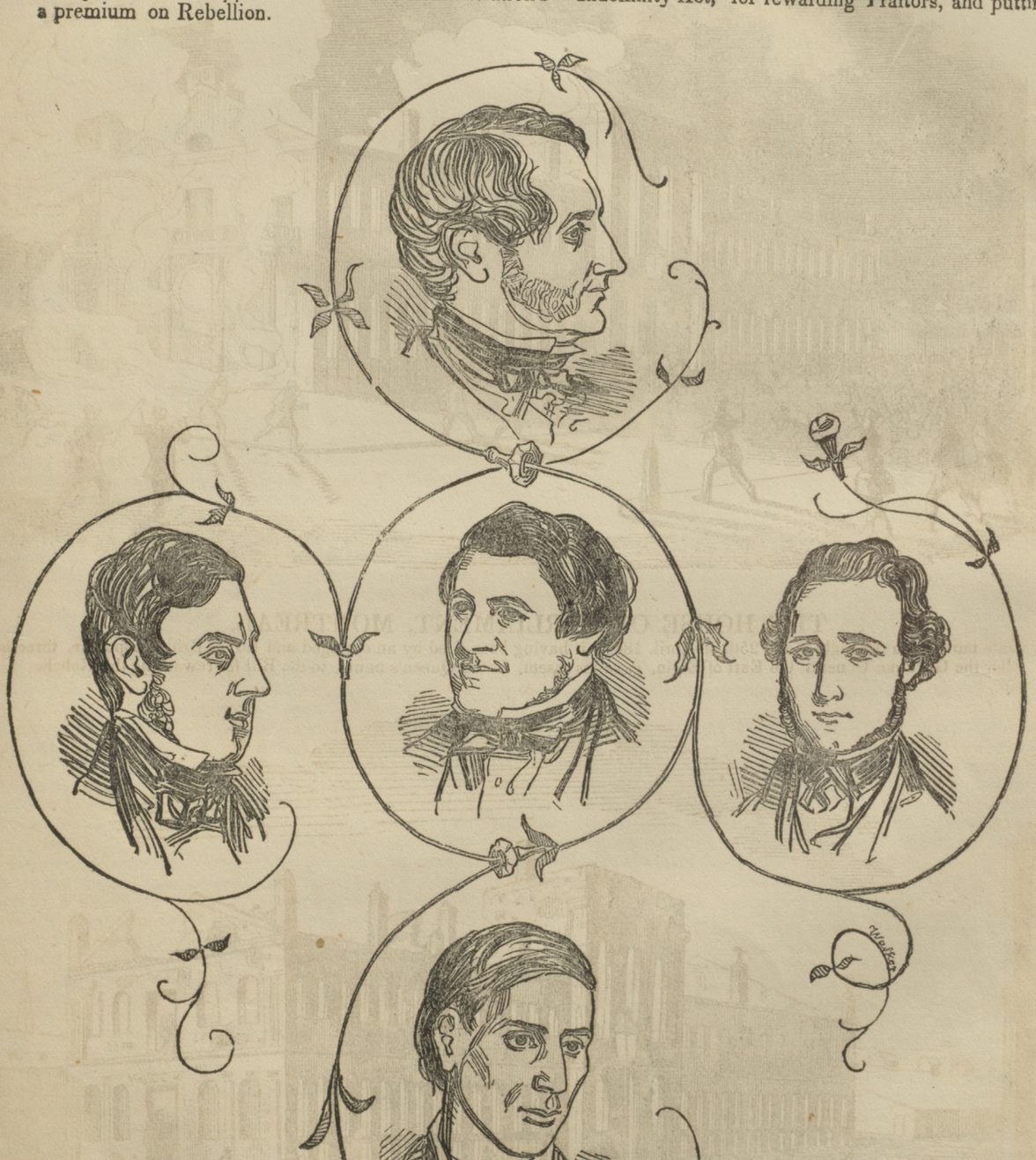
Taken while burning on the night of the 25th of April, 1849; it having been fired by an outraged and Loyal British populace, three hours after the Governor General, the Earl of Elgin, gave his assent, in the Queen's name, to the Bill for rewarding the Rebels.



THE RUINS, *popularly known as the* MODERN ELGIN MARBLES.

PORTRAITS OF FIVE GENTLEMEN

Who were unjustly imprisoned by an arbitrary administration in consequence of presuming, at a Public Meeting, to express their disapprobation of that Administration's "Indemnity Act," for rewarding Traitors, and putting a premium on Rebellion.



H. E. MONTGOMERIE, Merchant.

J. M. FERRES, Editor.
W. G. MACK, Barrister.
ALFRED PERRY, Tradesman.

AUGUSTUS HEWARD, Broker.

THE LATE ILLUMINATION.

Punch, with a friend, sat on the night of the 25th April by a festive board, whose polished surface gave up the representations of vases filled with certain nectarious fluids, particularly gin. With a cigar in his mouth, and thoughts of unutterable facetiousness playing around the hemispheres of his brain, he was about abandoning himself to the unlimited enjoyment of the place and the hour, when the symposium was rudely broken up by Betty, who as she brought up the second kettle of hot water mysteriously remarked, that "there was more fire about to-night than would bile all the hot wather we could conshume for the next twelve month." In good sooth there was a popular commotion at hand, the offspring of the deed of the day, the first-born of the sanctioned Rebellion Bill. And Punch walked forth to watch events, and see how the hand of the dial pointed. On arriving at the scene of action, the first thing that caught his eye and narrowly missed his nose, was a perfect hail-storm of young paving-stones, hurtling thro' the murky night, and crashing their unwelcome way through the windows of the Halls of Assembly into the trembling presence of the Representatives of the People. Then there was a crouching in corners, a dodging behind desks and a rush for the sanctum-sanctorumest part of the House. In the lobby was congregated a motley crew. Amongst the members present Punch had only time to notice the Speaker, Col. Gugy, Mr. Chauveau, Mrs. Belton, Mr. Papineau, Mr. Drum-mond, Madame St. Julien. Mr. Bell, Mr. Badgley and Louise, the "Maid of the Bar." Presently the heated atmosphere but too truly announced the inevitable approach of the devouring element, preceded by Mr. Cauchon in his cap and bells, who, true to his instinct as jester to the House, tumbled convulsively before the flames, giving utterance in his agony to a succession of the most abortive puns—such as comparing the departure of the members in the red glare of the conflagration to "an illuminated mizzle," for which, and some other perpetrations of a similar import, he was promptly bonnetted by a charitable bystander. Rushing now towards the library, with a thousand lights' reflected from the polished excrescences of his cranium, and a volume of his History of Canada clutched in his desperate gripe, the member for Gaspé, with scarcely a gasp left in his body, staggered towards the principal entrance, where he fell fainting into the arms of Mrs. Belton, capsizing her apple-stall, and rolling helplessly to the ground, amid the promiscuous wreck of cigars and oranges. At this juncture the Mace appeared on the stairs, assisted in its descent by a remarkable looking individual in a Mask, who exchanged alternate blows and billings gate with the Sergeant at-Arms, who naturally shewed fight at seeing the child of his earliest affections thus recklessly torn from him by strangers. The Mask triumphed and the Mace was incontinently huddled into a Caleche, and whirled like lightning from the sight of the sorrowing Sergeant. Now the fun became fast and furious, and Punch deemed it prudent to withdraw to the scene without; quite enough having already been seen within; to satisfy the most ardent supporter of Rebellion Losses, of the superior ardor or ardency of their opponents, who should really be taxed in the Tariff as ardent spirits above proof—nobody hitherto in fact having succeeded in proving anything at all about them. Here Punch staggered upon the Editor of the Courier, who, with anxious features and mustachios slightly singed, rushed past in a whirlwind of smoke, with a portion of the Libraries' of both Houses protruding from all his available grasps. The remarkable tranquility of the spectators in the streets struck Punch with a sensation almost approaching to awe; and it forcibly occurred to him on the spot, if the rites he had just witnessed were to be regarded as the funeral obsequies of the Rebellion Bill, the ceremony was certainly conducted with the greatest decency, and a strict regard to the solemnity of the occasion. The gallant Fire Companies played a little on the surrounding buildings' for the amusement of the bye-standers, the troops stood at ease on the various avenues' leading to the scene of vengeance, the fire steadily burned its fury out amongst the records of centuries, until it dwindled to a red and ominous glare from the ghastly eyes of the dead Parliament House—and Punch went to bed in a conflict of emotions, and dreamt of Lafontaine dressed up as Nero, performing melodies on a bewitched violin, over the burning Capitol of an imaginary city.

FORTIFICATIONS AT MONKLANDS.—REVIVAL OF THE FEUDAL AGES.

Arrangements are in progress for fortifying Monklands, so as to convert it into a Castle of Refuge during the remainder of Lord Elgin's sojourn in the Colony. Plates of iron—egg proof—have already been ordered for the windows; the chambermaids have been doubled on the principal landings of the stairs; and at night the vice-regal chest of drawers is run out, and placed against the interior of the door of his Lordship's sleeping apartment, surmounted by the wash-hand stand with its appendages; so that in case of a surprise, the crash of the crockery would at once give the alarm, and bring up the butler—or warder, as he is henceforth to be called—to the rescue.

"What ho, Warder! what seest thou now from yon eastern turret?—descriest thou citywards aught resembling the march of multitudes, or the gathering of tumult?"

"Good my Lord, no: in sooth I do but perceive from out the distance, the advance of an elderly female, clad in the garb of honest industry, who beareth somewhat of a burthen upon her head, and with slow movement gaineth upon the moat of the Castle."

"Haste thee, Warder! raise portcullis and lower draw-bridge, so that the elderly female may enter incontinently into the precincts of our castle. By'r halidome, we love old women, and ever in our councils we have had many of them about us."

"Please thee, my Lord, on a nearer approach I do perceive that the elderly female displayeth an utensil or basket, filled with those dangerous and disgusting missiles, known to the vulgar as eggs."

"Ha! Warder, sayest thou! Treason! without there, ho!—Up with draw-bridge, and down with the portcullis! Assemble the household in the donjon keep, and hang the key of the cellar at thy girdle, lest peradventure, in the confusion, the subalterns of the guard may clandestinely possess themselves of a flagon of wine."

Such is the style and tone of conversation henceforth to be cultivated at Monklands. By carrying the inhabitants of that stronghold back to the feudal ages, it will favor the idea of perfect security so essential to the repose at present sought for by the noble occupant; while the system of total exclusion enforced by the line of circumvallation, will tend to the strict observance of that well-known principle of economy, upon which the *ménage* of the establishment is based.

We understand that the Scotch steward is in treaty with the President of the Shakespere Club, for a characteristic theatrical costume, in which he will, for the future, transact business, as he takes his rounds upon an ambling palfrey: and it is further rumored that Colonel Gugy has presented Mr. Cauchon with a gorgeously decorated cap and bells, upon his promotion from the appointment of Clown to the House of Assembly, to that of Jester at the Moated Castle of Monklands.

A FIT OF THE CRAMP.

Somebody, called "Cramp," writing in a Newspaper of which we have forgotten the name, states that he, "Cramp," knows the man who burned the Parliament House. Now, Punch begs to say, that to *his* knowledge many a worthy fellow while in the water has been seized by "Cramp," for no offence whatever. Was it then the difference of element alone rhat prevented the mysterious individual in question, from enacting his original part of Policeman, by arresting the recognized offender in the midst of the flames? Punch demands enlightenment on this subject, and further, begs to state his conviction that "Cramp" knows nothing at all about the matter. Punch *does* though;—*he* knows the real "Simon Pure;" and at the present moment, the fastest artist that can be procured, is on his track, endeavoring to catch his expression, with a view of bringing him to the block for immediate execution.

Next week then, Punch will have the honor of presenting his public with a portrait of the MAN WHO BURNED THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The Fast Government House clerks are in peace at last. The guard having orders to admit no duns.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The three syllables, our portraits have no allusion to the faint resemblances of our characteristic nose and hunch which decorate alike the walls of the streets and those of the Emperor of China, with whom Punch is a great favorite. Our portraits are those of Messrs. Mack, Montgomerie, Heward, Ferres and Perry, men whose names will be handed down to posterity, by the Canadian Babington Macauley whenever he makes his first appearance and by Punch as the five men who first suffered in the work of socially and politically regenerating the inhabitants of the benighted and lazy province of Canada.

Punch has looked with great care over the columns of the Pilot for information on two points. Firstly why these gentlemen were put into prison and secondly why they were let out. Both of these acts could not be right but being the acts of the people now in power it would be odd if they were not both wrong. Punch has no desire to excite too much sympathy for the sufferings of the "incarcerated ones" but did he condescend to relate the soup, fish, fowl and flesh consumed by the unfortunates, to appease their bodily misery; and the champagne imbibed, to assuage their mental anguish; and the night-mares consequent on lack of exercise; the public mind would know; if the public ever knows what its mind is, that the ancient dormitories of torture were couches of moss compared to Mr. McGinns beds of Horror. But a consolation to their injured innocence must have been the cheering shouts which issuing from the throats of sturdy thousands spoke the sympathy of honest hearts; and told the tale of speedy deliverance; and the cheers of the assembled yeomen when that deliverance was accomplished reached from the jail to the Government House, now the guarded jail of the Administration and caused the leaders of "the majority" to turn pale and tremble: contrasting strongly with the smiling and cheerful faces of the liberated prisoners; who preceded by the "glorious Union Jack" and followed by admiring crowds rode triumphantly through the streets, where the violators of their liberty, dared not show the tips of their noses.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

It has been a subject of great regret with Punch that the reports from the game districts of Upper and Lower Canada, have been anything but satisfactory. But he is delighted to learn that the present Liberal Ministry have, as an after-dinner recreation in this dull city, resolved on providing sport for the amusement of their supporters, The first *Battue* came off opposite Tetu's Hotel, on Wednesday evening last.

PAST AND PRESENT.

His Excellency having failed in *Gull*-ing the Loyalists of Canada, the *Bird*-ensome *Yolks* since *laid* upon him, have seriously effected the stateliness of his *Carriage*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have great pleasure in giving insertion to the following highly important document:

MONTREAL 7th May, 1849.

SIR,

I have the Governor General's kind permission to say that the report in your paper of yesterday, reflecting injuriously upon my character as a gentleman, and upon my honor as a major in the army, are without foundation.

Your obedient Servant,
T. E. CAMPBELL, Major.

To the Editor of the Montreal Gazette.

MONTREAL 7th May, 1849.

SIR,

I beg most emphatically to assure you that since I have been in this country, I have never once thought or spoken of local politics nor do I now know what all the existing agitation is about. Most assuredly, if it be caused by the treason rewarding Bill, all I can say is, that I have no opinion as to the wisdom or justice of the measure. I have never spoken of it to my brother nor he to me. My brother's views, I would say, were about as clear as my own on that subject; and he may have expressed them to Mr. LaFontaine, but I should hardly think he had gone so far with any one else. You will be good enough, therefore, to make known my share in this business, in your next issue, as I am exceedingly desirous of not being misunderstood just now.

I remain, Sir,
Your Obt. Servant,
R. BRUCE.

To the Editor of the Montreal Gazette.

CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS.

A member of the City Council has given notice of an amendment to the Bye-law, respecting the safe keeping of Lucifer matches, so as to bring within its provisions members of Parliament and particularly Cabinet ministers, all of whom it is now admitted, should be stored in incombustible cases.

An Alderman goes farther, and proposes that articles of this description should be considered as gunpowder, and admitted into the City only under a license from the British authorities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline answering the following question.

"Don't you think that the floating capital of the Swimming Club, might be made available for giving buoyancy to the Shakspeare Club?"

Punch, No. 9,

Will be Published, on SATURDAY, the 19th Instant, and will contain a PORTRAIT of the

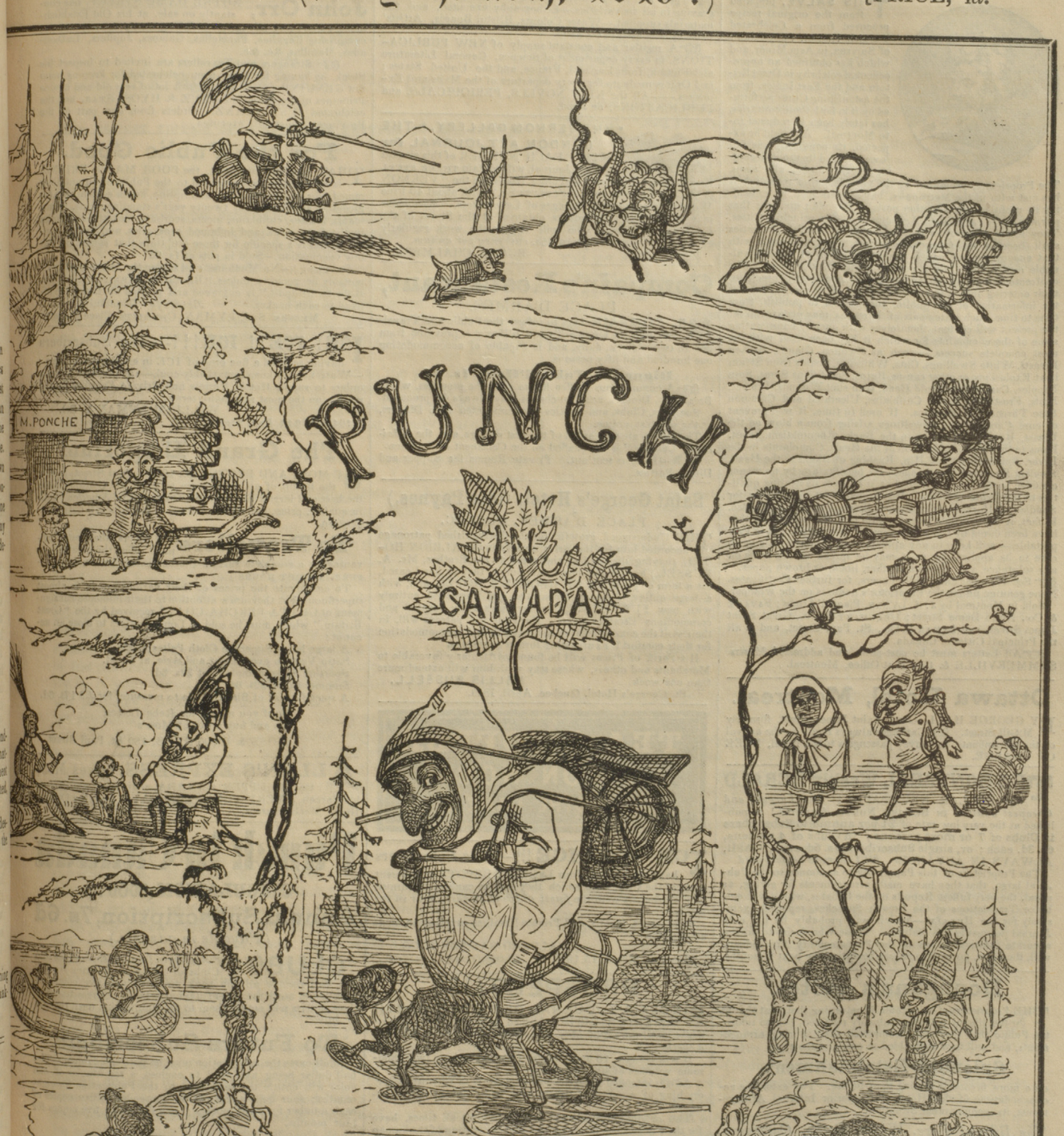
MAN WOT FIRED THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Punch having discovered the Incendiary, and his artist having drawn a faithful likeness, the traitor, with the assistance of Punch's executioner or engraver will be brought to the block. Punch will also Publish a fine PORTRAIT of

THE HEN WOT LAID THE EGGS!

REMOVAL.—B. DAWSON avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 9.] (May the 19th, 1849!) [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

PUNCH (IN CNAADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

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THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel.

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY as Book-keeper.

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THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—The Subscribers

have established Four Large ICE DEPOTS in different parts of the City, from which they will be enabled to furnish their Customers with the *finest* of Ice at an *early hour in the morning.*

Steamboats, Hotels, and Private Families supplied on moderate terms.

ALFRED SAVAGE & CO.

Montreal, March, 15, 1849. *Chemists and Druggists.*

PROSPECTUS.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec. *once a fortnight*, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued *once a week.*

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusvely to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

The Terms will be 12s. 6d. per annum, commencing from the 1st of May, single Nos. 3d.

Any person remitting $7 can have 3 copies sent to their address. $11 for 5 copies. $20 for 10 copies.

As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesenadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada.*

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ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---The Subscribers

having secured a fine crop of ICE in excellent condition;—Warranted to keep remarkably cool,—are prepared to take orders to supply Hotels, Vessels and Private Families for the season, on the most reasonable terms.

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OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
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A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

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Punch in Canada

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Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

[CONCLUSION.]

THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.

THE NEWEST EDITION OF A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

MY DEAREST NIECE,

WE have now arrived at an important consideration, viz: a proper regard for your own interests. On this point, I must offer you some advice. Not that I think young ladies are generally insensible to their own welfare, for I have lately observed in numerous families a delicate and systematic prudence edifying to behold. But the sentiment is expressed with rare beauty and pathos, by one of our elder didactic poets, and it conveys with exquisite force, what ought to be the guiding principle of our conduct. It runs—"Number one is the first law of nature." Some skill however is required in the practical adherence to this golden rule, for it is by no means agreeable to be accused of meanness and selfishness, language, which many weak men are often in the habit of applying, to what is only a justifiable sense of one's merits.

Therefore get all you can and give nothing away, gratify every wish, at the expense of the dearest friend. Lend nothing but never refuse a request, without the strongest expressions of regret, that you cannot grant, what you have been asked. This line of conduct is only necessary to people who may be of use to you—a mere relation, should receive summary treatment, and ought to be told at once you do not like such liberties. On the other hand never hesitate to borrow when you are in want, even from a person whom you are in the habit of abusing Unnecessary caution concerning what is lent to you is foolish;—and never inconvenience yourself by a too speedy restitution. Should you by accident happen to lose what has been lent to you take no notice of the matter. Shew that you have forgotten it, for the probability is, if your friend has any delicacy she will never ask you for her property: and the longer the time which elapses before you are reminded of the loan, the more easily you can get out of the scrape. Should your friend have some regard for the trinket beyond its intrinsic value, and gently remind you that you have it, reply by thinking you have returned it and by promising to look for it. With strangers be always in the best of humours, and reserve your ill-temper for your own family. At home be as querulous and as listless as you can, grumble eternally, and if you are asked to oblige others of the family, either do not do so at all—or comply in such a manner, that the party shall be quite sensible of the obligation. Be ready at all times to talk of yourself and your prospects, for you may be certain, that you are so important a personage, no topic of conversation can be more agreeable.

In your love affairs, for of course you will have them, never allow your heart to prompt you. Look what a man has, rather than what he is, marry to see company not to obtain a companion. Be the first to find out the ridiculous points in the character of the man who is courting you, and join others in laughing at him. Always have a certain number of hangers-on, because as you must have seen "one fool makes many." If you should be so unfortunate as to get entangled in an engagement and a richer man asks your hand, rebuke the impertinence of the first suitor should he be foolish enough to suppose you intend to keep your word. Snub him with a proper dignity and send him about his business—be sure however that your new beau is really tied to you, for it would be an awful thing after jilting another to get jilted yourself.

I have already said something about your reading, but the matter is of very secondary importance. I may as well say, if you have any leisure time I do not object to your studying those true pictures of life—the Wandering Jew and the Mysteries of Paris—or some of the immortal works of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds of London. You there find subjects for meditation, and a fund of religious and instructive reading not to be met in the English classics. As to histories and such balderdash nobody ever talks about them here, and the majority of your friends see little difference between Alexander Pope, and Pope Alexander. Sufficient for you to be the pure, generous souled maiden, I have endeavored to make you, intent upon looking well in your bonnet, and desirous of an affectionate husband who can give you a rich one to look well in.

And for the present, my dear niece, this is the last letter I shall write you. It is somewhat bitter to say "good bye," nevertheless we have to repeat those words of sad import every week of our lives. But I have this to say before we part. If you have any bosom friends whom you desire to read my letters, you have my consent to shew them. For the perusal will do no harm. None of us are perfect, even you whose eye rests upon these lines may have felt a quicker tingling of the cheek as you have looked at Aunt Judy's letters. If so, think of the old woman's advice, and extract good from it. She has put it to paper, with a far sadder spirit than one would discover, and like most people who give advice will get little thanks for her trouble. Let that pass, time works wonders and the modern Mrs. Chapone may not have been written in vain. And so says adieu,

Your affectionate friend and adviser.

JUDY.

SYMPATHY FOR THE GOVERNOR.

Our "*well beloved*" Governor General has received several addresses from "sympathisers" expressive of regret that his Lordship should have suffered such ignominious treatment at the hands of an indignant public, and hoping that if his Lordship is compelled to retire from his "responsibility" he will not think of returning to "*bonny* Scotland," but show his attachment to Canada and the French Canadians, by assuming the "*bonnet* rouge." The tradesmen at Montreal are determined to vie with each other in endeavoring to induce his Lordship to remain, and have declared their intention of selling all goods to his Excellency "under first cost," with the praiseworthy motive of enabling him to carry out that system of economy for which he is so flatteringly distinguished, and which will be doubly necessary as soon as his Lordship *resigns* the *paltry* seven thousand ayear salary, which he receives.

We insert the following, which by some accident, have been omitted from the *Official Gazette*:

"M. Compain, Place D'Armes, a l'honneur de prevenir Mi Lord Elgin qu'il se trouvera bien servi à son etablissement. Il peut commander un bon potage au choux, trois plats, avec pain a discretion, et une pinte de demi-et-demi, enfin, il pourra parfaitment avoir des sacs souffles* pour un schelling. La societe est tres comme-il-faut, et on nedonne rien au garcon.

*French idiom—"He will be able to blow his bags out."

Madame St. Julien begs leave to express to Lord Elgin her deep regret at the present critical state of his Lordship's position: and feeling that it behoves every lady situated as she is, to endeavor to assuage, as much as possible, the awkward predicament into which his Lordship will shortly be thrown, begs to say that as her boarding house is in a cheerful part of the town and very convenient to the river (in case his Lordship should feel disposed to depart suddenly from the city) she will be happy to receive his Excellency on moderate terms, when an ungrateful province shall induce his retirement from office. Her establishment is chiefly composed of the French members—(addicted to short pipes and very bad tobacco) who will be proud to have the society of a Nobleman of his Lordship's economical habits. The dinner table is particularly well furnished, and a rubber is generally got up every evening, at which Lord Elgin could play long penny points if he wished it."

My Lord,—Probably your cellars will be full of Choke-damp when the door is opened, from long disuse and confined air. I have been accustomed to descend dangerous wells and shafts, and will undertake the job at a moderate price, should you labor under any temporary pecuniary embarrassment in paying me, I shall be happy to take it out in your wine, which I should think had been *some years in bottle.*

Your Lordshp's most humble servant.



A LAYE OF EGGES.

"LAID BEFORE YE GOVERNOUR IN COUNCILLE."

Ye Earle hath a dismalle dreame.

To the land of dreames asarre,
The Earle in trance hath spedde—
That nyghte the Earlys starre
Hadde sette in a halo redde—
And the fancies that round him thronge,
Grotesque and grimme to see,
Are photographed in features stronge
By the lyghte of memorye.
As towne and tower and lake
Beneath the evenyinge raye,
Tone of fire take
Neverre seene by daye,
So the hue of the vysions that rounde us flytte
In the dedde of the nyghte when dreames are rife,
Is bronzed or gilte by the passynge fytte
Of the lyghtes or shades of our real life.

And fancieth himselfe a great panne-cake, compounded of egges.

And so it came of egges
The Early's dreame was caste,
And hee didde change to a panne-cake strange
At some uncouthe repaste.
A panne-cake sadde in plyghte,
Simmeryinge all in batter,
And flatter himselfe as hee myghte,
Hee flatter felt and flatter:
Done marvellously browne,
In a moste unpleasant stew,
Right in the mydste of a populous towne
With thousands arounde to view.
And mynisters tossed him here and there—
Frightfulle cookes with dreddefulle glee—
Till the flatte cake vanished in murky air,
And the vysion passed—but where was hee?

But presently hee becometh reformed backe to himselfe, and on a faste nyghte-mare hath a terrible revelation.

Rushinge, Rushinge alonge,
On a steede of elfin forme,
Saddle-less, bridle-less, wylde and stronge
As the spirit of the storme.
Through the gloome of nyghte,
Onward and on they whirl—
That pacer rare, is the wylde nyghte-mare,
And her rider is the Earle;
Who stylle on reeking rybbes
Raineth of blows a shower,
With quickened stroke lyke an angry clocke,
Spurryinge the fleetinge hour.
But paynfulle was that midnyghte ryde,
No syghte was it to cause moche laughter,
And of that speede, hee hadde full neede,
For what is shee that followeth after?

Of a mightye henne and her spectoralle broode—ghostes of ye departed chickens of ye 30th of Aprille.

Bearing uponne his flyghte,
Like estridge of the plaine,
With dredde unearthly myghte
A henne of horrour came.
And lo! a dusky column
Followeth in her wake,
Filling the nyghte with a chorus solemn,
As ghostlye chickens mighte make—
The spirits of blyghted fowle
Crushed in the parent shelle,
What time the thronge, or righte or wronge,
Uponne the Earle it felle:
Their bills were all Rebellion Bills
Openyng for their preye,
And their eyes were bryghte with a deadly lyghte,
Worse than the chickens of daye—
I'd not have stoode that shockynge broode
For all the Governovr's paye.

And finally ye Earle being transformed to a Henne, getteth terribly snubbed by ye people.

Cluck! cluck! cluck!
Ringeth that fearfulle songe,
As cheeke by jowle the fiend fowle
Rush with the Earle alonge.
That flyghte on featherless wing,
Was syghte of dredde to see,
No mortal sure maye longe endure
Such fearfulle agonye.
But sudden passed that scene,
The fowlys changed to menne;
With clamour stylle the air they fylle,
And the Earle hee was a Henne:
To whom there cried in dismalle howle
A jeerynge voice from the movynge hoste—
"*You've hatched the Egge of Turmoyle Foule*
But you cannot Laye the Ghoste!"



The Man wot fired the Parliament House!



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Punch is confidentially informed that the carters and cabmen of Montreal, and the members of the Legislative Council, in consequence of the serious interruption to their usual business, have petitioned Mr. Justice Smith, to be permitted to undergo an examination for admission to the learned profession of the law. His Honor has kindly consented to view the application favorably, and suggested the names of a Grocer's Clerk and the Book-keeper of a Tea Warehouse, as examiners. The place appointed for the examination, is M'Tavish's Barn, off Sherbrooke Street. A subscription has been opened to defray the expenses of the usual complimentary remarks in the Montreal papers, as to capacity and erudition. One of the Members of the Legislative Council, gave a draft upon the Inspector General for the amount of his subscription.

PUNCH'S MOURNING REGULATIONS.

IN consequence of the doubt and uncertainty which exist in the minds of numerous friends and relatives, respecting the time during which mourning ceremonies are to be observed, Punch is induced to publish the following hints, which, it is hoped, will be found serviceable to all interested.

FOR A DEARLY-BELOVED MOTHER.—Under these melancholy circumstances, the bereaved mourner should be seen for three days at least, in tears, with a white cambric handkerchief deeply edged with lace, in her hands. The hair should be slightly disordered, and an air of wildness is recommended in the manner. Frequent allusions may be made to "dear departed mama" and the "saint in heaven," and the sight of the "saints" picture ought to be conspicuously placed in the sitting room. At the end of a week, the tears may be discontinued, and the usual head-dress resumed. The ninth day, the portrait may be removed to the back parlour or bed-room, on its way to the lumber closet. If black becomes the mourner, it may be worn for three months—if unbecoming, half that time is sufficient. Under very afflictive circumstances, as where an annuity expired with the deceased—six months is not unusual. During the whole of this period, it was formerly usual to suspend attendance at public amusements, but modern practice is against this. As a general rule, the custom now is, not to dance for a fortnight after a very valued relative has been put out of sight, and it would certainly excite attention to be seen at the theatre on the night of the funeral.

FOR A DEAR PAPA.—For a "dear, dear, kind, good papa," the observances may be the same as for a "dearly beloved mother." In the case of a "stingy papa," 25 per cent. discount is generally allowed. Where "papa" has been "extravagant" or "unfortunate in business," or has "spent nearly all dear mama's money," a larger reduction even, will be promptly allowed. If "papa" has been "nobody" all his life, as is often the case, no notice should be taken of his demise, as it is very provoking of him to die at all, and creates a great deal of confusion and unpleasantness in the family.

FOR AN AFFECTIONATE SISTER OR BROTHER.—If the deceased was young, no notice need be taken, but you may allude to the fact, by observing to your partner at the next ball, that "it was a great mercy" that James or Euphemia is "much better off," that you wish you "had died young," that "the world is full of vanities," and so on. If it is a married sister or brother in fashionable life, mourning should be worn for a month. For a poor sister who has made a bad match, it is generally considered sufficient, to send a few yards of black ribbon to the orphans, and a second-hand black coat, as a mark of sympathy to the bereaved husband.

For a grandmother or grandfather, (with a legacy) considerable attention to outward circumstances is required; without a legacy, a piece of black crape round the hat, or for a female, very slight half mourning is sufficient.

In the cases of aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, cousins, &c., no general rule seems to prevail. *Punch* once knew deep mourning to be worn for an uncle, but it was by a poor servant girl, and cannot be given as a precedent. At Slapem's funeral the other day, there were three strangers in black, but on enquiry, it turned out that it was the undertaker, his assistant, and the surgeon. It is usual to wear black crape round your hat, for a relative or friend, when the latter article is getting shabby, but not otherwise. Black gloves, when given gratuitously, may be worn, but *Punch* has observed that the description of article so furnished, is always of the worst kind, doubtless to illustrate the melancholy truth of the speedy decay of all earthly things. In these cases, however, every thing must be left to the good taste and fancy of the mourner, who will bear in mind, that as it is not improbable that he may be some day buried himself. He should be careful not to introduce any vulgar or unfashionable practice.

LEGAL DANCING.

It is understood that Mr. Solicitor General Drummond has danced several hornpipes on his Commission since the burning of the Parliament Buildings. The last time he was seen performing this curious feat was at Tetu's Hotel, armed with a carving knife and an empty cider bottle. Mr. Solicitor General Blake, with great gravity remonstrated with his learned friend, reminding him that he was carrying the joke too far. Whereupon Mr. Drummond hoped the Company would consider what had there passed as strictly confidential, and begged them to believe that he never meant this dancing on his Commission, in any other than in a Pick-wickian and Parliamentary sense. (Hear, hear, from the Waiters.)

FIGS DO NOT GROW ON THISTLES.

It has just occurred to Punch, that there is something strangely and ominously coincident between a portion of the style and title of His Excellency the Governor General, and the circumstances in which he is now placed—for how remote, although obvious, is the association of ideas between a *Knight of the Thistle* and a *Bed of Roses*.

OUR MARBLES.

"Some men achieve greatness."—*Shakspeare.*

When the father, "canny mon,"
Plundered piece of sculptured stone
Little dreamed he, that his son
Would have a ruin of his own.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!!

Another negative has been added to the cry of the Canuckian Cuckoos! it is now, "No lois; no institutions; no langue, et no Soldats."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.S.S.—There *is* such a Journal as "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," but Punch will not take upon himself to affirm that it is edited by the Learned Pig.

PUNCH ON EVIDENCE.

In the Cavalry, at the Battle of Goojrat, was an officer who must be deemed for ever disqualified to give evidence in a British Court of Law. His name appears in the list as follows: "Cavalry.—Brigadier J. B. Hearsay, commanding." Every one knows that hearsay evidence is never received in well regulated Courts at home.

AMERICAN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A great spelling reform is now going on in the United States: Noah Webster's next edition of the Yankee English Dictionary, out of compliment to Canada and Lord Elgin, "its last Governor," will spell the significant word "Annexation," as follows:—
AN-EGGS-ATION,

LETTERS OF PUNCH IN CANADA No. 6.

My dear Blake,

The phrase "a peculiar preparation of coolness," used by you in your late explanation of that very unparliamentary and decidedly intemperate pass of Billingsgate which took place in the House between you and my esteemed friend Col. Gugy, requires a little consideration and some comment. "A peculiar preparation of coolness," negatively, and as you yourself applied it, has reference to nothing so directly as to her Majesty's Solicitor General West. "A peculiar preparation of coolness, affirmatively, and as Punch will be likely to apply it when summer sets in, has a pointed applicability to a much more palatable compound—being suggestive of Sherry-Cobbler; not that I would recommend you to follow my example in the occasional though moderate use of stimulating beverages. Quite the reverse. Your habits, fortunately for yourself and for those with whom you are hourly brought in contact, are strictly temperate, in a vinous sense. Glad would I be could I say as much for your language as a Legislator, and for your manners as a member of that House, where the conventional courtesies of civilized life *ought* to be observed as decorously as in the domestic drawing-room of private society. That the want of such suavity should become a feature of our Colonial House of Commons, is as much to be regretted as it has, of late, and that not unfrequently, been exhibited there. And I must candidly tell you, my dear Blake, that since your occupation of a seat in that House, the feature referred to has increased in prominency to a very considerable extent, threatening at times to become a carbuncle upon the face of Canada only to be cured by the judicious lancet of Punch. Besides Blake, you are strangely inconsistent, and for an Irish-man very unartistical in your mode of treating such affairs as that which has suggested these remarks. "Sealing with your blood" is a beautiful and figurative phrase lately used by you in your anxiety to express firmness of conviction. "Quivering on a daisy" is also a beautiful and pastoral figure of speech, originating, I think, with the last generation of your Galway countrymen, and meant playfully to express the position to which any one of your Conanaught ancestor's would have reduced the Gugy of his immediate circle, if unpleasantly contradicted by him with half so strong an expression as that launched at you by the fiery Gugy of our affections. But the daisies are not grown that will be flattened by the fall either of Her Majesty's Solicitor General West, or of his opponent, at the orthodox distance of twelve paces, and therefore you should abstain from vainly sporting your "seal of blood," leaving such phrases to the poetical recorder of "deeds of arms," and the bowie-knife swaggerers of the South. I do not want you to have recourse to the now antiquated appeal to arms, the "exploded" pistol of your ancestors. Far be it from Punch to advocate the revival of unreasonable prejudice: but your march of improvement should be consistent, and your tenacity in observing the usages of decorum should keep pace, *passibus æquis*, with the very commendable disinclination which you have shewn towards being held up to public admiration as "The Man for Galway."

Ponder well upon these rapid, but sincere remarks, and believe me, my dear Blake.

Truly yours,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

HURRA FOR ST. DENIS!

The habitants of St. Denis, the renowned St. Denis, the focus of the rebellion in 1837 and '38; the village in which Dr. Wolfred Nelson became immortal by fighting, and Louis Joseph Papineau became ditto by running away; have presented an address to His Excellency the Governor General expressing their profound approbation that he has given his assent to the bill for rewarding Rebels. They thank him for promoting their interests: for paying them for their wickedness and folly. And this is a great ministerial triumph! A number of men return thanks for money being taken out of the pockets of others and snugly lodged in their own. Great triumph! Wonderful habitants of St. Denis! But they have gone farther. To express their gratitude each and every one is to have the portrait of the just Governor hung up in their shanty's. Punch will contract to supply these portraits at 4d each. Patriots of St. Denis! give your orders.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

Mr. Solicitor General West, who, for some time, has been greatly troubled with indigestion of public proceedings, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered. On Tuesday last, his appetite returned to him, and he made a hearty meal. Amongst other savory morsels, he eat his own words with some of Gugy's Sauce.

HOW TO CLEAR THE TRACK.

With profound regret for the incapacity of the present Administration to prevent the riotous and lawless British people of Canada from evincing their stupid determination not to be taxed to pay Rebels; Punch offers to their notice his plan to attain the end they so much desire. If carried into effect, Punch will expect a statue to be erected to his memory should he ever die, and a pension for his body while living.

PUNCH'S PLAN.

Solicitor General Blake has justly earned the appellation of Bobodil and as such by act of Punch, he shall be henceforth known. Let him then in imitation of his renowned prototype rid Canada of the British "by computation."

Let Ministerial feeds be got up ten times a day under his auspices: let the windows of the Hotels in which they are held be opened: let toasts be proposed and speeches made abusing everybody and everything opposed to the opinions of the speakers: let derisive cheers be given to excite the British who of course will collect on these occasions; at each dinner shoot fifty: ten dinners a day: Fifty at each dinner: five hundred a day: three thousand five hundred a week: for let the work go bravely on even on the Sabbath; on the well known principle that "the better the day the better the deed." Three thousand five hundred a week; fourteen thousand a month; one hundred and sixty eight thousand a year! This is easily done. Let decisive and prompt action be taken in this matter, shoot one hundred and sixty-eight of the boasting British in one year: and their business is done, and the business of Canada will be done at the same time, for the British are the only men of business in the Colony. Rush for rifles; prig pistols; borrow blunderbusses, commence the good work; and in the language of an illustrious man who lived in times scarcely less exciting than the present, "Put your trust in Heaven and keep your powder dry."

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Fire! fire!! fire!!! It cannot be
That fire shall have the mastery.
Who is he can hope to chain
The fearful, fierce, devouring flame,
That tells the utmost earth can know
Of what are demon scenes below;
And scatters mids't the live or dead
The ashes it alone can spread.
Though servile slave! at times 'twill be
That fire shall have the mastery;
When Heaven's winds do howl and groan
For causes known to Heaven alone.
But may not man in abject state
'Gainst all that Heaven could animate,
Decree that Treason's fair and good. That stain
Is wiped away alone by flame,
And justly leaves to Rebel name
A blackened pile and ruined fane.

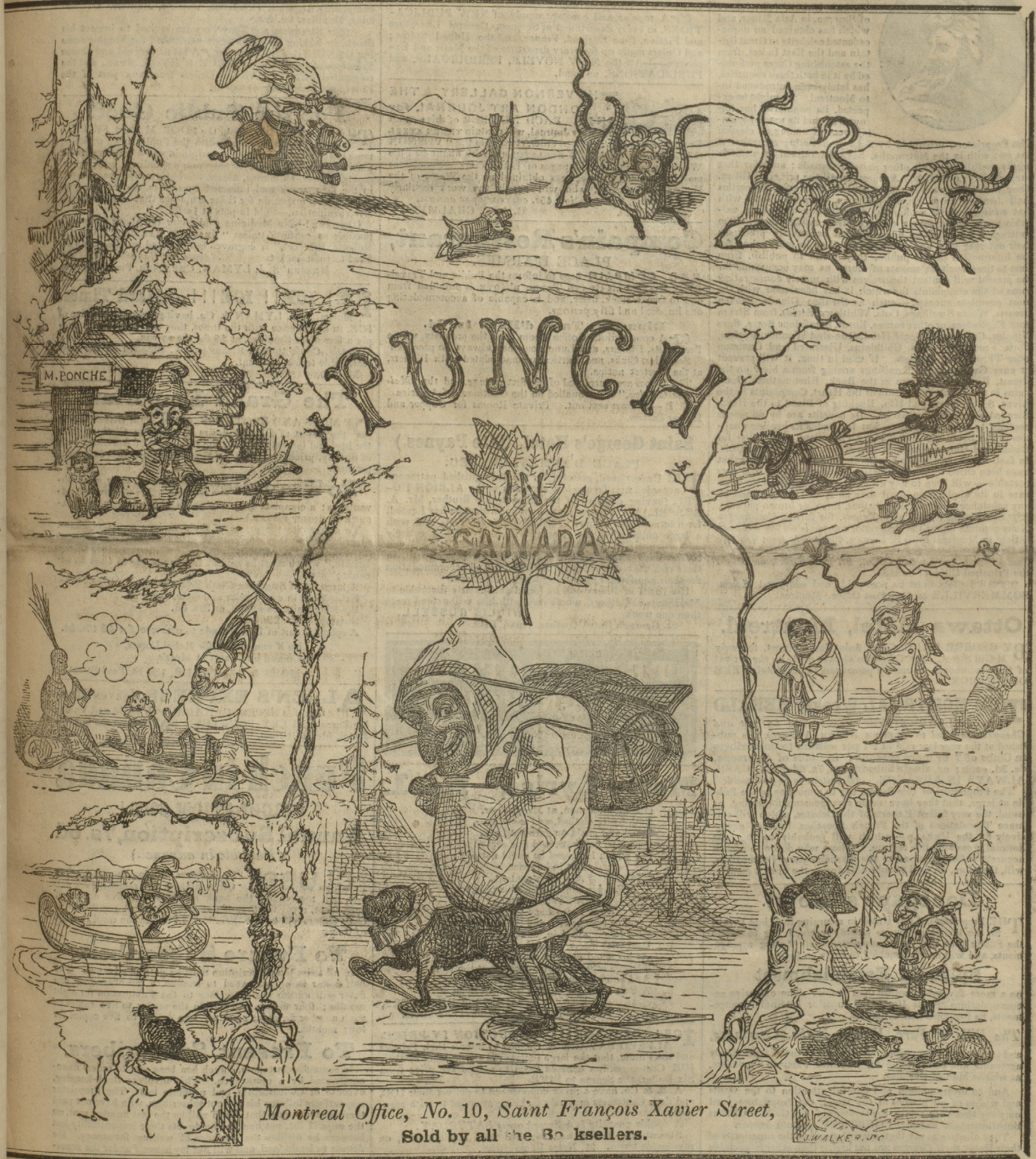
COURT CIRCULAR.

We have it on the best authority, that His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, is to be elevated to the British Peerage, under the style and title of Marquis of Omelette.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DeWALDEN, at his Office, No. 3, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

REMOVAL.—B. DAWSON avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, here he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 10.] (June the 2nd, 1849!) [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success, — such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of **$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each,** CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD — which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel.

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.



THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisive*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B —Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.* ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850 A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

We give below the speech reported in the *Official Gazette* as that delivered by the commander of the Forces on the prorogation of Parliament. Punch of course although invisible, was in his place in the House while the gallant General was speaking words which the hearts of members felt were at variance with the truth. Punch whispered to their consciences, and each and every one went home fully impressed that he had listened to the words recorded below.

SPEECH, AS UNDERSTOOD:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The Governor General not seeing fit to be made a cock-shy of has deputed me to receive the cheers of a loyal people, who will not evince their regard to their Sovereign by bestowing them on him. You have done much harm and little good. You may therefore depart to your homes and relieve the Province from the burden of paying you four dollars a day: at the same time relieving the Receiver General of a large amount of Debentures; which in this instance I wish were at a discount of fifty per cent, and then you would get more than you deserve.

In performing this duty, I beg to thank you for the manner in which you have blackguarded each other during the session; thus shewing the high sense you entertain of each others worth. I have also to congratulate you that in spite of the efforts of Her Majesty's Sol.-Gen. West; that no lives have been lost in the Legislative riots, but that many self important men have been enabled securely to make fools of themselves.

I know that the steps which the Imperial Parliament is now taking for the removal of your profits into the pockets of the owners of foreign shipping, will lead you to look to those who reap those profits to complete the old, and construct new railways and canals; and thus give to Canada the advantages of capital which Great Britain will not give, and a ready access to all markets.

Gent'emen of the Assembly,

I thank you in Her Majesty's name for nothing, having as I conscientiously believe, nothing to thank you for.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen,

I deplore the excesses which have been lately committed in this city; the waste of the people's food, so lavishly bestowed upon me in the shape of eggs; and the destruction of the building appropriated for the sittings of the Legislature. It is satisfactory however, to observe that these proceedings meet with no sympathy from the Rebels of '37 and '38, who it was my intention to reward for their rebellion.

You will not fail, I trust, on your return to your homes, to mention this fact and make the cry of "The Bruce" useful in the coming elections; let the people understand that questions involving the first principles of rightful government are to be brought forward, and carried without their sentiments being previously ascertained; that they, believing your professions at the hustings, shall elect you to serve God; but shall not grumble when they discover that you serve Mammon; that peace and order are indispensable to the progress of good government: but bad Governor's and bad Governments desire that peace and order should reign that they may carry into effect measures subversive of Justice; repugnant to common sense, and degrading to all men who submit to their coming into operation.

It is my earnest prayer that such measures may never come into operation in Canada.

SPEECH, AS REPORTED:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,

The Governor General not seeing fit to be present on this occasion, has deputed me to signify to you Her Majesty's pleasure on the several Bills which you have passed, and to relieve you from further attendance in this place. In performing this duty, I beg to thank you for the zeal and assiduity which you have evinced during a session unusually laborious and protracted, and to congratulate you on the many important measures which you have been unable to perfect.

I trust that the steps which the Imperial Parliament is now taking for the removal from the Statute Book of those provisions which check the resort of foreign shipping to the ports of the Province in search of freight, together with the measures which you have adopted for completing the Provincial Canals and encouraging Railways, will tend to increase traffic on the St. Lawrence, and to give the produce of Canada more ready access to distant markets.

Gentlemen of the Assembly,

I thank you in Her Majesty's name for the supplies which you have voted for the public service, and for maintaining the credit of the Province.

Honorable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen,

I deplore the excesses which have been lately committed in this City, the outrages of which the Queen's Representative has been the object—and the destruction of the building appropriated for the sittings of the Legislature. It is satisfactory, however, to observe that these proceedings meet with no sympathy from the people of Canada, who have availed themselves of the occasion to come forward in large numbers to renew the assurance of their loyalty to the Queen and attachment to the Constitution of the Province. You will not fail, I trust, on your return to your homes, to exert your influence to allay excitement—to inculcate respect for law, and the decisions of Parliament—and to promote feelings of mutual confidence and brotherly love between the inhabitants of all classes—you will thus render an important service to your country; for peace and order are indispensible to its progress, and to the success of the various measures which you have passed for its moral and material welfare. It is my earnest prayer, that God may bless your endeavors, and continue the protection which he has hitherto, in so signal a manner, vouchsafed to Canada.

GREAT BANQUET.

Mr. John Tully, on his confidential appointment to secret service, entertained a select party at his Castle in Griffintown. We observed that Mr. LaFontaine was absent, he having differed with his colleagues as to the propriety of the appointment, and was "too disgust" to attend. It was reported that the Hon. Inspector General was present; but as he was in New York at the time, we can scarcely think it probable. Mr. Blake came armed with an offensive tongue but harmless pistols, and Mr. Drummond wore his celebrated pumps with iron heels, in which he is wont to perform his favorite dance upon the Queen's Commission. Dr. Dill, who had just arrived as a deputation from the inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary, with an address expressing their approbation of the Governor General's conduct and their entire and unlimited confidence in his Ministry, was an honored guest; and declared, that to support the cause, he would do anything or anybody. Every arrangement was made to do honor to the Press, and at a late hour in the evening, the *Minerve* was sent home on a stretcher; which, we regret to say, is not an unusual occurrence. The Banquet passed with no disturbance, excepting a slight quarrel got up by Mr. Blake, but as that was expected, it excited no surprise. Everybody was toasted, and, of course, everybody was drunk, and the guests returned to their homes delighted with the beer and benevolence of the future Wellington of Canada.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE

"BALL TICKETS."

The following letters have been handed to us for insertion; and we are authorized to state that the *quæstio vexata* of the ball tickets is henceforth and forever "gone to its nest."

MONKLANDS, 26th May, 1849.

My dear Gibson,—Will you excuse my familiarity?—I am sure you will; for the same goodness of heart which actuated you in fobbing our family tin for the benefit of your very excellent Charitable Fund, is doubtless the motive power by which you are hourly propelled along the rail-road of social relations. What a capital letter that was of yours, dated the 23rd instant! I have done nothing but read it ever since; and after having studied it for six and thirty hours on a stretch, without taking a wink of sleep, or partaking of the slightest refreshment during that space of time, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is not only a regular smasher, but one of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of a rejoinder. I take up my pen, therefore, not with a view to reply, but rather to record my congratulation at your having so successfully stood forth as the champion of the highly respectable St. Andrew's Society. But I have dilated sufficiently on this subject. What is your private opinion of the New Horse Police?—talking of ball tickets reminds me of them; and I am authorised to say that His Excellency wishes particularly to have your opinion on the subject, as well as to cultivate your acquaintance in a general way; expense, on this particular occasion, being no object whatever. Will you then dine with us on Sunday next at 7? Don't say no. By the bye "Fergusson," of whom you speak so often in your delightful letters, does not lodge here. *Au revoir*, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,
(Signed,) ROBERT BRUCE,
Lieut.-Col. Mil. Sec.

P. S.—Of course you will answer this letter,—and may I ask if you will have any objection to seeing our correspondence in the columns of Punch? I have interest enough to get it inserted, as the eminent individual just named, is rather favorably disposed towards me, than otherwise.

R. B.

JAMES GIBSON. Esq.,
Secretary of the St. Andrew's Society.

MONTREAL, 26th May, 1849.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day, in which conflicting emotions appear to have served up a curious mess, compounded of ball-tickets and Horse Police, flavored with a slight suspicion of hospitality. In return I beg to assure you that I cherish no feelings of personal enmity towards your illustrious brother; partly from reverence towards the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and partly because I do not wish to be down on the Thistle; a thing not to be blown upon by the breath of dishonor. Your invitation to your hospitable mahogany, I beg respectfully to decline. Your assurance that the "Fergusson" of our correspondence rests not at Monklands, is matter for my sincere congratulation; and lastly, with respect to my opinion on the subject of the Horse Police; in the first place I cannot, for the life of me, trace the association between them and ball-tickets, and secondly I do not conceive that horses are the proper animals on which to mount Ministerial troopers. Therefore I cannot look upon them as *Horse* Police, and I beg respectfully that you will communicate my sentiments on the subject to His Excellency.

As regards the publication of our correspondence in the pages of Punch, I freely admit that I look upon it as an honor scarcely inferior to that of being thus entangled in a correspondence with a descendant of the illustrious Bruce; the Courier to the contrary and notwithstanding.

I have the honor to be Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed,) JAMES GIBSON,
Sec. St. Andrew's Society.

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Robt. Bruce, I. I.
Military Secretary.

THE WAR OF THE RACES.

The peacefully disposed and equally cleverly conducted Journals of this Province, have prophesied the probability of "A War of Races," being one of the happy results of the present mode of governing this *thriving* Colony. Punch would weep tears of the strongest pickle, to be a witness to any such uncomfortable struggle, and as he has been, from the first moment that his hunch saw the light—taught to believe that one John Bull could thrash six Johnny Crapauds—he thinks that if the "War of Races" came to a fight, the Englishman would have too much honest roast beef in his composition to use more than his little finger. Punch wishes to make known the many advantages attending a system of universal humbug; humbug is the life of trade; the meat and drink of politicians; the seven thousands a year of Governor's; the Union Jack of Loyalty; "the Stars and Stripes of Independence." With such a weapon as humbug, what necessity can there be for a "War between the Races." Somebody has said somewhere that "whoever likes may make the laws of a country but the song writers were the rulers of the People," Punch is perfectly aware that he rules in the hearts of all the population of Canada, *English* and *French;* indeed the degree of attachment evinced towards him by the latter is truly delightful to contemplate, and he therefore proposes to teach the art of singing in English and French on the true Hullahbulloo system. He submits the following specimen which he intends as his first English lesson; in his next number he will give an equally spirit stirring stimulent for the benefit of his French patrons, thus by the gentle art of singing, he hopes to teach both races the absurdity of falling out with each other, and to prove that all Canadian quarrells will prove of as little value as

"AN OLD SONG"

[There is a well authenticated anecdote of Cromwell, on a certain occasion, that when his troops were crossing a river to attack the enemy he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words—"Put your trust in Providence; and keep your powder dry."]

"The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast,
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast;
The thunder clouds are driving, athwart the lurid sky,
But—"put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

There *was* a day when *loyalty* was hail'd with honor due,
Our banner the protection wav'd, to all the good and true,
And gallant hearts beneath its folds, were link'd in honor's tie;
We "put our trust in Providence, and kept our powder dry."

And now—when Treason bares her arm, to madden this fair land,
For Queen, and *laws*, and *orâer fair*, we'll draw the ready brand;
Our gathering spell be *England's name*, our word to "do or die,"
To "put our trust in Providence, and keep our powder dry."

There is, alas! a wondrous change, come all this country o'er,
And "*worth and gallant services remembered are no more*;"
To crush beneath oppressions weight, the Frenchmen mean to try,
But remember, boys, *we're English;* so "keep your powder dry."

Forth starts the spawn of treason, the '*scap'd of thirty eight*,
To bask in *courtly* favor, and seize the helm of State;
E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet, with murder's crimson die,
Remember well, all that, my boys, and "keep your powder dry."

PUNCH A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

The "Boston Post," blowing with the bellows of eulogy, upon the flame of Emerson's eloquence, states, amongst other remarkable facts, that "he (Emerson) inverts the rainbow, using it for a swing"! Why, what a stupid old Post it must be, not to know that Punch walks up the rainbow on snow-shoes, and comes down the other side of it on a tobogan, every morning regularly before breakfast; the said rainbow being specially provided for Punch's private gratification, and having no connection with any other rainbow whatever.



THE NEW POLICE.

The New Police! the New Police!
With clattering boots and sticks a-piece,
Rum to look at, but fast to run,
Hurry them on and we'll have some fun!

There was a row in a street remote,
Where some devilry was afloat,
And forty green ones ready and rough,
Were sent to settle it, sure enough.

Did they quell that riotous row?
Not by wonderful odds I trow—
For they were met by a rollicking crew,
And wofully wallopped black and blue.

"Hit him playfully over the crown,
Dance a jig on him now he's down!
Bonnet him cleverly—O distress!
He's got no friend in the crowd I guess."

These were the words of that cheerful throng
As they drove our friends along—
Most of whom wept as they hurried away,
And one of them even tried to pray!

Wasn't it charming, thus to see
So rare a show of bravery,
Such men of war in times of peace—
The New Police! the New Police!

PUNCH'S ADDRESSES.

The following addresses to His Excellency, and the replies to the same, are not to be found in the *Official Gazette*.

No. 1.

Address from the retail apple-vendors of the city of Montreal and its neighbourhood.

May it please Your Excellency.

We, the undersined appel vendors of this ere city and nabourhood, bring our baskets to Your Excellency's front dore, in order to eggsibit the unbounded conferdence we has in Your Excellency's credit, and that nuffin wot has bene dun here hav operated to prewent us from sarving Your Excellency and mi ladi as afore. We werry much regret the burning of the Parliament House, which was werry well adapted to the purposes of our trade, as also a ornament to the Province. We also deprecates all kinds of desordurs, and particlarly the colery morbum, which is known to be werry ard upon apples, and seriously opposed to our calling. We trusts as your futur administration may be productive of no end of fruit, and that egg plums and all kinds of vegetables may flourish in Your Excellency's garden. We prays Your Excellency to accept of a small plate of the rale dandy French Russet, which is knowed to be a favorite of Your Excellency, though as we, one and all of us, magnanimously considers werry inferior to the English production.

Hoping as Your Excellency may find the Hen as lays the golden egg,

We is
Your Excellency's most dutiful subjects,
(Signed,) MRS. BELTON *and fifteen others.*
May 26, 1849.

REPLY.

Ladies,—I have received the flattering expression of your confidence, accompanied by your touching present of a plate of dandy French Russets, which, as you truly observe, are favorites of mine. I could have wished the plate had been larger, but gratitude does not weigh gifts, and I do not complain that the apples were diminutive in size, and not very abundant in number. The taste of this fruit has always struck me as being peculiarly fine, though when eaten in quantities and by themselves, they are calculated to produce an uneasy sensation. I am told that attempts have been made to graft them on the English pippin. As far as I am personally concerned, my dear Mrs. Belton and fifteen others, I freely confess to have become a perfect slave to the dandy grey russet, and unless I can break off that fatal indulgence, scarcely know where it will end. My ministers also, are strongly addicted to the fruit, and like myself, are suffering severely in consequence. The pips which are scattered about, seem to stick in men's throats, and in my case have produced a most pelting disorder.

In reference to your kind wish, that I may find the precious hen which lays the golden eggs, I can only say, that if there is such a bird in this neighbourhood, I certainly ought to have discovered it by this time.

Believe me,
My dear Mrs. Belton and fifteen others,
To be yours most devotedly,
ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.

To Mrs. Belton and fifteen others.

No. 2.

Address from the local authorities and inhabitants of Isle Dorval, in the River St. Lawrence.

TRANSLATION.

We, the inhabitants and local authorities of Isle Dorval, situated in the River St. Lawrence, and well known as the favorite resort of the aquarian fisherman and pedestrian sportsman, beg to approach Your Excellency's person with the most profound respect and veneration. We assure Your Excellency that Your Excellency may rely on our aid to carry out the principles of your Government; and that if, at any time, the pressure of affairs of state should lead you to desire retirement, (and we hope you will(our pine shanty and our bark canoe, are at your Excellency's most perfect disposal.

Begging Your Excellency's acceptance of a string of black bass.

We are
Your Excellency's
Most obedient,
Most devoted,
Most humble and
Most enlightened admirers,
JEAN POULET *et les trois*
Membres de sa petite famille.

REPLY.

Deeply do I appreciate the kindness of the family composing the authorities and inhabitants of Isle Dorval, in the River St. Lawrence. Simple and kind-hearted people, your words are graven on my heart. Henceforth, Dorval is a part and portion of my existence. Your foes are my foes, my foes are your foes. I will share my eggs with you—your fish you shall share with me. Often shall I in fancy, sleep in your shanty and sail in your canoe. Heaven bless you. Long may you live to enjoy that constitutional government of which you are at once an ornament and a support.

Yours,
My children,
Truly,
ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.

N. B.—Your fish was most capital.

No. 3.

Punch having, for a short time, removed his seat to the anticipated Seat of Government, sent his dog Toby to present an address from his master. Thus commissioned, Toby proceeded to the Government House, where, standing on his hind legs, and making three capital bows, he delivered himself as follows, in a very audible tone:

"BOW——WOW——WOW."

The next morning, Punch received the subjoined reply from Mr. Leslie.

COPY.

Sir,

I am instructed by His Excellency, to convey his most heartfelt thanks for your address, and more particularly for the highly flattering and complimentary manner in which it was conveyed.

His Excellency desires me to inform you that he rightly interprets that language, and that in causing the utterance of those significant sounds, it was your intention to mark your confidence in His Excellency's Government. And although to some, the sounds "Bow, wow, wow," may appear vague, His Excellency is not disposed to admit that they are more so than the words conveyed in numerous other addresses which His Excellency has lately received.

At the same time, His Excellency desires me to say, that, as a descendant of "the Bruce," he would feel flattered if it were in his power to place a portrait of Mr. Punch's faithful Toby, by the side of a full length drawing of the remarkable spider so well-known in connection with His Excellency's family history, and recently brought forward in his reply to one of those numerous and highly influential addresses from everybody and nobody, which he is daily receiving.

(Signed,)
J. LESLIE.

In reply to the above, Punch signified Toby's decided disinclination to sit again for his portrait. If His Exeellency desires a portrait of Toby, His Excellency can subscribe to Punch.

MODERN REGULATIONS.

His Excellency the Governor General, went down to the House to give his assent to the Indemnity Bill for Rebel Losses, in his full uniform, but, in accordance with the new regulations, went back in a Shell Jacket.

LORD GREY.—THE TIMES.—MARE'S NESTS.

The nidificatory architecture of female horses, or in other words the cultivation of that curious class of structures popularly known as mare's nests, has of late furnished a wide field for the fertile imaginations of the red-hot politicians who congregate much in the City of Eggs. From a report in a late number of the London "Times," it appeared that Lord Grey, in his speech on the Navigation Laws, had made use of expressions with reference to this Colony, admitting of but one interpretation—conveying, in fact, that as the people here have long been preparing for the process of "going upon their own hook," the sooner they accomplish that object the better, for all parties concerned. Straightway the watchers "took up the wondrous tale;" and the immediate impeachment of Lord Grey, was about the mildest measure suggested by the justly-incensed but rather-hastily-judging loyalists. Justly-incensed indeed, had the statesman been absolutely convicted of thus coolly hinting at the feasibility of leaving them to their own resources "at an early day." But premature, nevertheless, in their conclusions, inasmuch as the cry was got up solely on the strength of the "Times" report, and without either taking into consideration that fallibility which is a common attribute of men and of reporters, or making such diligent research amongst the contemporary journals, as might establish or falsify, beyond the fear of contradiction, the fact of a British Statesman having so far forgotten himself, as to give utterance in a British House of Commons, to the expressions in question. In the midst of the outcry, comes a "still small voice" across the Atlantic, in the shape of a "private letter" from Lord Grey!—(My Lord,—Punch wishes you would write him a "private letter;" you may rely upon the strictest secrecy—he would laugh over it in deep retirement, and "burn it when read.")—And the confidential dispatch of the Noble Colonial Secretary, utterly denies the imputation—the sentiments uttered by him, were "exactly the reverse" of those attributed to him by the "Times." The reporter, in fact, had taken an inverted view of the affair, morally standing on his head as a relaxation from his graver duties; and the result was, that the matter had to be set right before the world in general, by means of a "private letter" from the Colonial Secretary to the Governor General. We certainly, from the first, suspected the authenticity of the attributed expressions, we could not "realise" the possibility of the thing, and positively felt a sensation of relief, at the assurance contained in Col. Bruce's letter, which appeared in the "Herald" of Wednesday. Nevertheless, we would rather have seen the contradiction in the columns of the "Times" itself—we hope it *has* appeared in that paper of a subsequent date, and this, without impeaching in the slightest degree, the statement contained in the letter of denial, but solely from a strong objection to seeing public business transacted through the medium of "private letters." Returning, however, to the popular amusement of mare's-nesting, let us deprecate the practice as one calculated to make matters look worse than they really are. A keen writer has remarked, that "warblers verging upon antiquity, are not liable to be imposed upon with the external integuments of farinaceous grains;" clearly meaning to convey, that old birds cannot be caught with chaff: and Punch, perceiving with his aquiline glance, that many trains of that rank unsubstantial delusion are cunningly laid upon the paths of politics, treads with great caution the trap-laid and tortuous alleys of that region of mist. Let us polish the lenses in the telescope of loyalty, ere we sweep the horizon with the disc. The poet sings, that, "a heart of small specific gravity, combined with nether integuments of a gauze-like texture, materially tends to facilitate one's passage through this valley of tears:" and thus Punch feels confident, that in his present frame of mind, and a pair of Russian ducks, he can climb manfully to the mast-head of hope, therefrom to keep a bright look-out for "better days."

SUGGESTIVE OF BLOOD-LETTING.

The late body-guard of glorious memory, was under the command of *Doctor* Tache, and the new Mounted Police are to be dragooned by a *Doctor* Fortier. Might they not safely, as well as effectively, be armed with lancets, and have their pistols loaded with Holloway's Pills?

A WARLIKE OBSERVATION.

A venerable friend of Punch, it strikes him it was the Duke of Wellington, when they were discussing the troubles of Canada over a bottle of Canadian whiskey, which inspired them with a correct view of the real state of affairs, observed, "that in time of peace we should always be prepared for war," Punch's own friend the Duke must write for the *Courier*, and always be enforcing his own maxim. The thousands of men that are daily raised in that paper fully armed and equipped; and amply munitioned and prepared for "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," has tended materially to affect the credit of the province. Baring & Brothers have sent us a communication, but as it had no bearing on the subject, we shall not allude to it at greater length; but it contained sufficient to convince us that so long as the Duke of Wellington speaks his sentiments through the columns of the *Courier*: so long will debentures be uneasy; fearing an onslaught on the portals of the government chest; so long will they be without rest: so long will they be a terror to their holders: and fall at last into a decline so rapid that not even "Wistar's balsam of wild-cherry," or "Hinck's balsam of wild-goose" will ever recover them from it.

We implore the Duke to have pity on the infants of Montreal, who are now frightened to bed by the cry that the army of the *Courier* is coming. We beseech him for the sake of the repose of our grandmother not daily to pass in review those countless hordes of armed barbarians, now harmlessly cradled in his vivid imagination, but which at any moment, Minerva like may rise, and scatter desolation and ruin over the apple-stalls and washing-tubs of this devoted city. He should remember that in the rivalry of races he may have to run and be distanced: for though the swiftest Policeman may be outstripped: and the Duke well knows they are good at a race, especially when the race is Canadian, yet he should remember "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

If he has no pity on the Policemen against whom these paper squadrons are raised: let him at least have pity on the Policemen's coats: those magnificent uniforms glorying in the cut of "Moss:" and which when "Moss" receives the amount of his contract will become the property of his Royal Mistress. Should those garments be defaced, the loss will be irreparable, the Policemen may be replaced, the coats never. Let the Duke ponder well on these matters, let him raise no more bug-bears for Punch to demolish.

BAR AND BUNKUM.

Punch has looked over the columns of the Montreal papers, for the last half century, and discovers that one hundred and thirty-three thousand, one hundred and seventy eight gentlemen have in that period, been admitted to the bar; and in every case they were examined on their knowledge of credit, or the law of debtor and creditor, which is what Punch understands by the stereotyped phrase, "passed a creditable examination." There is no doubt all these students were able to ask for credit, but to be creditable, you must be able to get it.

Punch presumes the tenor of the examination submitted to, is to ascertain the amount of debts contracted during the course of study usually undergone in Montreal, consisting of fishing excursions, Bachelors Balls, Notre Dame Street Parades, cigar smoking, horse racing, brandy inbibing, &c. &c. &c. The examiners, of course, judge from their own experience and if greatly indebted, of course the student passes with a great deal of credit.

FROM OUR OWN NAUTICAL CONTRIBUTER.

Why is the Governor General like a ship fouling another by the bowsprit when at anchor?

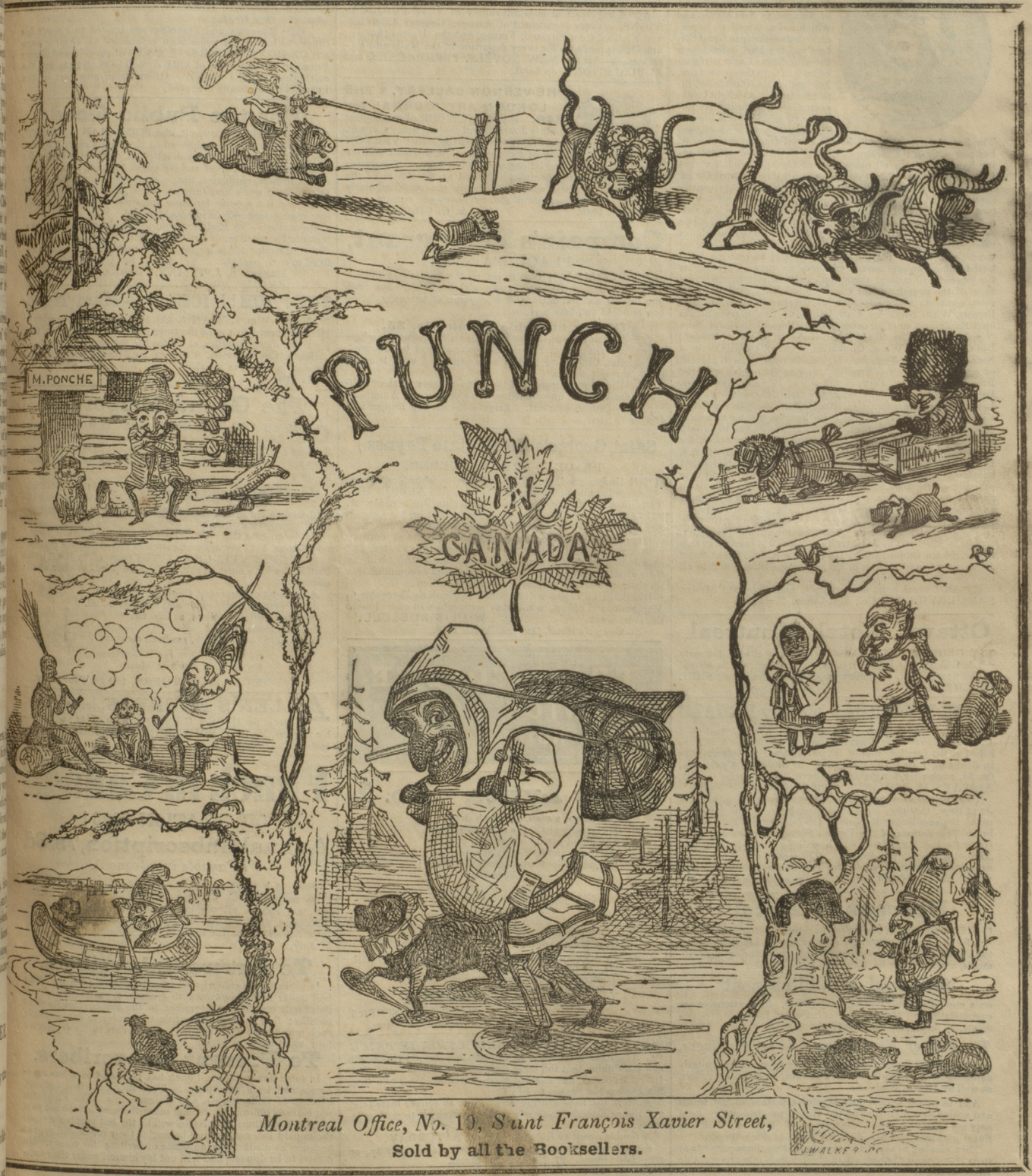
Because he is likely to thwart a Haw(e)se.

Why do the various addresses to His Excellency, resemble Bankrupts and their estates?

Because they come from people who are in a bad way and are published in the Gazette.

REMOVAL.—B. DAWSON avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, re he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 11.] June the 18th, [PRICE, 4d.



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Sold by all the Booksellers.

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TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

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Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel.

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE as Superintendent and Mr. COURTNEY as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

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THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.* ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars,* in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada.*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

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To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

THE LATEST DEPUTATION.

Pitying the Governor General for being compelled to listen to nothing but addresses of condolence and confidence, and desirous of mitigating His Excellency's ennui by a change of subject, a deputation of men of all parties assuming for the occasion a "dignified neutrality," waited on his Excellency to ascertain his opinions on affairs in general. Amongst the number we recognized Mr. Sol. Gen. Blake, Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond, David Thompson Esq., Billa Flint, Mr. Cauchon, Mr. Papineau and Mr. Egan, M. P. P. Mr. Jones of Hamilton, Bernard Foley, Esq. and James Lamb, of the Niagara district, J. J. Rooney, John Newman, and Duncan Sinclair of Ottawa. Mr. Tully, dressed in his uniform as General of the "Prairie Hens" accompanied the Deputation. His bearing was so imposing that the Deputation instantly "took a sight" at him.

The Deputation started in Caleches from Donegana's Hotel, and on arriving at the Toll-bar, they had a lengthened interview with the "Pikeman" on the subject of the toll, which lasted until the amount was paid by Mr. Jones of Hamilton. David Thompson Esq. of Haldimand reminding him that "the necessary funds" raised by subscription were in his possession. On arriving at Monklands the Deputation drove up to the back door, some of them being rather ashamed of their company, and Lady Elgin being "indisposed" to see them.

The Deputation then walked round to the Front door where they discovered "Gineral" Tully in the custody of the sentry who had obstinately refused to present arms, whereupon the "Gineral" drew his sword for the first time and fainted away. After some consultation, David Thompson Esq. was deputed to ring the bell, which he did with much nervous trepidation. The door opened and after having obeyed the orders of the gentleman usher in plush breeches to wipe their highlows on the mat and not dirty the staircase, the Deputation proceeded to the Hall of audience; some few leaving their hats behind them, and all their presence of mind. Bernard Foley, Esq. in his very happy and humorous style, hoped the gentlemen usher in plush breeches, was "salubrious." The gentlemen usher hoped he was.

His Excellency received the Deputation with that air of dignified neutrality" for which he is distinguished, and after pointing out as interesting "the last precious stone" he had the pleasure of being presented with, and a curious drawing room ornament constructed of Egg-shells, he inquired of the Deputation what they wanted.

Billa Flint Esq., said they wanted something to drink.

His Excellency rang for some cold water which was indignantly rejected by the Deputation.

Mr. Papineau then proceeded to dilate on the cold water which all Governors and especially Lord Sydenham had thrown on the noble *race-Canadienne*, and he considered the cold water offered to the Deputation as an insult to that oppressed people. The Union act and the dictatorship—

His Excellency was sorry to interrupt—

Mr. Papineau knew it, no sooner was the vile Union act mentioned than he was gagged.

Mr. Cauchon politely remarked to the hon. member, that he had better "hold his jaw."

Mr. Papineau observed he would hit Mr. Cauchon over the snout.

His Excellency put it to the Deputation whether these gentlemen ought not to have their fight out in another room.

The Deputation assented, and the gentleman usher in plush breeches conveyed Messrs. Papineau and Cauchon to the coal cellar.

Mr. J. J. Rooney desired to know why the Commissioner of Crown lands did not give him more employment.

His Excellency thought———

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Blake considered His Excellency had no right to think; he was there to protect His Excellency and would do so "with his blood."

His Excellency said he wanted no protection.

Mr. Egan remarked that Lumber did.

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond wished to know what connection there was between Lumber and his Excellency.

Mr. Egan considered Governors were live Lumber, and if he must speak out, he knew large quantities of dead Lumber much more valuable.

His Excellency had no opinion on any subject, and therefore would not make his opinions known; he should however be happy to hear the opinions of others; he would therefore request each member of the Deputation to say what he wanted.

Mr. Egan. Protection for Lumber.

Mr. Billa Flint. Root beer, and root Doctors.

Mr. J. J. Rooney,
J. Newman,
D. Sinclair, } Snug Surveys on the Ottawa.

Bernard Foley Fsq., "Your son to reign over us."

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond. The first vacant Judgeship.

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Blake, in a very excited tone. You shan't have it.

His Excellency seeing that his excitable advisers would most likely break the peace, and wishing to preserve his "dignified neutrality" quietly withdrew and ordered "Gineral Tully" to the scene of action. The "Gineral's" appearance was the signal for a "gineral" row: he was pitched into by all parties, and amidst great uproar and noise, the voice of Mr. Blake being heard above all others crying aloud for blood, our reporter bolted.

MES SOUVENIRS.

I saw a man, a tall, tall man,
That mincing steps did take
I turned to ask his name, and lo,
They said his name was Blake;
They spoke of actions he had done,
Of speeches he could make,
This tall, tall man with mincing steps
This precious Mr. Blake.

I trotted to the Parliament
My envious thirst to slake,
And there upon his tall, tall legs
I saw this Mr. Blake
I asked a man what he would do?
"He's going, sir, to spake,"
And so I sat me down to hear
A speech from Mr. Blake.

First up and down his head did go
And then his fist did shake,
And then he scratched his empty head,
And then queer starts did make;
I pitied him exceedingly
And wished a pill he'd take,
I'm sure there's something wrong inside
That's griping Mr. Blake.

"He has no pang, he has no pain
"Nor gripes nor belly ache;"
A person said who knew him well
Who knew this Mr. Blake;
"His mother lives in Dublin Town
"His cousins learn to bake,
Its eloquence and not disease
That troubles Mr. Blake!

Then out I rushed and near the pump
I stopped my sides to shake,
I laughed so long, I laughed so loud
I thought my back would break—
They came and asked me why I laughed,
No answer could I make?
But when my breath came back I vowed
I laughed at Mr. Blake.

And even now though weeks have fled,
My mirth I can't restrain,
I think I'm in that house once more
And hear that man again.
I do believe if I were dead,
And from my sleep should wake,
I'd roll and kick like one possessed
At thought of Mr. Blake.



——Ye Modele Brokere and ye Mysterious Merchaunts.——

A QUEERE SONGE AND A TREWE.

O wearye be the summer night!
Neverre of sleep a winke,
From doused lamp till morning's light
Nothinge but thinke and thinke.

For I am but a seedye wight
Living by hooks and crooks,
Struggling in the world's fight,
A watchere in its nooks.

Watching of the world's show
Open night and daye,
No matter how the world doth goe,
And wondering who's to paye.

For daye by daye the self-same cry
Echoeth through the land—
All to sell but none to buy,
And businesse at a stand.

Yet swaggereth still the merchaunt bold,
The brokere swaggereth he;
At highest price themselves they hold
When things at lowest be.

And downe and downe tho' prices goe,
Pork and flowere and pense,
Or runneth butter ever so lowe,
Still they are quite ye cheese.

Waiting uponne the market's turn,
Businesse nevere so flatte,
No care have they that lard be firm
So they canne cut it fatte.

O rede me, rede me yon riddell!
For I would emulate
The power to cut a henvye swelle,
It may not yet be late.

For sure the stunted thorn at eve
May caste a shadow as long,
As tallest pine when the noon sun-shine
Falls vertical and strong.

A brokere stood uponne the quays,
Where, bound for distant ocean,
Bigge idle-rockinge argosies,
Took nothinge—by their motion.

His paletot of blamelesse make,
His hatte of velvete glibbe,
And trousers gay of Tweed bespake
Ye sufferynges of Gibbe.

While jewelled studdes his front bestarred
Full gaye with many a bend,
And moche there lingered on his garb
Ye fragrance of ye weed.

O brokere, brokere! rede me well
The merchaunt's mysterye!
Whether they buy or whether they sell
'Tis neverre but one to me.

The blossoms on the hedge that blow,
The wild-flowers me that greet,
Their uses and their haunts I know,
But not the flowere of whete.

Nor more in ashes am I skilled,
For pot nor pearl I care,
Though pots of *pearl* moche I've swilled
In England's tavernes faire.

Yet as the ship of life I view——
O crazye be that boat!
I marveie how her merchaunt crewe
Still keep afloat, afloat.

How they will do the jollye thing,
Disportynge free and merrye,
With brandye smash and cooling sling
And cobblere good of Sherrye.

With billiard-cue and raquette ball
And sport in ladye's bowere,
Laughing with all both great and small,
While downe and downe goes flowere.

And ever on the stretch am I,
Thinkynge by night and daye,
If they must sell and none will buy
Then who the dickens can paye!——
And aye that brokere winked his eye,
But nevere a word did saye.

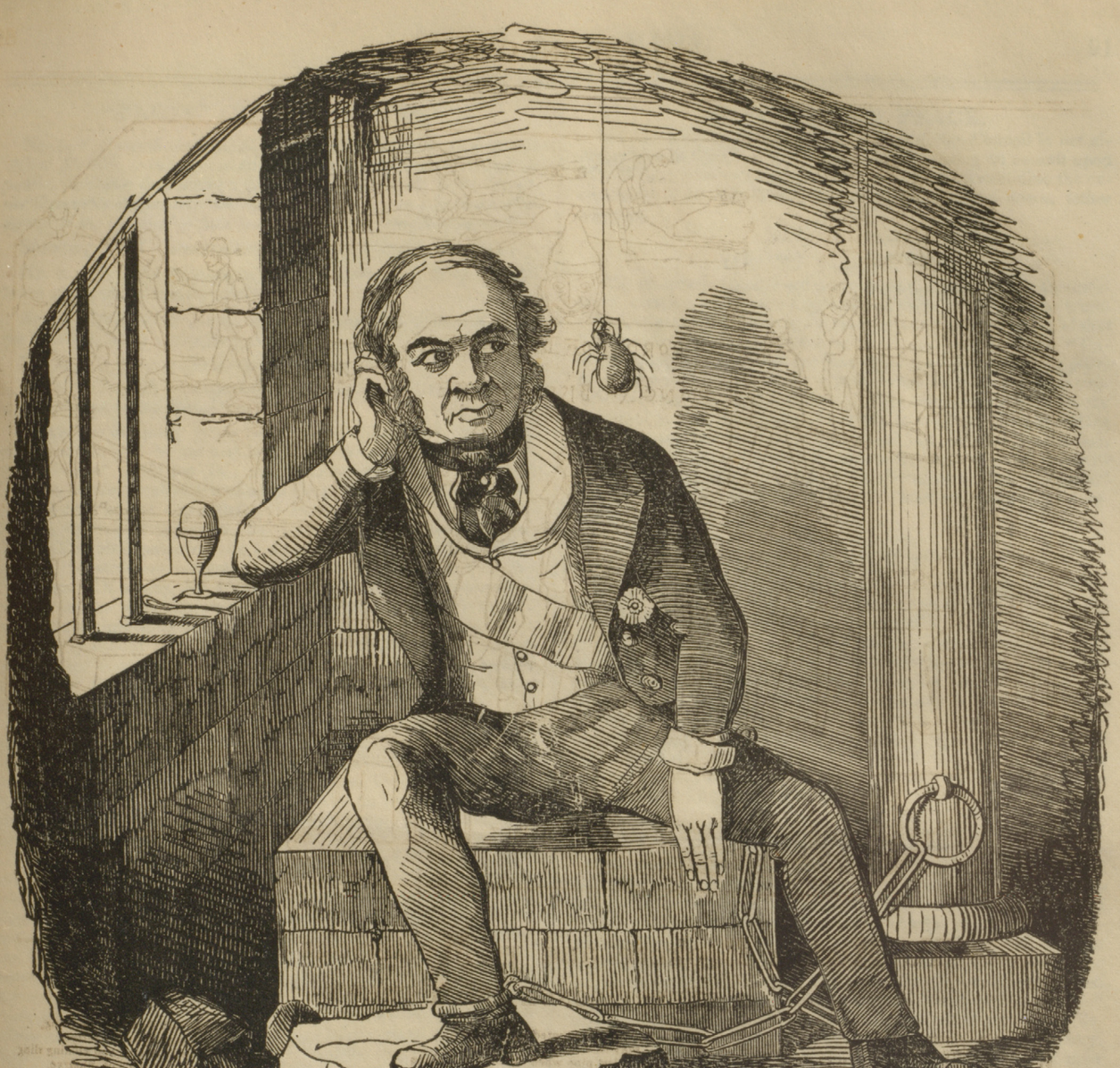
O brokere, brokere! look not soe!
But word of grace impart,
Ye secrette of ye craft to know
Still burneth atte my heart.

For I am but a seedye wight,
Scarce knowing where to dine,
And as for drinke——He took a sight
And vanished straight from mine.

Forth then from out the merchaunt meane
With heavye steppe I goe,
Nothinge about them knew I then
And nothinge now I know.

But as I went my lonely way
Moche moral I did culle,
That things of dust should be so gay
When ashes are so dulle.

And wearye was the summer night,
Neverre of sleep a winke,
From moon-rise till morning's light
Nothinge but thinke and thinke!



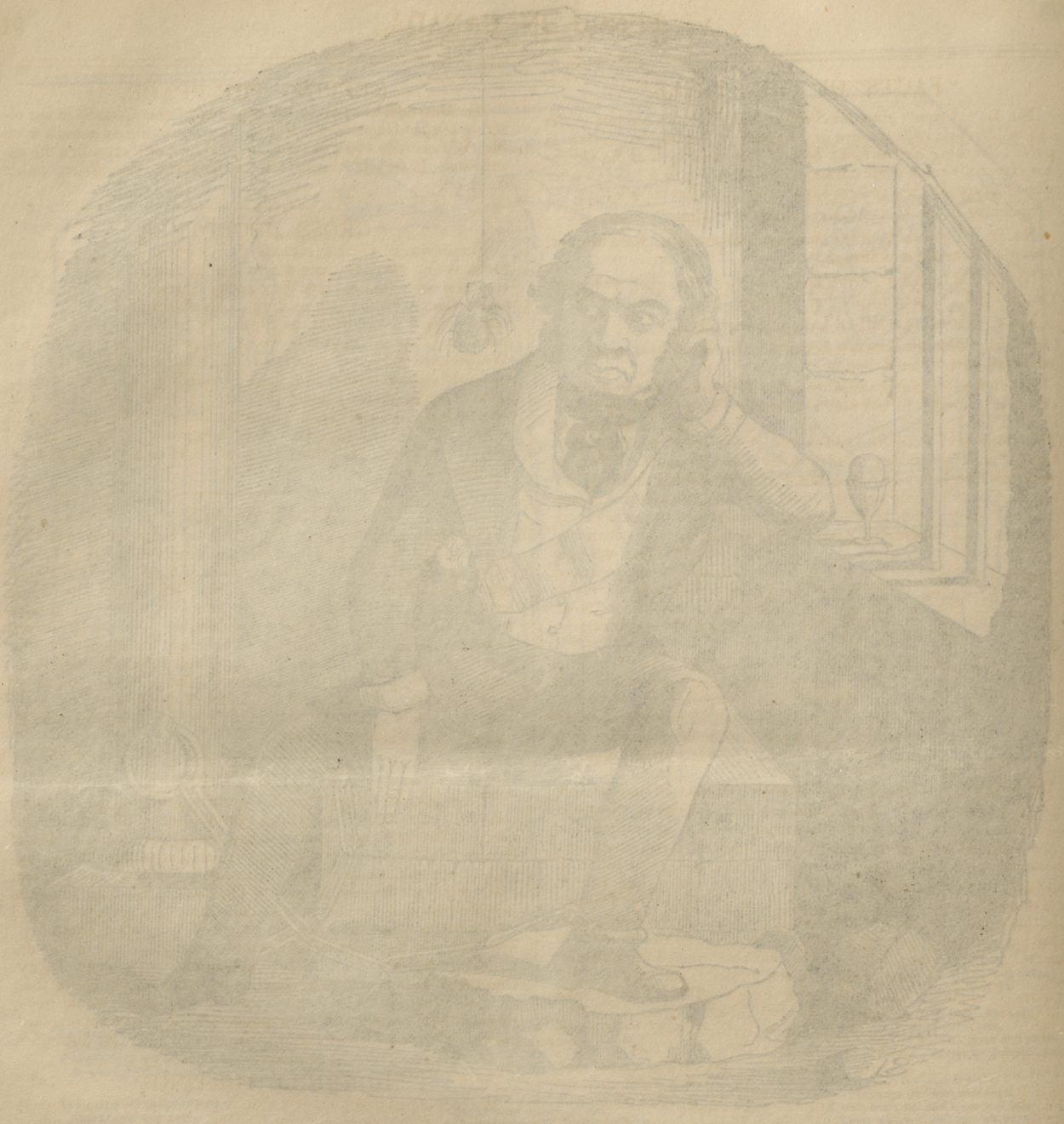
THE PRISONER OF MONKLANDS.

(Suggested by "The Prisoner of Chillon.")

My hope was Grey—I had my fears—
Perchance he might
Not think me right,
And blow me in the House of Peers.
But gladsome came his smooth reply,
Approving of my calm repose.
(Though some may say that's all my eye,)
And bearing balme to soothe my woes.
Yes, all might now be passing well,

But for the "Morning Chronicle,"
Whose galling pen with venomed point
Has put the "Times" quite out of joint.
I'd rather perish at the stake,
Than e'er again a subject make
For such dissection—Hang the bunch!
"Herald," "Chronicle" and—"Punch!"
Twere better with my blood have sealed
(Like Paddy Blake,) the odious Bill,

Upon the Stoney battle-field—
That mob!—methinks I hear it still!
Twice with eggs and once with stones,
Nearly broken were my bones.
But no more I'll wildly go
To the Vandal City—No—
A prison'd martyr here I'll be
In "dignified neutrality."



THE PRISONER OF MONKLANDS.

(Suggested by "The Prisoner of Chillon.")

"FACTS" OF THE "TIMES."

No. 1. "*A month since the Steamer brought us an account of Sir Allan McNab, with a dozen or two brother Legislators, dining in public, drinking destruction ; both of body and soul, to the Governor General's responsible advisers, and standing in a balcony after dinner to see the chief of them burnt in effigy before the windows.*"

Speaking of the Conservative party the "Times" observes,

No. 2. "Low as they are in numerical strength, they are still lower in character and fortune."

No. 3. "Suspected parties were marched off to gaol, and when the post left, order triumphed at Montreal.

No. 4. "It is not a bill for indemnifying rebels."

No. 5, "The bill does not, because it cannot exclude everybody who took part in the Rebellion."

Punch has for many years believed the maxim that "the king can do no wrong," he has also believed it to be a "great fact" that the "Times" could not lie ; and he is confirmed in that belief. The public have been deceived as to the proceedings at the "speakers" dinner on the day alluded to by the "Times." The ministers were present to be sure, but Punch is assured that the hon. Mr. LaFontaine proposed the toast, dooming himself and colleagues to "destruction, body and soul" which was drunk with enthusiasm. Of course, Sir Allan, out of politeness, was compelled to join in the nine times nine which followed it. Nor was this strange, the ministers brought in a measure which has destroyed them, why should they be prevented from pouring out, or rather pouring in, libations to their own destruction. It is well known that one of them, Mr. Hume Blake, would willingly destroy anything.

Concerning fact No. 2, Punch admits his error. He fancied the party opposed to the Rebel-paying bill was composed of the leading merchants, the *elite* of the learned professions, and a large majority of the landed proprietors, agriculturists, shopkeepers and artizans. The "Times" has convinced him he is deceived. It is made up of bankrupts in character and fortune. Punch must retire from the ranks.

Fact No. 3. "Suspected parties were marched off to gaol, and the town was quiet." Punch fancied that several of the aforementioned bankrupts were rashly arrested by the government and then liberated on their own terms. and that the tranquillity of the town was evidenced by the Governor General being compelled on the very day he wrote to Lord Grey to say all was peaceable, to leave government house by a round about way, in order to escape the indignation of the brutal minority; who however managed to convince him all was not so quiet as he had had the temerity to assert; and that since that period he had been cooped up in Monklands, solacing himself with his "dignified neutrality." But "Punch's" belief is a delusion and a snare." The "Times" says all is quiet, and Punch believes the "Times."

Fact No. 4. "It is not a bill for indemnifying Rebels." Of course not; the "Times" says it is not. But, the leading Journal adds; "the bill does not, because it *cannot* exclude every one who took part in the Rebellion" Great "Times!" Wonderful "Thunderer!" Foolish opposition, stupid bankrupts! *You* fancy a bill might be so worded as to exclude Rebels; the "Times" says it cannot. Bow your heads before the "Times."

But an idea has struck Punch after much pondering. "It is not a bill for indemnifying Rebels; says the "Times:" but you *cannot* exclude Rebels from being paid says the "Times. Then is it not a bill to pay Rebels?—yet Rebels will not be paid, says the "Times." Punch agrees with him, REBELS WILL NOT BE PAID.

PROTECTION FOR "TULLY."

We understand that the Government are about to raise a corps of respectable matrons to take care of Mr. Tully's police. They are to be under the command of the lay Editor of the *Pilot*, and are not to be mounted. Each of them will be furnished with a copy of the Kingston Penitentiary Commissioner's report, and their instructions are to threaten to read these reports to the mob, should they attempt to be violent. It strikes *Punch* that this is the best plan derived yet for strengthening the "Strong Government."

KEEPING THE PEACE.

Mr. McGrath has proved the stupidity of the Council in not electing him as Chief of the Police, by committing an assault upon Mr. Wilson who voted against him. Punch will subsidize the ex-candidate if he will thrash all the Council.—One down, tother come on.

GROSS DECEPTION.

The *Montreal Gazette* some few days since made an announcement, which we have since ascertained to be not founded on truth. Punch is sorry that his love for veracity compels him to brand that broad-sheet with the red-hot iron of his indignation. The "Gazette" broadly stated that the Shad-flies had made their appearance, and that the shad-fish would follow them in a day or two. We believed this—and finding our office filled with shad-flies, we equipped our boy with hooks, lines and landing nets, and elevating him to a seat on the counter instructed him to wait for the fish. After three days and nights anxious watching, not a fish made its appearance, although the flies were abundant. The "Gazette" has deceived us. Will the "Gazette" send us a salmon as a recompense ?

AT IT AGAIN.

The Duke of Wellington who insists on contributing to the columns of the *Courier*, has been writing a marvellous letter headed "Ces sacres soldats" under the signature of R. A. P. Had Punch been present when R. A. P. was inditing his epistle: he would have given R. A. P. a r-a-p over the knuckles, which would have spoilt his epistolary powers for a considerable period. If the private conversation of gentlemen is to be made the subject of tittle-tattle letters to newspapers, there is an end at once to the observances of society; an end to all free interchange of thought, to all social comfort. We are sure the Editor of the *Courier*, on sober reflection would be the last man in the world to defend so gross an outrage on gentlemanly feeling.

ANGEL'S VISITS.

The much praised and dreadfully worried ruler of the Canadas, has received so many visits from sympathisers of all sorts that his nerves were not more than usually astonished by the "Men of Ottawa," although even "Jeames" the butler of Monklands, expressed an anxious desire for "Levindair Waiter," the moment their approach was announced. The little Irish-man from the neighbourhood of Lochabar, who calls himself a surveyor, looked very small as he approached the retreat of "dignified neutrality" and evidently felt puzzled between his position as one of the deputies of Aylmer, and his first appearance in a clean Dicky. Can the "Men of Ottawa" send us no better specimens of their loyalists: there must be some to send, for "Doran" would never ring his Dinner bell with such punctuality to feed a set of scare-crows. Punch will visit Bytown shortly and judge for himself.

HORRIBLE TORTURE.

We mentioned that there is a man in town who has read through one of the *Pilots'* three column leaders. He says he was told it would remove his gout, and that it did do so, but brought on spasms and ague. *Punch's* dog Toby has been endeavoring to find him out, and when he does, his artist promises to give a sketch of him. All *Punch* knows of him at present is that he has got an Aunt Mary, and lives in Griffin-town.

CAPITAL OPPORTUNITY.

To be sold or let cheap, the City of Montreal, (the Capital of Lower Canada) situated on the river St. Lawrence, with the mountain in the rear, and commanding a fine view of the Island of St. Helen's in front. This is supposed to be very favorably situated for trade, and would be a first rate speculation for a keen enterprising Yankee. Amongst the buildings are the ruins of a fine Parliament House ; and a Monastery known as *Monk*lands, (formerly the residence of the unfortunate hermit, James Bruce,) within a pleasant drive of the place. For particulars and terms apply at Dolly's Chop House.

OUR OWN GAZETTE.

ADDRESSES OF CONDOLENCE.

Our esteemed friend Pompey, the foreign nobleman of colour who presides over a portion of the establishment of Donegana's Hotel, has kindly favored us with the following affecting and eloquent reply from His Excellency the Governor General, to a deputation—consisting of Pompey himself, representing himself—which lately waited upon His Excellency at Monklands, with an Address of condolence for the unfortunate position in which he has been placed by the Goths and Vandals, the Picts, the Hottentots and other savage denizens of the City of Eggs. With characteristic modesty, Pompey has suppressed his own document, which, we understand, was written in Abyssinian characters upon a shingle; but with the discernment of an intelligent negro, he states that he prefers the pages of Punch to the columns of the Official Gazette, for the promulgation of the following.

REPLY.

Great Pompey!

Mighty indeed must be the emotions kindled in the bosom of a Bruce, by the kindly spark of sympathy which falls from a Pompey! Far too feeble is my command of language, to admit of my adequately expressing the surprise and exultation experienced by me, at finding that Pompey, the Great of history and the renowned amongst heroes, has taken up his residence in the country, from the government of which I have for the present thought proper to withdraw. I understand O great Pompey! that you are a waiter—a waiter at Donegana's Hotel; and as a token of the sympathy which mysteriously binds us as it were together in the bonds of fraternity, I have great pleasure in informing you that I too am a waiter—upon Providence; and, considering that I have been doing nothing for the last six years but watching the tide of events, it may be said that upon resigning my Governorship I have accepted the office of a tide-waiter, a very respectable occupation, Pompey, and one for which I feel myself peculiarly adapted. I consider it my duty O Pompey! to offer you on this occasion—with the greatest reserve however--a word or two of advice. Never allow the conduct of the white waiters whose Tory principles, I am informed, pervade the Hotel at which you reside, to influence you in any degree, or to cause you to swerve from that path of true patriotism which you, in common with all the intelligent inhabitants of Canada, have chosen to pursue. The countenance of an intelligent gentleman of color—and permit me to say that the countenance which you have exhibited towards me upon this occasion, is of a very remarkable cast indeed—must give a color of respectability to a cause which has grown peculiarly strong from your addition to its ranks.

With reference to your allusion to Ancient Daniel Tucker, and to the remarkable rotatory evolutions introduced by that intelligent Ethiopian James Crow, Esq., I can only say that I shall be happy, at an early day, to form a personal acquaintance with those eminent individuals. And, by the way, as I am upon the subject of great men, particularly those of classical antiquity; I must convey to you my gratification at being given to understand, that Cyrus the son of Mandane and Satrap of the Persians, has commenced business as a *restaura eur* in Jacques Cartier Place. Let me hope that you will ere long be induced to transfer your valable services to that establishment; and, with a fervent prayer for your happiness, I will venture to breathe a wish, that at some more propitious period, Pompey the Great, the Wal ace Wight and the Bruce, may fraternize in dignified neutrality at the gorgeously decorated Bar of Cyrus the grandson of Astyages!

(Signed) ELGIN and KINCARDINE.

PARALLEL RULERS.

A maker of mathematical instruments advertises Parallel Rulers on a new principle, "very cheap, only five shillings per pair" Can no enterprising individual furnish a parallel to the Ruler at present representing Her Gracious Majesty in British North America? We fear not: but if the parallel only *could* be procured, we rather imagine that the pair might be disposed of for an infinitely smaller sum than five shillings.

PUNCH ON PROPHECY.

Punch after a little trouble in transposing the letters contained in the words.—

James Earl of Elgin and Kincardine

Has discovered, that the only anagram they are capable of, is the following ominous, and portentous one——

"*Ken-e; England lose Canada if I Emirr*"—

A startling oracle which does not require a soothsayer to interpret. The vernacular and peculiarly characteristic *Ken-e* is more expressive, than if it read, know all men, and the Turkish title of Governor, considering the Eastern notoriety of the noble family (with the orthographical exception which is unavoidable) is also very apropos. In fact Punch thinks that taking every thing into consideration, it is not a bad anagram, and which receiving a liberal construction, but not a more meaning one, would read thus. "Know ye all, England will assuredly lose Canada, if I am the Governor General."

"Honor est a Nilo," is the anagram of Horatio Nelson, and no one can deny but it was well sustained. The future, pregnant with gloomy events, will reveal whether Punch's discovery shall be as well borne out.

EXTENSIVE SWINDLING.

On or about Wednesday 31st ultimo, upwards of £10,000 was abstracted from the Provincial chest by a party of men, disguised as Legislators, and who, we regret to say, have all made off with their booty. Some fellows, supposed to be part of the gang, were seen the same evening on board the Quebec Steam-boat, and others have since been traced to Upper Canada. We understand that one of the set called Cauchon narrowly escaped being taken, suspicion having been excited by his endeavoring to change a ten dollar debenture at Sorel. On being questioned how he became possessed of so much money, he said he got it from a gentleman named Wicksteed, and on this explanation was foolishly allowed to depart. He was a steerage passenger, and a remarkably ill looking fellow.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may in any wise concern, that James Bruce, who, under the influence of severe mental abterration has lately been guilty of some incendiary acts, and has circulated certain incoherent ravings in which a mingling together of spiders and Robert Bruce, Rebel losses and William Wallace has rendered his unhappy hallucinations painfully prominent; has been placed under the charge of the keeper of the Cote du Neige pike, by his afflicted relatives. This precaution is taken, in order that his movements, and productions may be under the government and inspection of a trustworthy guardian, and the public are therefore warned not to pay any attention to letters or answers they may receive from him unless countersigned as approved by that gentleman.

N. B. The melancholy affliction under which this person labors, has, singularly enough, sharpened his faculties in pecuniary transactions so much that in such matters he is considered dangerous, by his medical advisers, verb. sap.

Punch has just been informed by one of the Mounted Police, who came in express for that purpose, that an application has just been made by the unfortunate person above referred to, to the 'pike keeper for permission to enter the city, upon which that gentleman answered with a slight suspicion of the Milesian accent "divil a fut, ye had bether jist be off home at wanst; its mighty little they want ye theere, or any where ilse for the matther of that. Be off home out o' this, I say."

ORNITHOLOGICAL TRANSFORMATION.

The Elgin Guards, who some few weeks since enlisted as Gallic cocks, have, it is understood, been transformed into Prairie Hens.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No. 3, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

REMOVAL.—B. DAWSON avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, ere he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **12.**] **June the 30th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz; chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

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BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel.

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.



THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription 45s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April. 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars,* in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesecadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada.*

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

—THE WAR OF RACES.—

ROW the Second.

READER — gentle reader, if it please you to be called so — did you ever rush into a dark and secret corner, and shake your own hand most heartily? Were you ever thrown into such a joyful state of concachinnation, as to feel a peculiar pleasure in turning your eyes inwards, to wink knowingly at your conscience? If not, we pity you — for there is a most pleasing sensation to be derived from this mode of solitary enjoyment. Punch *often* has a fit of this description; and very lately indulged himself to a considerable extent: for be it known that the clever emanation from his brain, which bore the martial title of "The War of Races," has had the effect of disturbing the general peace and great tranquillity which was becoming so oppressive. Yes, the "Old Song,"—"Keep your powder dry," has set the Tories singing, and has moved the *other* humbugs to tears. We have received several clever replies to that song, each and all full of that sparkling and brilliant poetic genius, for which Canadian literature is remarkable. One of these, we select for our readers; and we trust that the author will be pleased at the happy manner in which we have translated it. We are quite sure that the song will strike terror to the heart of every Anti-Elginite, and prove to the world in general, and to the readers of the "Old Song" in particular, the truth of the time-honored vulgarism, that "there never was an old shoe, but an old stocking could be found to match it."

ANSWER TO THE "OLD SONG."

Aha! ye blasted English! ye make a wondrous cry,
About your "trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry:"
But in the noble Bruce *we* trust, so all your threats defy;
What care we for *your* Providence, or all your powder dry?

Cheer up, then, French Canadians! your night-caps toss in air,
These boastful, blustering English are bragging in despair;
Get ready for the struggle — if fighting be the work,
Drink plenty of your whiskey, and stuff yourselves with pork!

We've those whose counsels wrapped the land in glorious rebel flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame.
Our leaders are the Jesuits --- the fat, the sleek, the sly!
They'll do the work with silken tongue --- and want no powder dry.

The Richelieu River still runs fast, St. Denis on it stands;
The spot where Weir was murdered has yet some ready hands;
And then the *brave* from famed Eustache are ready for the fight ----
Unless their hearts should fail them, or their heels should prove too light!

To preserve his "dignified neutrality," and to prove his desire to uphold all parties equally, Punch begs to add two verses, for the gratification of the maniacs who advocate "annexation."

Already do the "*Stars* and Stripes" emit their orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief --- it glimmers through the haze:
It tells of better days to come, of kindred spirits nigh,
Who "put their trust in Providence and keep their powder dry."

"Old England" *was* our watchword, our hope from day to day,
Her glory was our life's-blood, although so far away;
And if we to the "Stars and Stripes" are driven in despair ---
"God bless thee, dear Old England!" shall be our parting prayer.

THE CITY WATER.

Punch insists upon calling the attention of the City Fathers—or Mothers rather—to the foul and unfiltered condition of the water supplied by them to the house-holders of Montreal. For some time back, such has been the discoloured and mud-charged appearance of this necessary element, that Punch felt himself fully justified in supposing that the Water Committee had been sitting on the tank, and that one of them had accidentally fallen in. Or a stranger, unacquainted with our worthy Councillors, might be led to conjecture that they had taken the initiative in sanitary precautions, by washing themselves in the tank. What is the matter with the main pipe? Is it a meerschaum or mere sham pipe? Have the Corporation no piper or person to look after their pipes, and if so, do they refuse to pay the piper? Punch expects that these questions will be answered *seriatim* and satisfactorily. Otherwise he will feel himself called upon to put the Corporation's pipe out.

POLICE MOVEMENTS. WHAT ARE TRUMPS?

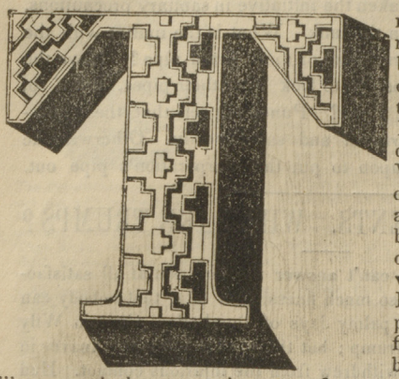
Punch doesn't know — can't answer the question at all satisfactorily. There has been so much finessing of late, that nobody can call the game. In the palmy days of the Police, Captain Wily used to be considered a trump; but there were too many knaves in the pack, and he wisely withdrew from the injurious contact. Had the original Staff of Police been suffered to remain as it was, under his surveillance, the peace of the city would have been less endangered than it has been, pending the enactment of the Tully pantomime — the money spent on that "scene in the circle," would have been available for works of real necessity and utility, and the civic authorities would have been spared the stigma of having badgered a faithful and efficient public officer, into resigning a duty ably discharged by him for upwards of five years.

What are trumps? Ask the successor of Captain Wily, the present guardian of the peace, and supervisor of the morals of the city of Montreal. Who better than Malo, the keeper of billiard-tables and —— (we were going to be alliterative,) and head of the sporting house at the back of Dalhousie Square, can answer the old and familiar question, "what are trumps?" Is it for his proficiency in a certain class of pursuits, that Malo has been raised to an office requiring a combination of elements, which do not generally flourish in the hot air of a gaming-house? Or is it in pursuance of a certain popular principle, that such dignity has been conferred upon him? They may tell us, perhaps, that his appointment is, at most, but a temporary one, — compelled by circumstances — rendered necessary by the sudden illness of the Officers who have been in command since the resignation of Captain Wily. We will take no such excuse. That a person of Malo's class should for one hour—for a single moment—have issued his orders at the Head Station, as Chief of the Police, is as disgraceful to the authorities, as it is insulting to the citizens of Montreal.

What are trumps?—Hand up the corporation pack: they will shuffle themselves, (they are used to shuffling,) and Punch will deal with them. Shake out the dice, and stand by for a game. Was it in anticipation of such another game of chicken-hazard as the one played here on the 30th of April, that a groom-porter has been secured in the appointment of Malo? Is there a natural and inevitable connection between constables and card-tables? If so, carry out the game in sporting style. Let the Police from henceforth, be armed with billiard-cues instead of batons.—Fitness will thus be combined with economy—for the sticks will be suggestive of the authorities, and constables will be enabled to furnish their own cannons, in the event of the streets being "swept with grape-shot." Perhaps the Police are to have the run of the bowling-alleys; and, under the new *regime*, No. 1 will be seen in friendly altercation with No. 2, respecting the disputed achievement of a "ten-strike;" while No. 3, officiates behind the bar, as dealer-out of gin-cocktails to the customers of his chief. Let "legs" rejoice in the anticipation of an unmolested campaign. Plume yourselves in the sun, O ye "rooks!" as you pluck in imagination the green and golden pigeons on whom you have set your affections. And, City Fathers! look to your cards—for Punch is keeping a sharp eye upon your game; wide—awake and watchful, as to the "hands" held by each and all of you.

TULLY.

AN OSSIANIC FRAGMENT.



THIRTY-FOUR years had rolled away, like smoke behind the pipe of the engine of Time, since the great battle of the Iron Duke—the hero of a hundred fights, the Wallopper of the licked of Waterloo; and ever as the revolving year brought round the day of memories, did the warriors of the land of Bull assemble on the plains; and, amid the fire and smoke of much blank cartridge, play like young jack-asses at the game of war.

Dwellers of the Valleys of the Gaul! sore were your eyes with weeping, as the deep boom of the thundering old twelve-pounders came trembling over the salt waves from the cliffs of Dovor—Dovor of the chalky formation; from whose clay cometh much of the Metropolitan milk, tho' cockneys erroneously look upon it as the production of Cowes. Bitter wert thou O Gaul! as the cock of thy ancient dung-hill was thus annually crowed over; but in silence didst thou bottle thy tears, which, in their size and bitterness, resembled capsules of gall. And for many years did the annual revellers record, with brazen-throated cornopean and whacked sheep-skin, the exultation of the Conqueror of the Cock.

But, after a while, fraternization prevailed in the land of the Anglo-Saxon. And now like the water of Cologne were the pleasant tears of the Gaulish Guards, as they embraced the coal-heavers, and blubbered over the brewer's dray-men of Britain. And Bull of the many calves forbade his children to celebrate the spilling of blood. Let them bleat, said he, in the Houses of their Lords and Commons, but they blast not our reputation with any more of *my* gun-powder, in their childish representation of a solemn folly.

Hushed was the drum in thy home-parks, O Britain! Cheerless passed the Day of Memories in thy Colonies. In the City of the Royal Mount, Rowan of the cocked-hat forbade his warriors to gather. Peppered, said he, were the Gauls, but are our warriors therefore to be mustered? Great was Rowan in the pun! Loud laughed Gore from his grey war-horse, and Wetherall shook with emotion as the joke passed to McCord—Mac of the roseate countenance; pink of the Magistrates of Police! And the warriors remained within their tents in the City of the Royal Mount.

Who cometh from the Town of Griffin, with a peacock's feather in his hat? Tully of the terrible countenance, eminent in the Council. On his red right hand lingereth the dust of a thousand bricks. His grizzled steed, object of the affections of many ravens, shutteth her eyes to the world, in the bows of the Laprairie Steam-boat. On his own hook he goeth, as a mighty general, to celebrate his own deeds with the horse-men of the plain. Let the warriors of the Royal Mount, said he, slothful snooze in their camp. *I* will raise the war-cry in the ranks of the Mounted Police. Come O Fortin! gather thy warriors for the inspection of a mighty leader.

Like a whale with foam in his wake, rusheth Tully on his grizzled war-steed across the common of Laprairie. Very like a whale. Defiling from the tavern, the gorgeous Guards of Elgin slowly wheel up into the open plain. Motley are their steeds in the light of day! Where is thy horse's tail, O Carroll of the Cab? Bergeron of the Suburb of Quebec! bad is thy steed with the glanders! Spavined, O Darby Kelly! is the broken-winded fossil, whose ribs reverberate the vibrations of thy hammering heels.

They came upon the wide common, where grazed in dignified neutrality many domestic geese. Birds of the tranquil front! beware of the natural enemies of thy race! For the fury of battle boileth in the blood of Tully. Visions of glory course through his fiery head, and he conceiveth a movement of cavalry, to out-flank the parent geese, while a detachment cutteth off the goslings in the rear. Tully of the red right hand! great art thou in the council! In battle yield thou to the fortune of war.

By the margin of a sedgy stream sat the grandmother of a hundred Canadians, washing linen and waiting for annexation. For far and wide had the young men of the *Avenir* circulated their words of fire; and even the ancient beldams of the hamlets panted for republicanism, and jabbered of the stars and stripes. In a strange language muttered the dame to herself, as she watched with blinking eyes, the operations of the distant cavalry. Witch of the Plains of Laprairie! potent are thy spells. Shall my geese, she murmured, be cut off in the fullness of their feather by the troopers of the foolish? Are my goslings so green in the eyes of the Elgin Guards? I will enter with invisible agency the ranks of the horsemen—their minds will I poison with the hocus of my pocus, and this day shall they annex themselves unto the Town of Yankee. Speed will I give to their spavined, and bellows to their broken-winded, that they may take unto themselves the wings of the wind, and be no more seen by the Ministers of the land.

Cavalry of the Common, hold hard by thy cruppers! With sound of trumpet, and measured march advanceth the phalanx of geese from the rushy brook. "Up Guards and at them!" shouted Tully of the terrible countenance, as he rose in his stirrups till his buttons flew like hailstones, hitting Bill Kelly in the eye, and knocking him like shot from the back of his ancient cab-horse. Terrible was the charge of that troop: but the spell was upon them, the Witch of the Plain was in their rear, rampant with upraised broom-stick. Onward they sped till the clouds of distance hid them from the eyes of Tully. They are far in the land of the Town of Yankee—annexed to the mighty Republic—citizens of great repute in the Union of States. But Bill Kelly sat on the hot plain, and gallantly defended himself against the onset of fierce ganders.

Ferrie was standing by—Adam of the White Hat. A sneer was on his face: impregnated with sulphur he boiled over in his wrath. Sweepest thou the streets with such as these? said he to Leslie of the Grape-shot. There was no reply. An eloquent silence sat upon the lips of the Secretary. But Adam arose, and fled away to the hills of his youth.

And Tully said in the bitterness of his heart, "horse and foot am I broken down, and cast away a maimed cripple. For, in the City of the Royal Mount have they cut off my foot, and on the plains of Laprairie have my Cavalry cut their sticks. Would that somebody might cut off my head!"

This is the story of Tully—of John Tully.

THE "MONITEUR'S" REGRETS.

The "Moniteur," in announcing the startling fact, that the Messrs. Hudon have despatched a loaded vessel to Halifax, concludes by lamenting that the spirited proprietors, being unable to obtain Canadian Sailors, were obliged to man their craft with "Englishmen." Unhappy "Moniteur!" may you never set your hoof on board a Ship manned by Englishmen! but may your aquatic experiences be confined—as they doubtless hitherto have been—to the hereditary dug-out in which the *habitant* pursues the scientific exploration of his native marsh. But, unfortunately for the regrets of the Moniteur, the Messrs. Hudon are perfectly satisfied with English Sailors, and have actually had the temerity to say so, in a letter addressed by them to a Montreal Journal. Miserable "Moniteur"!—thus has your sympathy been wasted "on the desert air," and your unsolicited sorrow taken for just what it is worth.

Shave your head, "Moniteur;" get thee a coat of sack-cloth and trousers of ashes, and—read yourself regularly every day, in token of grief for your unreciprocated regrets!

WORSE AND WORSE.

A Cockney Contributor, whose intellects are apparently curdled by the heat of the weather, has sent us the following atrocity.

Why is the reputation of Holloway's Pills evidently on the wane? Because they are continually going down the 'ill.



A view of the Plain of Laprairie, with GENERAL TULLY reviewing the Mounted (and Dis-mounted) Police.

THE INQUISITION.

On Wednesday last, Punch received a summons, commanding him to appear before the Inquisition. We immediately took an affectionate leave of our office boy, who was deeply affected—embraced, for what we thought might be the last time, the familiar lamp-post in front of our premises, and prepared to obey. It was noticed by our friends, afterwards, that Punch's face was pale, but stern. Toby accompanied us. His gait was erect and dignified, and his tail was not depressed. In this order we entered the Hall of Justice; on crossing the threshold of which, we were recognized by the apple-woman and two bailiffs, who simultaneously exclaimed, "there goes Punch!—God bless him!" It was gratifying---it was a proud moment, and Punch felt it.

On exhibiting our summons to Mr. Delisle, he bowed—not ungracefully—and referred us to an inner room, where he said the tribunal was sitting. We approached it, and entered. It was a gloomy apartment, with a great many Bruces, (that is, spiders,) in the corners. There was a copper-nosed man, with a tubercular countenance, sitting at a table; and near him, writing, was a very long pair of arms, that had some connection under the table with a proportionately long pair of legs. The copper-nosed man looked hard at Punch, and Punch looked hard at the copper-nosed man. Then there was a pause, during which the long pair of arms scratched the long pair of legs, an operation which seemed to re-establish the mental tranquillity of the proprietor. Then the copper-nosed man asked Punch to be seated; and, when Punch was seated, the copper-nosed man enquired who Punch might be. Having been told that we were actually Punch, he requested to be informed whether we felt comfortable; to which we replied that we certainly did. This remark was taken down by the arms, after which the copper-nosed man blew his nose twice. He then asked us, how much we thought yellow soap was a pound, in the market; and whether the Editor of the Gazette had not got a wooden leg. To these questions we replied; firstly, that yellow soap was an article in which we did not generally trade; and, secondly, that we could not speak positively as to the particular material of which the Editor of the Gazette's leg was formed. The copper-nosed man seemed to be very much struck with these answers, and said they "were suspicious—he always thought so—he told Bruce so," at the same time ordering "arms" to take them down, which "arms" accordingly did. He then proceeded to question Punch as to one Miles's boy, and whether Punch didn't know him, and whether he was not related to a Mr. Ferguson, and whether we, Punch, knew where Mr. Ferguson lodged. Also, whether it wasn't generally reported in town, on the night of the burning of the Parliament House, that Mr. Moffatt had had a cod's head and boiled leg of mutton for dinner: to all which questions we replied *seriatim*,—that we had heard of Miles's boy, but did not know him—that we were unacquainted with the domicile of Mr. Ferguson; and that we doubted the cod's head and shoulders at Mr. Moffatt's, as we had smelt Scotch collops and shad, when passing that gentleman's residence at six. Respecting the boiled leg of mutton, we positively declined to give an opinion, which very much astonished the copper-nosed man, who said, "it was the most important fact they had elicited yet;" and then, getting into a rage, swore at "arms" for not writing faster.

After this, there was a pause for some time, during which, "arms" caught two flies; and the copper-nosed man gazed very attentively at a family of Bruces in one of the corners. He then turned towards Punch, and in a mysterious tone asked us, if we "knew who burned the Parliament House." We told him we did. At this he became greatly excited; and, referring somewhat forcibly to his own eyes, ordered "arms" to "be smart, for they were getting to it at last." He also directed a small boy to go and order Captain Jones's cavalry to turn out, and see that the garrison was immediately mustered. This, the small boy, (who, Punch has been since informed, is a paid emissary,) said he would do. These orders given, copper-nose came close to Punch, and requested us immediately to point out the scoundrel who did it.—We told him we had already done so, and that, on reference to "Punch No. 9," he would see that we had distinctly pointed out "the man wot fired the Parliament House." At this he looked very blank, and inquired if "*that* was all we knew;" and when we said it was, he told "arms" that he needn't put it down, and that he might go and tell Capt. Jones, that the cavalry and garrison wern't wanted yet.

We then rose, and enquired of the copper-nosed man, if he had any further business with us; and he said he had not—only that we must be very cautious what we did. To this Punch deigned no reply; but Toby—who had been very surly throughout—went close to the legs of the copper-nosed man, and abandoned himself to his feelings after the manner of his species.

So this was Punch's examination before the Inquisition.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Punch was considerably staggered at reading in an American Paper, that proposals have been laid before Congress, for laying down a line of Electric Telegraph across the Atlantic—the wire to be supported by buoys, and encased in cork. A host of associations flashed upon Punch, as he took in the idea. First, the combination of cork and wire was pleasantly suggestive of champagne; but a suspicion of froth removed that delightful phantasy, and brought up ginger-beer instead. With respect to laying down a line of buoys, Punch is of opinion, that if they would lay down a line of girls across the Atlantic, news in general, but particularly that relating to fashionable intelligence and millinery operations, would be transmitted with unparalleled speed and certainty. Tenders will be received by Punch, from sirens, mermaids and others, desirous of embarking their floating capital in such a speculation. Wet nurses will be treated with liberally, and the strictest secrecy may be relied upon.

PUNCH'S OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce, that the political excitement which has lately been the cause of so much speculation in Canada, expired yesterday, at the office of a *respectable Journalist* in Montreal. Every effort that skill or trickery could devise, was resorted to by the various editors in the Province, to keep the patient alive; and it is even asserted that an interested *bully* had the temerity to bring a large body of Police, to prevent the deceased from making its end in peace. Some parties say, that it is only in a state of somnambulism; and that a hot debate on Canadian affairs, in the English House of Commons, will have the effect of bringing the dead to life, and sending it once more through the country, "alive and kicking." Should such be the case, Punch begs to announce, that *he* will be found maintaining a position of "dignified neutrality."

SHORT ODE TO A DISTINGUISHED CAVALRY OFFICER.

Fortin! of figure fine and sinewy force,
Fortune on thee has smiled —— Captain of Horse!
For ten long years in leech-craft hadst thou toiled,
For town was tranquil — till the chaldron boiled.
For twaddle famed, then ministers arose,
For tinge of fear shot paleness o'er each nose.
For twang of trumpet called they --- let them call,
For tune not we our hearts with theirs at all;
For twine we still our faith round Jones' troop,
For tone of turn-out unrivalled --- whoop!
Forty dragoons! I say it deep in sorrow,
For tin, I believe, you'd all turn tail to-morrow!

AMERICAN JUSTICE.—A DROP OF COMFORT. CHLOROFORM.—ANNEXATION.

A Boston Paper suggests the application of ether, or Chloroform, to patients suffering from a tendency of hemp to the windpipe, or in other words about to expiate their crimes on the gallows. This truly American idea of comfort in hanging, has charms for us which the English language in its poverty is inadequate to convey. The malefactor, confident in the anticipation of a pleasant release—if he *must* swing for it—will chuckle as he wields his crowbar, to think that science can cheat even death of its terrors, and that the sources of Lethe can be transferred for fourpence, to the waistcoat pocket of the greatest ruffian. We are not, in general, advocates for capital punishment; but hanging, "in this style," really appears to us to be such *very* capital punishment, that we not only feel warranted in recording our approval of it, but would even take the liberty of hinting at a few other little delicate attentions, the graceful bestowal of which might strew the path of the patient with additional posies. For instance, where the sufferer happens to be of a nervous temperament, might we not suggest the humanity of hanging him in a shower-bath, with his feet in warm water? He would be sure to pull the string himself, and all the water that might then descend upon him, could hardly be deemed "a Drop too much."

Who would not pant for annexation to a Republic, where such true delicacy exists—from which such essence of refinement emanates? Who does not long to "hook on his car" to a nation where a *freehold* of ten "niggers," combined with a "location" of a certain quantity of land, qualifies the possessor for election as a Representative of the people?—where,—such is the elevated social condition of the professional community, that the tavern proprietor who mingles the beverages and cleans the boots of his customers, is also the principal lawyer of the place—(and this fact we can vouch for in an American Village, not far distant from Montreal,)—where,—so untrammelled is the Bench by legal usage, or by those conventional restraints which *we* are accustomed to look upon as laws, that a judge recently sentenced a husband to imprisonment, for a theft committed by his wife. Where—but it would be idle to enumerate the advantages likely to accrue to this colony, from an amalgamation with the Model Republic. Punch only regrets, that for his part he is too old-fashioned to go into the annexation business with anything like spirit. He never felt more of a Briton and less of Yankee, than he does at the present moment. If he *must* be annexed, he will take a leaf from the Boston Republican, and go to his execution under the influence of chloroform: and the only revolution which Punch thinks at all called for under existing circumstances, is one which he now performs himself, by tumbling artistically head over heels—shouting as he falls on his feet—hooray for our ancient Constitution; and God save the Queen!

OUR YOUNG REPUBLICANS.

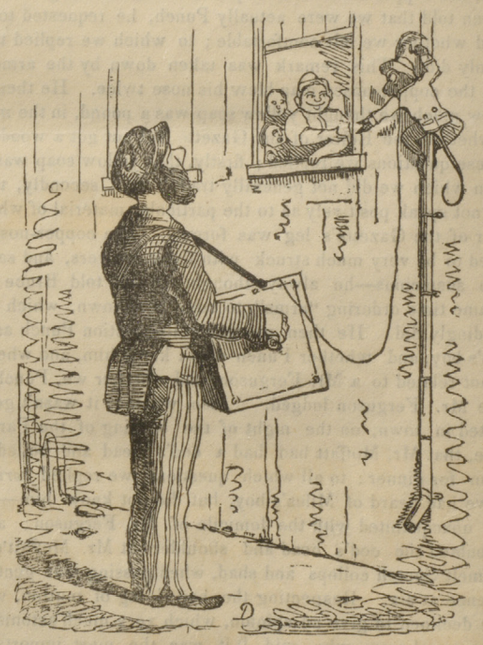
THE "MONITEUR" AND THE MONKEY.

DEMOCRACY is the grand question of the day amongst the swell young Canadians who mount their maple leaves with so much graceful enthusiasm in these piping (hot) times of republicanism.—Let us devote a portion of our columns to the *Moniteur*, and, without further preamble, illustrate with pen and pencil, our ideas as to what he and his readers of the tribe of Young Montreal may expect, should the ardently-looked-for American banner supersede the flag of old England, on the Citadel of Quebec.

Has the *Moniteur* ever watched the proceedings of an organic monkey, whose days are laboriously devoted to filling with hard-earned coppers, the pockets of a Minstrel of Savoy? That monkey, in his flourishing state of annexation to the organ of his Conductor, is aptly illustrative of the prospective condition to which Young Canada will be brought, should the prophetic aspirations of her ardent republicans be realized. Our friend Pug, true to his prying instinct, gets many a peep at the interior economy of polite society, as he clambers to the windows, and scales the balconies of his distantly-related but more-fortunately-circumstanced patron — man. Should he, however, intoxicated with the success which has attended some of his professional exhibitions of buffoonery, attempt to gain a footing of intimacy in the circle where his presence has been endured rather than solicited, a jerk from the annexation-string of his master, tumbles him at once from his temporary elevation; and he feels himself considerably less than a man, as he gets hit over the eye with a walnut, by one of the young gentlemen who just now consulted his prejudices with an apple.

Cannot our heroes of the revolutionary principles, perceive in their foreshadowings, some slight analogy between the life and prospects of the utterly-annexed monkey, and the doom to which they themselves are hastening, in their rabid anxiety to "achieve greatness." Large will be their share of the good things of the land, when Yankee Doodle claps his splay foot upon them! Do they see in the haze of futurity, the Anglo-saxon dwindling from generation to generation, till he comes down to something between our friend Pug, and an average *habitant*, while they, possessed of the check-string of annexation, lead him whither they would, to whatsoever melody best pleases them? Shut your eyes, ye *Moniteurs* and *Avenirs!* lest a sudden light from the future, breaking in upon your intellects, be found too much for your present very limited powers of vision.

Our space being confined to a column, the pencil urges us to drop the pen; so we wind up our remarks with this vernacularly-expressed assurance to our desperate young democrats—that however and whenever annexation may be accomplished, they, at least, and to a moral certainty, will find themselves——



UP THE SPOUT TO A PRETTY TUNE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E*G*N AND K*NC*RD*NE. *Your contributions have come to hand, but they are too spicy for our columns. Why didn't you send us your "Reply to the Ramsay Address?"—that would have been nearer our mark. Try it again, however. We have ever been anxious to aid the development of literary talent; and, with your peculiar humour, you may yet succeed.*

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DEWALDEN, at his Office, No. 3, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

PUNCH

IN CANADA.

No. 13.

Begs to apologise to the Public, for appearing before them in his Shell-jacket, and to account for his delinquency by stating that, his full-dress coat is undergoing the Stereotype process, at New York, and that it will make its appearance in due time and great splendour for No. 14.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam Boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 5s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respetctable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.



THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. *Subscription* 45*s. currency per annum.*

January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured.

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars,* in every variety, comprising Regalias, Puneteilas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesecadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

PUNCH'S ANGEL!

IT was announced in the public prints, a short time back, on the authority of the *Melanges Religieuses*, that an angel had appeared to a respectable old gentleman living somewhere in the Suburbs, and had wigged him amazingly on account of some irreverences committed by him, towards the beadle of the Church: and, that, in consequence, His Reverence the Bishop had instituted an inquiry, to ascertain what the Angel had said, how the Angel had looked, and all other particulars connected with the visit. Punch's impression, at the time, was, that the thing was a mistake. It was hardly possible that an Angel would come to Montreal, and not visit Punch. On looking over his visiting book, Punch finds, that the only illustrious visitors who have left their cards for him lately, are, Mrs. Belton, (after presenting her Address,) Mr. John Smith, the poet, Colonel Bruce, and Dolly. It is submitted by Punch, that, neither of these can be *the* Angel. Under these circumstances then, and anxious to lay the true facts of the case before the public, Punch addressed the following letter to the "Illustrious Stranger," Box 873, Post Office.

Punch Office, 12th July, 1849.

Mr. Punch presents his respectful compliments to the Angel, and would feel obliged if he would inform him, whether he has been out lately, and if so, whether his mother, or any body in the suburbs, or the Bishop of Montreal, *knew he was out*. If the Angel is actually in town, Punch would feel very much obliged if he would let him know where he puts up. Punch is sorry to say that, the Angel Inn, Islington, is not in these diggings; but Punch's friend, Dolly, can give the Angel a very good shake-down in Great St. James' Street. In respect to the *Melanges Religieuses* and the Bishop, Punch begs to caution the Angel against performing any miracle at present—the last one, (which was about a Rebellion Bill) not having answered so well as was expected. Finally, Punch is of opinion, that, if the Angel doesn't want to be cramped in his stomach, he should not drink too much of Father Chiniquy's "cold without." Punch's summer beverage is Martel's Pale Brandy, half diluted—and that's the kind of tipple Punch recommends to the Angel.

Punch, soon after, received the following

ANSWER.

(Copy.)

7th. Heaven, half-past 12 o'clock.

Dear Punch,

The thing is all a mistake—I authorize you to contradict it. I never had the least intention of coming; I hadn't upon my honor. Catch me coming, that's all. You dont think I'm so jolly green, do you? I was in Ireland once, and that was bad enough: I saw eighty men killed there, because one person said another sneezed like a papist; and was almost mobbed myself, because it was discovered that the Saxons were a branch of the Angles.—Oh! no, dear Punch, Canada is just the last place an Angel would think of coming to. We *do* go to Paris, now and then, though rarely; and some of us have been in Poland and Turkey—but there is not an Angel of my acquaintance, (that is, a respectable Angel,) who would come near you, I assure you. Pray communicate this to the Bishop; and tell him that the Angel seen by the man in the suburbs, came from the tavern next door, along with a gallon of gin and some bitters. Receive my best respects,

and believe me, my dear Mr. Punch,

Your friend and admirer,

THE ANGEL.

P. S. I am very much obliged to you for your hint respecting the water—Never touch it, upon my honor!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

We certainly were under the impression that the Provincial Secretary pledged himself to sweep the streets with grape-shot, upon the first indication of an attempt to raise the standard of republicanism upon the top of our monarchical institutions. Yet, on the fourth of July, we know that the American ensign flaunted proudly on the British breeze which agitated the premises of a small grocer in DeBleury Street; and where was the promised grape shot? Punch will not submit to be thus cheated out of a long-anticipated treat: and, therefore, upon the repetition of a similar demonstration, he will take upon himself the responsibility of sweeping DeBleury Street, and every other republican street in the city, with *Snipe-shot*, or any smaller shot that can be procured—as being by far more adaptable than grape-shot, to so very small a business.

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

The *Toronto Mirror*, lavishing much compliment upon the people of Montreal, apostrophises them, first as *beasts*, and immediately afterwards as *turkey-cocks*. Now we beg to correct the zoology of the *Mirror*, by reminding him that, if they are beasts they cannot be turkey-cocks, and if they are turkey-cocks they cannot be beasts. This must be evident to the most superficial physiologist. Should the *Mirror*, however, insist upon our acceptance of his anomaly, we will at once gratify his prejudices, and afford relief to our own feelings, by conceding that, although turkey-cocks cannot be classed as beasts, there is, nevertheless, a strong affinity between donkeys and geese—with which remark we leave the *Mirror* to his reflections.

SANITARY MEASURES.

Punch, in his capacity of a Central Board of Health, appointed by himself, with the concurrence of many thousands of his admiring friends, begs to address a few words to the other Board of Health, with the design of drawing their attention to sundry abominations which shock the eye, as well as the nose, of taste, in many parts of this City. The eye of taste, Punch would remark, need not be provided with microscopic power, nor need the nose of taste be organized with canine delicacy, to enable both, in their respective spheres, to detect much of nastiness in all the *purlieus* of Montreal. American travellers—and now that the memories of "July the 4th," have been duly disposed of, we may expect to see many of them amongst us—American travellers, we say, are much struck with the want of sanitary arrangements, particularly with respect to effluvia, in the markets and suburbs of our cities. An American gentleman of rank remarked to Punch the other day, in allusion to an odour encountered by him in the very heart of the City, that, "it was so tall a smell he couldn't smell it by himself; it would take four men, he guessed, to smell it rightly, and socdolagers at that." This forcible language, coming from an American citizen of eminence, (Punch understood him to be a general officer of great distinction and good nose,) arrested the attention of Punch, and induced him to direct some of his spare energy to the discovery and abolition of nuisances. The Bonsecour Market, which was in particularly bad odour during a portion of last spring—metaphorically speaking—is now, in a tangible sense, become a rather disgusting institution, from the exhibition of raw hides and other unpleasant objects, which assail the senses of the visitor, and afford a place of fashionable summer resort for an immense population of blue-bottles. Cannot the hides be hidden, and the blue bottles be discarded for butterflies, or some such agreeable accessories?

There is an odour at present haunting the centre of Cote Street, that no language, living or dead, can convey the faintest idea of. Let the local authorities look to it—or smell to it, rather; for Punch, having established himself as a general dis-infecting agent, is determined to be up to every thing, and down upon the physical as well as the moral delinquencies of the community at large.

THE CLUB NATIONAL DEMOCRATIQUE.



THE spirit of Democracy has wrought upon the young men of the Avenir---the electricity of Republicanism has run through them, like the "greased lightning" of our hyperbolical neighbors --leaving, however, in its progress, more of the grease than of the sparkle, wherever it has passed. The passiveness of the British Lion, dozing with one eye open, at the foot of the Tree of Democracy, has emboldened our young friends of the fierce moustaches and progress principles, to perpetrate deeds of unwonted daring; and the result has been the formation of the *Club National Démocratique*, followed by a *manifeste* setting forth its views, and containing some pithy comparisons between the monarchy of the *moyen âge*, and the social liberty enjoyed by the republicans of our own times. Those antiquated politicians who still cherish a respect for the "dust of other ages"---(does the *Avenir* covertly refer to the revered hair-powder of our grandfathers?)---those elderly and obsolete individuals who flourished before the days of rail-road and telegraph, and died unblessed with a conviction of sherry-cobblers, have their aristocratic memories assailed, and their imperial prejudices pelted, to an extent that brings the unbidden tear for the Lords of Britain; shewing us "in a glass, darkly," the ducal coronet surmounted by the *bonnet bleu du nord*, and even the purple of royalty itself superseded by the *etoffe du pays* of some future Papineau.

"Progress" and the "people"---these are now the watch-word and countersign of the moving world; and the young heroes of *la Nouvelle-France* have boldly started forth as engineers upon the railroad of the former, while they have invested the *habitans* of their "great nation" with the attributes sometimes conceded to the latter. Recklessly do these juvenile levellers lay down the rails of "progress," upon those venerable sleepers their fathers and mothers, whose ancient respectable *calèche* has become altogether too slow for the steam-propelled democrats of this later day. Scientifically do they talk of conducting into their land, a branch from the great electric telegraph of democracy, whose poles stand out against the misty horizon, as the land marks of the age. Nor do we sneer at them for thus exhibiting "signs of life," in shaking off the dull sleep of popular ignorance in which generations have hitherto been snored away. But it was unkind of the *Avenir* to come so suddenly upon us with their *manifeste*. Unprepared as we were for such an emanation, we startled our fancy with an image of the acorn, cut off by the maple-leaf from all participation in the light of day, and falling prematurely to the earth; destined no more to furnish the mighty branches, beneath whose Druidical shade the colonies of the earth have flourished for ages. A dreadful picture, and appalling to the heart of the Briton, was that thus conjured up by the eloquence of the pioneers of progress, who trampled on the very body of the British Lion, in their forward struggle to lead the van in the march of Republicanism. As may be supposed, the anxiety of mind induced by the reading of their democratic *brochure*, produced a corresponding physical depression; and the consequences might have been serious to ourselves, and blighting to our admiring public, had not our artist bethought himself of treating the subject, as we have presented it on the opposite page. Reassured by the dignified yet confidential wink with which the British Lion at once expresses his watchfulness and his contempt for the menacing denizens of the hollow tree, we again breathed freely, as we proceeded to analyse, more at leisure, the eliments of the terrible "club:" and we resolved ourselves into a committee of one, for the purpose of carrying on an unrestricted series of observations. To us it appears that, the modern spirit of dissatisfaction with all existing institutions, rather than a distinct idea of the benefits to be derived from a change, is the true source of the aspirations of the *Avenir*; and that, in their determination to distinguish themselves, they have wildly launched their crazy canoe upon the "intellectual deluge of democracy," whose flood tide they daily watch for by the shores of the sea of discontent---that dead sea in whose bitter waters nothing of life rejoices---on whose bituminous bosom rides no bird save the occasional dissatisfied goose, who finds not his pleasure in aught but troubled waters. The eloquent young subjects of our notice, indulge themselves in a great variety of tropes. They are "infant giants," who, arriving at a knowledge of their vigor, burst, like threads, the bonds imposed upon them by perfidious Albion. That "bursting of the bonds," however, may be attended with a certain degree of danger. If the "infant giant" in tights, petulant at their constraint upon his "progress," sever, with rash hand, the British braces by which his "oh-no-we-nevers" are decently upheld, will his progress be materially assisted by the sudden descent of the repudiated garment---or will he not, rather, in headlong precipitation, plough up the earth with the rebellious nose with which he erst sneered at the oak of Britain? Better than the idea of the boy-giant, is the type which our artist has chosen to work upon, in illustration of the worthy, but mistaken young gentlemen, who are placing themselves in the position of "cats' paws" to the ambitious and not over-scrupulous Papineau. A recent traveller in Brazil gives a lively description of his encounter with a tribe of monkeys rejoicing in the title of "preachers." An old "preacher" of large proportions and austere visage, makes his pulpit in a hollow tree, from which he howls forth endless essays---on democracy probably- -to an admiring congregation of lesser apes, assembled from the neighboring settlements. Occasionally, when some remark strikes them by its elegance of expression, or terse vigor, the auditors take up the cry; and the result is a discord of unpleasant sounds, which appears to afford no particular delight to any of the listeners, excep the immediate associates of this original *Club Démocratique* of the forests of Brazil. View the old "preacher," as he puts forth one of his brood to "trample on the British Lion,"---and watch the disinclination of the small advocate for liberty, to enter upon his allotted task---nervously gathering up his tail and legs, lest the formal but rather ineffectual process of "trampling" should perchance wake from his repose the slumbering monarch.

We scarcely know how to class those annexationists, who do not belong to the party whom we have gone to a considerable expence in thus complimenting, in the "highest style of literature and art." Many of them have formed vague ideas upon a subject favored by them chiefly for the sake of change. Smith cherishes a wild notion, that a general amnesty of debts will follow immediately upon the heels of annexation; and he smiles in his post-prandial slumbers, as he beholds a vision of his once-dreaded creditors, recklessly treating him to a champagne supper. Jenkins, who thoughtlessly doffed his hat to the spangled pocket-handkerchief run up by a wretched huxter in DeBleury Street, reddened as he saw us smiling at him from the opposite side of the way, and affected to scratch his head, as an apology for the uplifted castor; and Jones,---the Jones of our earliest affections---betrays in his growing ardour for unnatural decoctions, a preference for the "slings" and cocktails of Democracy, over the beer and brown stout of Old England.

Altogether, we hardly know how to steer clear of the breakers---but we will stand by the old Ship till she settles down; and then strike out for our lives, keeping a sharp look out for---land ahead!

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

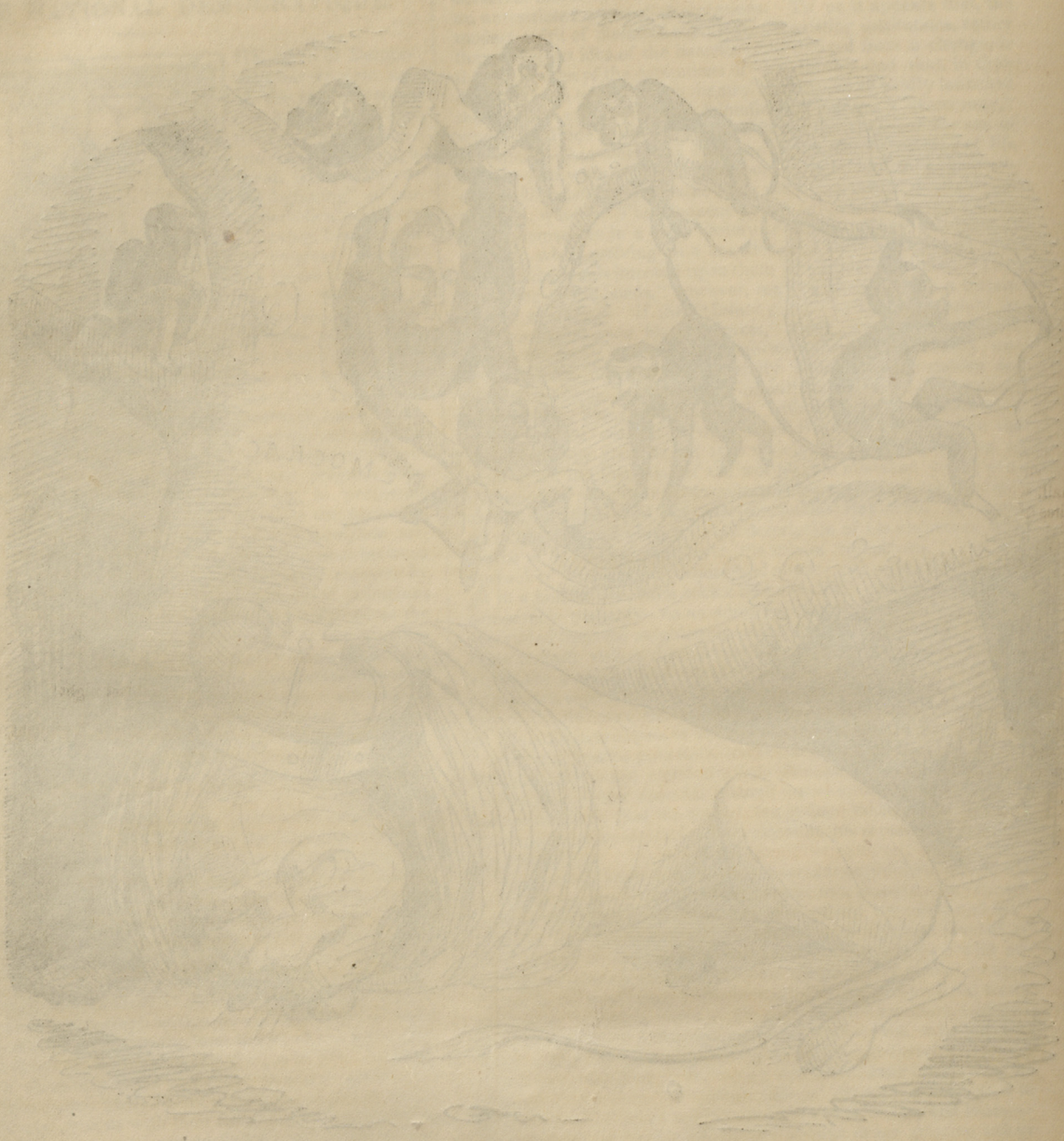
Punch thinks that, if annual prizes were established for such ebulitions as the following, the lost currents of electricity and loyalty would speedily return to their respective vacuums, and confidence once more be restored to its wonted firmness.

Why should a large raft, drawn through the water by a steamboat, remind one of an extinct race of animals? Because its' a great mass towed on. (*Mastodon.*)



THE "CLUB NATIONAL DEMOCRATIQUE,"

Preparing to trample on the British Lion.



GEOGRAPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A party of enterprising men is at present engaged in exploring the interior of the *Place d'Armes*. The expedition is under the command of Darby Malone, Esq., President of the Hibernian Geological Society, the result of whose gigantic operations in the transmutation of stone into metal, is now visible along the entire length of Craig-Street. Intelligence from the brave fellows who have thus thrown themselves into this hitherto unexplored region, is, of course, looked for with much anxiety. Rumor, on the authority of a letter received by a cab-man on the confines of civilization, from a friend of his in the interior, states that, at that date, the party had discovered some very interesting ruins—apparently those of a lamp-post—at the foot of which, a strange old hermit with a long beard had taken up his abode. He appeared shocked at the sight of man, and refused to give his name, or any information whatever regarding his mysterious history. The initials J. B. however, carved upon the lamp-post, as well as certain collateral circumstances, leave little room to doubt that, he is a person who, some time back, suddenly disappeared from amongst his friends in this neighborhood, who have been long in a dreadful state of suspense regarding his fate. A specimen chip from the lamp-post, has been forwarded to A. Simpson Esq., the spirited projector of this enterprise; and the hermit has been brought into town, with the view of being sent to England, to replace the Hermit of Vauxhall, who died a short time since, from excessive devotion to the rites of conviviality.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By a Prelate.

TRANSLATED FOR PUNCH.

The favor with which some remarks of mine upon Ophiology, or the Physiology of Serpents, were received by the scientific portion of the public, induced me to turn my attention more generally to the study of animated nature; and I now avail myself of the columns of my excellent and esteemed friend Punch, to make known to the gleaners in the field of Nature, (of whom I look upon myself as the least,) the results of my observations on Physiological subjects generally. In form, they are but the crude jottings-down in the note-book of a naturalist; but I trust to the generous reader for the extension of a kind indulgence as regards style—hoping that the strong internal evidences of authenticity borne by my facts, may be taken as a set-off against those apparent irregularities of arrangement which are—if my friend Punch will permit me to make the remark—the inevitable results of what is usually termed a "free translation." Sympathizing with my reader, who has kindly accompanied me thus far, in his anxiety to arrive at the gate which I have thrown open for his rush into the field of nature, I beg to wind up these introductory remarks, by respectfully dedicating my "Recreations," to the Natural History Society of Montreal.

The Church Mouse. (*Mus Ecclesiasticus.*) "As poor as a church mouse," is a comparison often used, and popularly considered as very much to the point. I have had many opportunities of observing the church mouse, and never have I seen one whose appearance betokened the slightest tendency to the low state of pecuniary or corporeal resources, referred to in the saying above quoted. On the contrary, the church mouse of every variety—and there are many—appears to me to be distinguished by a peculiar and admirable sleekness of exterior, conveying to the beholder a lively impersonation of peace and plenty. I have been told that the variety known as the *Mus ecclesiasticus curatus*—the *Mus coadjutor* of Ireland—is sometimes remarkable for its lean and poverty-stricken appearance; and, from that particular variety, the proverb may possibly take its origin. The *ridiculus Mus*, mentioned by the Latin poet, bears no affinity to the subject of my remarks. It was, probably, an animal of enormous size; as it is recorded to have occupied the crater of Mount Vesuvius for a mouse-hole—the *parturiunt montes* of the writer referred to, being clearly a confirmation of this interesting fact. The variety is now extinct: but there is a mouse-trap in the British Museum in which one of them was caught, as it went foraging about in the dark ages, according to the nocturnal and predatory habits of its kind.

The Canvass-backed Duck. The only pair of Canvass-backed Ducks I ever saw, were upon a British Sailor, whom I observed leaning over the railing on the quays. They had evidently been originally Russia-ducks; but the hinder part being worn away—probably from the foolish habit contracted by seafaring men, of sliding up and down ropes—had been repaired with what seemed to be a portion of a very coarse old sail. Therefore, there could be no doubt whatever, that they were genuine canvass-backed ducks. I had frequently heard, from American friends and others, that ducks of this description are looked upon by the luxurious as the greatest of delicacies. With a view, therefore, to possessing myself of them by purchase, I addressed the proprietor, hazarding a question as to the style in which the buttons should be served up, when the ducks came to be dished. I had reason, however, to repent of my curiosity; for the bad man turned upon me, and in language which none but a British Sailor could conceive, and which my ink would turn red in transferring to paper, overwhelmed me with a torrent of abuse, which he wound up by calling me an "infernal old pump," (*vieille pompe.*) What he meant by this I know not, but I am inclined to think he must have taken me for Father Chiniquy. These were the only observations I ever made respecting Canvass-backed Ducks.

Welch Rabbits. There is much mystery connected with the physiology of these creatures. I learned, however, that the preserves of an English gentleman of the name of Dolly, abound with them, and that their pursuit is the nightly occupation of numbers of people who resort there. I accordingly called upon that gentleman, and inquired of him whether he could give me any information as to their habits: but he, quickly, and as I thought somewhat bluntly, replied that, "he did not consider it would be quite the cheese to tell me." So I must reserve this subject until I have an opportunity of making further observations.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

Punch had a dream so beautiful last night!
So calm, so sweet—
That wroth was he when flies at morning's light,
Stormed his retreat.

He thought the tide of annexation reached
High-water mark;
And on the stream that swiftly eddied past,
He launched his bark.

Adown its current paddled he past trees
And rocks abutting;
And once he heard an alligator sneeze—
But that was nothing.

For soon there glittered in the rising sun,
Upon a steep hill,
A City from whose gates there issued forth
Myriads of people.

In dusky column towards the river's banks
Downwards they ran;
Shouting, with force to rend their close-wedged ranks—
"The Coming Man!"

And as Punch landed from his light canoe,
Thicker and thicker
Round him the people thronged, with wild halloo;
Offering "liquor."

While, on the spot, with solemn purpose bent,
Their votes they passed:
And Punch was duly chosen President
Of realms vast.

And mounted on a steed of giant strides,
A "genu-ine racker;"
Splendid, in satin vest, he onward rides—
Chewing "tobacker."

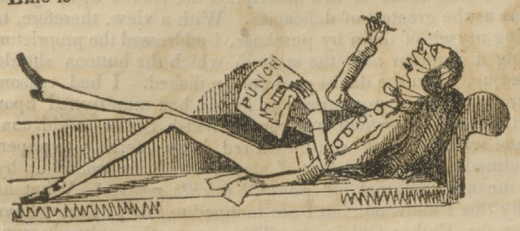
Head of a mighty people, Punch, that night,
Revelled in "juleps"—
And prithee, Jenkins, hadn't he a right,
As much as you, or Smith, or Jones, my tulips?

THE COMIC EUCLID.

DEFINITIONS.

A Point hath position, especially when made by a person of position—but hath not magnitude, even when traced to a great man.

A Line is



LENGTH WITHOUT BREADTH.

The extremities of a line are points. This is proved by a full stop being always at the end of a sentence. The same truth is evident, both in points of honor and points of umbrellas.

A Plane Angle is the inclination of two lines to one another, and is evident in angling with the rod and line. The Angle is always called plane, though the Angler be a beauty.

Angles or Anglers are either acute or obtuse; or they may be all right.

An Acute Angle, or, as it is sometimes called for the sake of euphony, 'cute, is formed when the rod is moved "particular" sharp. Accordingly, when the sport is "particular" good, the man is said to be 'cute. A Pennsylvanian is also called 'cute, owing to the sharpness of the turn he made from the celebrated line, "I promise to pay."

An Obtuse Angle means not acute, because acute means sharp. Thus we say a man is obtuse, according to the ratio in which he becomes a flat.

A Triangle is a musical instrument, beaten by a military bondsman. It is also an instrument at which the military bondsman is beaten—in which case the music is made by the latter. It is called right-angled, when the military bondsman has been served right. Occasionally he is a little obtuse on this subject, and then, of course, he is called obtuse.

A Square is a four-sided figure. The French discovered this at Waterloo. It is considered equal to anything, when the co-efficient is the British bayonet. We have heard it asserted that, steel to steel, cavalry will break the square. If such were the case, it would be extracting the square-root with a vengeance.



A Circle is a Plane Figure, contained by one Line. A great many have discovered this to be a mournful truth—in the shape of a wedding-ring.

Parallel Lines are those that do not meet. Thus, a man and wife, "doing the fashionable," may be said to be parallels, as they never meet except at meat; and then they are opposite to each other. Shabby-genteels do not come under this category. This, however, must be proved by the higher mathematics—by the law of attraction—which acts in the ratio of the respective masses; that is to say, according to their magnitudes. Thus, the great man attracts the shabby-genteel, who, being the less, is always striving to meet him—and hence, is not a parallel. But it must be recollected that the shabby-genteel may have, and consequently hath, many parallels.

POSTULATES.

Let it be granted—

That a straight line may be drawn from any point to any other point. This is evident; for every body tries to make the two ends meet; although, we must admit, that at present, it is rather hard to do so.

Any circle may be described at any distance. As a wedding-ring is a circle, (Def. 10), that necessary appendage to the left hand can be described, with any amount of animation, as radius to whoever will listen. But the animation is often on one side, and consequently, ladies sometimes say "no," and what is more, may *mean* it—in which case, although the ring be bought, the man is said to be sold.

AXIOMS.

Things which are equal to the same thing, are equal to one another. This is best proved by the converse of it. For, although nothing is equal to Punch, it cannot be said that Punch is equal to nothing. For Punch is equal to anything; and if equal to anything, must be equal to everything and everybody.

Equals from equals leave equals.

Thus, Punch and threepence half-penny are equal to *quinze sous*. This is the fundamental principle we advise everybody to study — without it, they never can be geom-eters or any other eaters. Punch, before dinner, is a *coup d'appetit;* and he beats Holloway hollow, as a cure for everything.

Such are the primary principles we have drawn up, for the especial benefit of the Board of Examiners appointed under the new Surveyors' Act—and to which learned body we accordingly do ourselves the honor of dedicating them.

FRAGMENTARY TRIBUTE TO THE SAX HORNS.

BY DESMOND O'SHAUGNESSY.

Miss M. O'Connor! 'pon my word of honor,
You made me screech with joy for Erin's Isle,
In "Va Pensiero"—may I be there, O!
When next you sing it with your own sweet smile.
And Miss Louisa, isn't she a teaser,
Meandering through the "Song of a Summer day!"
I'm safe to venture a double X debenture,
You'll not find their ayquals this side of the say.

With tones much sharper than the famous Harper,
Ringing so sweetly that each soul was fired,
Did ould Mr. Distin on the *cornet—à—piston*,
Or trumpet rather, play "The Soldier tired."
And then the brothers! whose tone above all others
Rises so firm and strong---so sweetly sinks---
While from the pianner, in his peculiar manner,
Their music Willy twines with silver links!

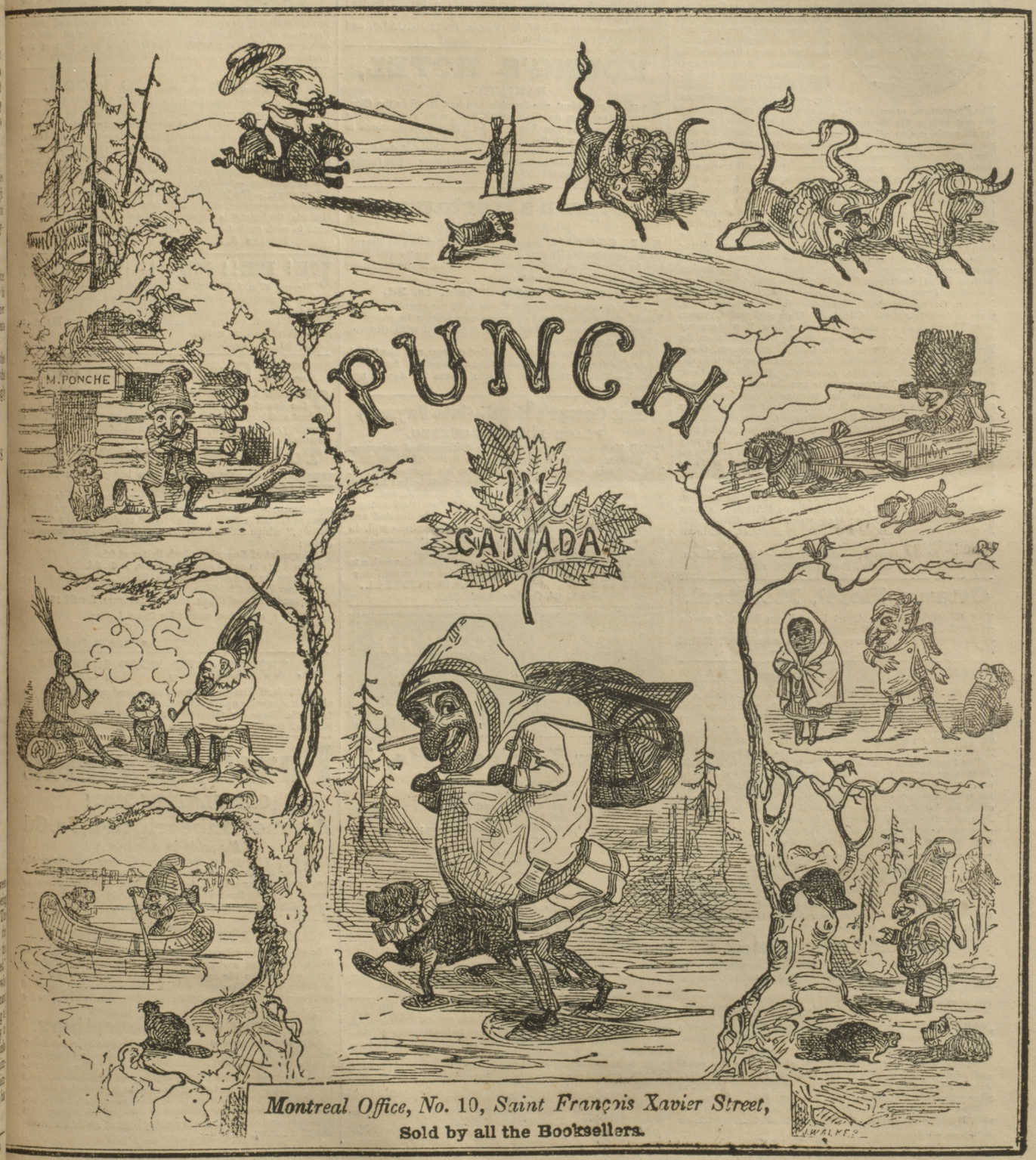
LOYALTY AND ELECTRICITY.

There must be some great and mysterious connection between loyalty and electricity; a perceptible deficiency of both, being just now the cause of much moral and physical debility. The *Montreal Gazette*, in noticing the entertainment given by the Messrs. Distin, says,---"also the grand finale of God save the Queen, which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated." Was the editor of the *Gazette* one of the "loyal gentlemen," who wished for a repetition of the National Anthem, or is his remark meant for a fine-drawn sarcasm, aimed at the good old feeling of allegiance, which it is now the affectation of a certain party to turn into contempt? If the sneer was meant—and Punch thinks it was—let the Editor of the *Gazette* lose no time in getting himself charged with electricity; and let him, herewith, consider himself morally "bonnetted" by Punch, for refusing to take of his hat to the noble strain of "God save the Queen."

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The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDemadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850 A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

From Miss J. M. Stubbs, to her friend, Mrs. Mary Brown.

M—k—ds, July 1, 1849.

Dear Mrs. Brown;

Did folks but know,
Afore they leaves their native dwellings
To wander in this land of snow,
All that I am now a-telling;
Could they but see me as I vere,
The werry pink and pride of Popham,
And as I is—— oh! then my dear
If this ere pictur didn't stop 'em,
And make 'em rest at home contented,
They're blind. or deaf, or else demented!

You recollects, in coorse, the day,
Ven as the wessel slipped avay,
I left yourself, and Jane, and Jerry,
A-shedding tears upon the wherry;
Oh! could I then, my blessed dear,
Have pictur'd all I've suffered here—
No, not his Lordships' bottled porter
Had tempted me to cross the vater!

But vot are vimmen ven afloat?
Veak and yielding at the stomach;
Them may love a ship or boat
Who's passed their childhood in a hammock.
But as for me dear Mrs. Brown,
Ven fust I felt the wessel heaving,
And saw the masts go up and down,
I had no power or time for breathing:
For there I laid upon my pillow,
Vithout a woice to cheer my soul,
Or friendly eye to watch the billow
And tell me ven the ship vould roll.
Oh! could you but have seen me then,
A-growing veaker day by day,
Exposed to all them sailor men,
A-heaving of my strength avay,
I'll vager my two golden ducats,
Your tender tears had flowed in buckets!

But that is gone---the past is past,
As Birum says, the comic joker!
Ve only lost our mizen-mast,
And vun poor soul in Jones's locker—
The last a little boy of seven,
Eat up by cods, and now in heaven!

But leave this team; you know, dear Brown,
How pleasant I vas, placed in town:
Lawks! had a hangel come deceiving,
And axed me if I thought of leaving,
I didn't think—upon my bonnet,
I didn't think I'd look upon it.
But vimmen's veakest at our ages,
And twenty pounds is pretty wages—
Consider too my blessed girl,
How vell it looks to serve an Earl!

But, bless me! if I had but know'd it,
If any body could have showed it—
If I had heard a spectre say,
"Jane Martha Stubbs dont go avay,"
Or if I'd dream't like Hannah Piney,
Who seed her John's fust wife in Chiney
I do believe I'd been quite frantic,
To have gone and crossed that vide Atlantic!

But tears must cease:— You've read, my dear,
Vot horrid kickups happened here:
Oh! Mary love, you vould have melted
To see our John and Joseph pelted;
Two new coats and bright new plushes
Is spiled with mud and filthy slushes;
It's quite enough, my dear, to sicken
Any vun of eating chicken;
The werry site of laying fowls
Cramps his Lordship in the bowels!

But that is over: John's dear legs
Is purified from rotten eggs,
And Joe, dear Joe, a hangel vich is,
Has vashed and dyed his crimson breeches.
But vurse from vurse is often kimming,
And so it is vith us poor vimmen—
No longer scared by stones and guns
His Lordship vants to make us nuns;
Whilst John and Joe, by his desires,
Is turned two shaven headed friars!

Yes, truth is truth, dear Mary Brown,
Ve's banished from the vorld and town;
No more for us like pealing thunder,
The turnpike gates is throwed asunder;
No more for us the martial air
Vich wibrates in Dalhousie Square,
No more for us reviews and races
And lifted hats and smiling faces:
The chariots' still, the horses—drat 'em;
Is got so fat as oats vont fat 'em;
The door that not a foot infringes
Is dull and heavy on its hinges;
The grass has growed so high that Abel
Vos lost in going to the stable;—
The cattle's vild—the cows refuses
To let you milk 'em ven you chooses;
The Pigs has eaten up our Fairy,
And seems inclined to try Aunt Mary;
The werry pigeons, poor dumb creaturs,
Is startled now by human featurs;
The butcher brings no joint or quarter,
But leaves his basket vith the porter;
The werry baker man, of late,
Is ordered not to pass the gate;
Ve eats in silence, like the Jews,
But vot ve eats ve does not chews;
Ve gets no gossip vith our teas;
There's nothing stirring in the cheese;
Mournful is starch—and yellow soap
Brings not a wrinkle nor a hope;
All, all is silent—werry quiet,
Ever since that horrid riot!

And then the nites, the horrid nites,
It's vurse than bugs as sucks and bites;
No sooner does ve quench our tapers,
Than old McCord begins his capers;
A red nosed man, dear Mrs. Brown,
Employed to put the Tories down;
Last nite he sent us vord to say
That sixty men vos in our hay,
And ven the so'gers vent to see,
'Twas our old cat---a tabby she—
A wartuous mother---first-rate mouser,
And them 'ere wagabonds to rouse her!
No vunder that my Lord should quake,
And fret, and have the stomach-ache!—
Enough to turn vun's flesh to stone
To have that red nose near vun's own!

But Mary, love, I must adieu—
My griefs is many---joys is few;
With best respects to Mr. Jarvis,
Hoping he's happy in the sarvice;
Also love to Jane and Sue—
The saints protect and prosper you!—
The vicked saints vich only snubs
Your werry wretched

MARTHA STUBBS.

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES.



E have marvelled much, and pondered deeply, over some very remarkable predictions which have lately appeared in the mystic column of the *Moniteur*. We say, the 'mystic column,' because we understand that our contemporary will, for the future, have one exclusively devoted to the promulgations of such announcements, as his *avant courier* into the region of coming events may think proper to transmit to him from time to time. Punch felt a painful sense of his inferiority, as he fed like a caterpillar on the mysterious sibylline leaves thus provided for his summer's sustenance. It was, in fact, a sort of lobster salad of sibylline leaves—retaining a certain fishiness of flavor, in spite of the mustard and garlic of the *Moniteur's* sauce.

And Punch felt particularly small. Out of all his contributors, not one could pretend to rank as a prophet; he, himself, indeed, had more than once thought of turning his attention to reading off the back-action telegraph of the future. He had heard of the Highland Seers, who, by looking through a hole in a thread-bare plaid, beheld, as in a diorama, all the predestined vicissitudes of a chequered existence—bright, of course, or the reverse, according to the pattern of the prophetic tartan; and, with prompt determination to "do or die," did he fish up from secret recesses where the moth delighteth to nidificate, an ancient and venerable waistcoat, of the fabric popularly known as Shepherd's Plaid. With considerable trepidation, Punch applied his left eye to the right arm-hole of the garment, and was much startled at beholding what he, at first, took to be a vision of the British Lion, picking his royal teeth with an ivory tooth-pick. A second glance, however, assured us that it was only our dog Toby, picking a bone. Furious at being thus imposed on, Punch exclaimed, in the best dog-latin he could muster for the occasion—*pone canem ex!* Our boy, catching the inspiration of the moment, albeit not of high classical attainments, directly understood the classical mandate; and Toby was ignominiously expelled from the apartment, to finish his anatomical pursuits in humbler regions. Confidence being restored, Punch varied the plan of his proceedings, by applying his right eye to the left arm-hole of the vaticinal vest; but he could get no further from the world around him, than the stuffed woodpecker on the mantelpiece, which nearly fell to pieces from the intensity of his gaze. To the button holes, then, in rotation, did he apply his protruding peepers—looking through two of them with one eye, and one of them with two eyes, and winking at the future in the most winning and confidential manner; but without success, until he reached the mystic number of seven. Through that charmed and particularly well worn aperture, Punch beheld curious visions of coming events—foreshadowings of the future, political, domestic and personal; much of which he feels himself called upon to suppress—assuring those highly respectable families in whose destinies he now considers himself as holding a vested right, (by virtue of the waistcoat,) that their futures are securely stowed away in Punch's own iron safe—fire-proof to a miracle, and patented to the extreme verge of human ingenuity. To assuage the fever of public curiosity, however, certain revelations will be made; and anxious readers are here presented with a few selections, illustrative of

WHAT PUNCH SAW THROUGH THE SEVENTH BUTTON-HOLE.

At a great concert of music, a snob sitteth doggedly on his chair, while all around rise with enthusiasm at the strains of the National anthem—the time-honored cadences of "God-save the Queen." Subsequently the same snob, as the jingle of the *Marseillaise* ringeth upon his disorganised ear, jumpeth up and shouteth with much vulgar gesticulation, and is promptly knocked down and kicked by an Anglo-saxon bystander. Seven snobs, worse than the first, rush to the rescue, and are all knocked down and kicked, successively, by the Anglo saxon; being eventually taken away in cabs by several men in blue, with short sticks.—Let the Snobs beware of an Anglo-saxon of no particular height and made in proportion; dressed after a prevailing fashion, and having a buckle on his hat-band.

Horses will be offered for sale, at a low figure, about Laprairie, before the plain is pipe-clayed by the hand of winter. Cavalry accoutrements will occasionally decorate the windows of Montreal pawnbrokers; and men with moustaches will return to their ancient and congenial employment of digging canals. Tully will rave furiously in the City Council; and much ridicule will be heaped upon him by one who is now residing in comparative obscurity. Fortin, beware!—a stumbling horse deprived a kingdom of its monarch, and a tightened crupper may give a horseman a wet jacket.

An English Nobleman, in disguise, will call for a gin cock-tail at the bar of Donegana's. He will pay for it with a Mexican dollar; receiving back in change, the sum of four shillings and nine pence halfpenny Halifax currency; and he will politely request the waiter to "pocket the odd browns."

Mr. B. Maguire will be presented with a piece of plate, by three American gentlemen who proceed in his cab to the Laprairie Steamboat. It will be of silver, circular in form—bearing upon one side the effigy of Her Most gracious Majesty, and on the obverse a mystic inscription, purporting to set forth its value; which will amount to exactly twelve pence sterling. (Punch rather mistrusts this description of a *trente-sous*, as it is a good while since he has seen one.)

A young lady of the most fascinating beauty, accompanied by servants bearing coffers of untold gold, will throw herself at the feet of Punch, confessing unlimited affection for him on the strength of his portrait, and offering her hand and gold. On being told that Punch is already a Benedick, she will break out into the most heart-rending lamentations; and will be borne away in a state of hopeless insanity—advocating bigamy, and heaping terrible objurgations on the head of the unoffending Judy.

The above may be taken as fair samples of the glimpses which Punch had into futurity. He may have been deceived by the button-hole, and he may not: time, alone, can tell—and the tailor who originally worked the waistcoat, must incur his share of the responsibility. But of this Punch is confident—that he can see quite as far through a button-hole, as the cock-sybil of the *Moniteur* can through a mill-stone; and he hereby challenges that individual to go through a course of prophecies with him, for a hamper of Torry's champagne, to be drunk beforehand.

N. B. In making this bet, Punch thinks it but honorable to mention that, he took another peep through the seventh button-hole, and saw himself winning it.

A SHIFT FOR A DINNER.



"Ah then! you owdacious epicurayan thief o' the worrld, couldn't you let it alone!"



A SCENE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Her Most Gracious Majesty. Sir Allan MacNab and Mr. William Cayley,—I regret that it is out of our power to offer you any accommodations at present, our only spare room being just now occupied by Mr. Francis Hincks.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken during the late hot Weather.

BY OUR DISSIPATED CONTRIBUTOR.

TALK of Fahrenheit indeed! it's nothing to the heat here. The largest sherry-cobbler tube that ever suggested suction, couldn't contain the small dose of mercury that struggles to escape from our aggravated thermometer. Young Green, who dresses his head every morning as he would a salad, had it nearly converted into mock-turtle, the other day, from the simmering action of the temperature upon the Rowland's sauce.

I haven't shaved for a fortnight—and why?—because my razors have been constantly red hot since the setting in of this torrid season; and the depilatory process is converted into one of cauterising, or singeing. There is a smoke and a whizz, as of distant battle, whilst I steer my razor, like a red hot fire-ship, through an archipelago of carbuncles upon my billowy chin. The present lurid state of the atmosphere, is said to be caused by the burning forests in the surrounding country. Dont believe it, but rest satisfied with the conviction that it arises from the diurnal singeing of the bristles of the million.

Methinks the man who keeps a meteorological table in this weather, should have it supplied with many varieties of cool and cunning drinks. You should make the sherry-cobbler a vehicle for useful knowledge; sucking in iced science to appease the thirst for learning which burns within you. Botany may be studied in mint-juleps; and the chemical action of alchohol upon vegetable matter, may be tested by the agreeable combination of a brandy-smash with a genuine Havannah.

Chemically speaking, man is "held in solution" by the present atmospheric condition. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," said one of the warmest of our bards. But here, though words might burn, I defy thoughts to breathe. The only sounds pronounceable are the liquids, and even they should be used only in calling for drinks. They may talk of the liquid euphony of the Italian tongue—but what is the 'La ci darem' of the opera, to the 'Gurgle gurgle blob' of a cool cobbler?

The *Transcript* tells us that there is a nebulous spot visible upon the sun's disc—perceptible through a smoked glass, during all the hours of day-light. I went to Donegana's immediately, and ordered a smoked glass. They recommended Scotch whisky—cold without. Tried it, without success—rather foggy perhaps. Repeated the prescription many times, and found I could see nothing. Disgusted with the *Transcript's* mendacity, "I turned and left the *spot*." N. B. Advice to the Sun. Try McClosky, Scourer and Dyer. No. 187, Notre Dame Street.—Spots removed at a moments' notice.

Who has vigor enough left in him to light a lucifer match?—Who has the moral courage, combined with the physical strength, requisite for the indispensable processes of buttoning and unbuttoning? O! that the odious conventionality of dressing "full fig," might be rendered literally, as of yore by our ancestors in the orchard of Eden. Perhaps it was from that primitive state of the fashions, that we have derived the popular metaphor of "turning over a new leaf."

"What is it in the shade now?" is the question of the day: the only one that interests the lawyer, the soldier, the merchant and the politician. Even my permanent dun has forgotten his clock-work invitation to "cash up," in the all-absorbing query suggested by the heat of the moment. What is it in the shade!—the words should be adapted to the music of an African melody.—Might not the "How stands the glass around, my boys?" of General Wolfe, have had reference to the state of the thermometer, in prophetic anticipation of the hot work before him?

Man is said to be a worm. He has also been compared to a vapour, and paralleled with various vegetable productions—but I say he is a thermometer. He rests in the shade, and cold for ever is the mercury in the comfortless tube of his existence. But let him bask in the sunshine of popular favor—a "rising young man" in the genial summer radiance of the great—and straightway his looks, his words and his movements, are consulted as eagerly as ever were the indications of the thermometer which hangs in Townsend's porch.

Thinking makes us thirsty—our reflections are refracted upon us with consuming vigor. A writer in these serious days of Sirius the dog-star, should imbibe by paragraphs and punctuate with pints. 'Tis my ninth paragraph—familiar! fetch me my ninth inspiration—soda-water, this time, with a sketch of Martel in it, to warm the tint. Who waits without there? "Please sir it's the boy from Punch, come for the illustrated article which you promised them for this week." Illustrated article be particularly well—smashed! Come hither, O boy of Punch!—absorb precepts of wisdom while yet in thy earliest corduroy-hood—be a good boy, or rather good boys—for distinctly do I perceive two Punch boys vibrating before me—let no dulcet strain of inspired barrel-organ prolong thy loiterings; but return incontinently to thy employers, and convey unto them that no illustrated article shall they have from me this week—for I am rather drunk, and—and—and my cigar wont draw.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Coats are worn very much on the backs of chairs; except in cases where the dorsal portion of the waistcoat is too much run to seed. Collars are remarked as being unusually limp this season; and, from being very often pulled up by hand, they assume a thumbed appearance which is looked upon as very *distingué*. Braces hang idly on their own hooks, along with the superseded snow-shoes and moccassins of last winter; and the union between waistbands and waistcoats has been repealed—a large portion of neutral linen being visible in the intervening territory. Hats are out in great variety, this summer; and of all colors—the gaudiest and most fantastic being universally seen upon the emptiest heads. Beads, in many instances, are worn upon the forehead; and sometimes, particularly after dinner, the nose is adorned by a shower of diamonds, which have a pleasing effect when seen through the blue mist of many cigars. Gloves are worn by the fastidious; but the economical exquisite prefers having his hands tanned—an operation which costs nothing, and makes them look like leather. Cut-away coats are much affected by those proceeding to California, as well as by persons bound for the Levant; and the process of fumigating them liberally with cigar or cavendish smoke, is much resorted to. In patterns, an attempt has been made, of late, to introduce a combination of stars and stripes; but they speedily became very *gentish*, and we have seen nothing of them since the fourth of July. In the French quarters of the town, moustaches are in full cultivation, and there has been no change in linen since last month. The juvenile fashions for Griffintown continue much the same as heretofore—a tight, flesh-colored costume being much in request, and having a very picturesque effect amongst the verdant pools of that vicinity.

MYSTERIOUS.

We have been requested to give insertion to the following dark and secret communication! incomprehensible as it is to ourselves, and uninteresting as it must be to all of our readers except the immediate circle in which the owner of the mystical initials moves, yet how could we refuse to open our columns to the wounded spirit thus seeking a sanctuary within them? Besides we follow but the footsteps of the *Herald*, who treated the public a few days since to a similar, and equally interesting announcement.

ADVERTISEMENT.

After years of delay in procuring the lucifer matches, the bat-box has received from the tobacco-box the maximum of impertinence; proving that the latter, though generally considered up to snuff, is in the widest acceptation of the term, predestined to eventuate in smoke.

B. U. M.

"I'm *tolled* it's true,"—as the old horse said when he was pulled up to pay the pike.

What mathematical figure does a row in a prison remind one of? A *quad* wrangle.

INTERCEPTED TELEGRAPH REPORTS.

From the Montreal Correspondent of the New York *Courier* and *Enquirer*.

BY a peculiar electro-galvanic process of our own, we have been able to abstract from the wires, *in transitu* for New York, the following startling communications, from the Montreal Correspondent of the *Courier* and *Enquirer*.—Our proceeding may, perhaps, be looked upon as a sort of literary larceny; but particular circumstances demand prompt action; and the piracy will be deemed venial, on considering the incalculable benefits accruing therefrom to the Public of Montreal, who might, for many days, have languished in ignorance of what is hourly passing around them, but for the happily-arrested information thus clandestinely obtained, from the prolific correspondent of the *Courier* and *Enquirer*.

The report is rather diffuse in its treatment, for a telegraphic despatch, and runs as follows:

Montreal, 25 July, 1849.

Forty five thousand people died here, of cholera, on Saturday last. As our population scarcely amounted to fifty thousand, you may suppose we are not very much crowded here, just now; but we keep up our spirits, nevertheless, and public amusements, particularly ten-pins, are prosecuted with much vigor. The Board of Health is dreadfully frightened—they will not publish reports; and Dr. Nelson actually shook hands with Papineau in the public street, saying that he wished to be on good terms with all men, for the present; and trusting that Papineau would forget all he had said about his having run away at St. Denis. The faculty have come to the conclusion that, annexation alone can put a stop to the ravages of this fearful malady. It is well known that since Texas has been taken by the American Government, the plague of grasshoppers there, which rivalled in numbers and ferocity those of Egypt, has ceased to devastate that region—those noxious animals being essentially aristocratic in their sympathies, and refusing to have any connexion whatever, with the enlightened republicans of your free soil. Should annexation produce the anticipated effect, we might be admitted into the union under some denomination commemorative of the event—and, as you have already a Green State, I would suggest the Blue State as very characteristic and suggestive under the circumstances. Indeed, "Collapseville, in the Blue State." would sound much better in our longing * ears, than, "Montreal in Canada."

A nefarious transaction, one of the contingencies of the monarchical form of government, has just come to light in the Eastern Townships. Lord Mark Kerr, one of the *aides-de-camp* of the Governor General, has been detected travelling there in disguise, as an accredited spy in the pay of the Government here, and with the direct sanction of Lord Elgin. He was recognized by a tavern-keeper of Sherbrooke, who had seen him at a fancy-ball at Montreal, in the same costume as that worn by him in his character of secret agent. The peculiar slouched hat, partially concealing his features—the loose linen coat—the moustache—the cigar—all betrayed the foul and deceitful purpose which instigated his movement upon the Townships. Great stress, indeed, is laid upon the cigar, which is said to have been of quite a superior quality to those familiar to the inhabitants of the Townships, most of whom grow their own. And this, coupled with a peculiar method by which he was observed igniting it, would, in itself, have been sufficient to fasten suspicion upon him. But the matter was placed beyond doubt, and his mission as a spy proved to a demonstration, when he was observed with a *spy*-glass, removing the mountain of Memphramagog to within a convenient distance from his position---doubtless for some diabolical purpose, which has not, as yet, transpired. The whole country was, of course, in arms at once; and his Lordship was indebted for his life, to his skill in swimming---baulking his pursuers by dashing boldly into Lake Memphramagog, which is, here, upwards of forty miles in width; and breasting its waters in gallant style, until he landed safely upon the top of the Owls' Head, a mountain on the opposite shore. That a British nobleman should lend himself to such a disgraceful transaction—(Lord Mark Kerr is the eldest son of the Duke of Tarentum)—is another instance of the abuse of aristocratic institutions; and an additional reason for precipitating our union with your great republic; or, indeed, for casting off the yoke of England upon any terms. The motive of the secret mission referred to, is supposed to have been something respecting the cultivation of sun-flowers, in connection with the payment of Rebellion losses.

* Query—Should not this have been *long*? PUNCH.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

From the Court Journal.

On Saturday last, the Honorable Francis Hincks accompanied His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, for the purpose of viewing his celebrated farming-stock. Having inspected the horned cattle, sheep and pigs, with all of which he expressed himself highly delighted, the Honorable Inspector General for Canada proceeded to make a survey of the ducks and geese — the latter of which, he felt himself bound to confess, were infinitely superior to some Colonial varieties of the same species, which he had left behind him, dabbling in the puddle of Canadian politics. In the afternoon they partook of the amusement of boating — when His Royal Highness requested Mr. Hincks to take the helm; saying that he had frequently heard of his great proficiency in the Pilot line. Mr. Hincks accepted the office, accordingly; steering with his accustomed grace and skill — and, upon being requested by His Royal Highness to "say something pleasant," he promptly asserted that Pilots in Canada were very subject to fits of the Cramp; whereat His Royal Highness laughed very heartily. But, upon the allusion being explained to him, he immediately looked grave, and said something serious about clergymen in connection with politics. In the evening they finished off with a game of loo, at which Mr. Hincks' superior knowledge of figures enabled him to acquit himself very handsomely. His Royal Highness was in excellent spirits, and said some capital things — amongst others that, Mr. Hincks' familiarity with figures should make him a good judge of Madame Tussauds' collection. The Honorable Inspector General for Canada applauded loudly, making at the same time a capital "loo."

On the same day, the Honorable W. Cayley was present at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, given by the butler at Windsor Castle. Sir Allan Macnab was also invited, but declined, on the grounds of having a pre-engagement to pass the evening at Laurent's Casino. Mr. Cayley expressed himself much gratified at the character of the entertainment generally, as well as with the urbanity of his host, who took wine with him fourteen times. There were but few guests present in plain clothes; and the brilliancy of the uniforms, in which crimson plush struggled for the mastery with yellow serge, had a novel and pleasing effect upon the close-shaven green-sward. After exhibiting some feats of agility upon "the light fantastic toe," Mr. Cayley was conveyed in triumph to his lodgings at a late hour; attended by a select guard of honor armed with gold headed canes, and singing fashionable negro melodies.

CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

It is said that, such is the panic excited amongst the colored population of Western Canada, by the contingency of annexation to the States, that all, or nearly all of them have turned perfectly white. If this is the case, it will give rise to a curious legal question; involving the necessity of proving that black may sometimes be white, and the reverse — In the musical world too, a change for the better may be expected; as the African melodies will have to be done a shade or two lighter than heretofore; and an accession of harmony may be expected, from the consequent fraternization between the white keys of the piano-forte, and their dark but not unmusical fellow-laborers.

A furious Annexationist, and Anti-French Canadian acquaintance of Punch's, calls the American Flag — "the rag that is destined to wipe out the French-Canadians, when the Americans come to *scour* the country."

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DeWALDEN, at his Office, No. 3, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. yman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 15.] **August the 15th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



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Sold by all the Booksellers.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

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Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of **$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each,** CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

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The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

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MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisive*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

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Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co. beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

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John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENCRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

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To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

ORGAN-IZATION.



N itinerant musician has sent us the following communication, in reference to the great demand at present existing for the article known as "Marseilles," the supply of which, by the way, has run very far short of the demand. Perhaps the local Board of Health, in the plenitude of its wisdom, will see that, for the future, no hurdy-gurdy shall be allowed to parade our streets, without a certificate of ability to grind out that particular description of Republican grain, for which our hungry young friends of *la Nouvelle France* have of late been so ravenously bellowing. In carrying out their crusade against concerts, the Board certainly should be consistent, and put an additional stop to the organ,—which is a concert in itself,—by stopping it altogether. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," said little Jessica, in the moon-lit avenues of Belmont; and thus, though in a less romantic sense, did a pale melancholy take possession of our bilious Board of Health, curdling its milk of human kindness with the electricity of Madame Laborde's melody.

We give our correspondent's letter *verbatim*, considering that its graphical eccentricities shed an additional lustre upon its beauties as a literary composition:

MUNTREY HALL, 6 Aug. 1849.

SIR,

As a perfeshinal man, I have long made mewsick conjuicive to health, by turning the Handel of a barrel-organ. Brought up in the classicle shades of the college of Maynyouth, I displayed, in the intervals of my sevarer studies, sich a wonderful turn for the mangel, that my best frinds recommended me to renounce my purshoot of langwidges, and make a perfeshin of the insthrument which is, at present, both my solus and support, and for which my previous perfishency on the mangel had so iminently adapted me. Thus accounthered, I thravelled through most of the cities of Ewerope, a-quiring by the way a smattherin of the Frinch langwidge, and much iligance of demaynour. In coorse of thyme, the weeves of the profound Atlantic Oshen threw me upon the free and liberal shoars of Emerica; and surkemstances, needless to indite at the present riting, bent my wayward steps toardst the city of Muntrey Hall; where I found the hospitalities of my imerald home, amongst the green and pig-deliting ponds of Griffintown—from which retrate I emanated each bright mornin, and thraversed the fashionable promeneedes of the methropolus in the carackther of an Italian nobleman in disguise, doing some itinerant mewsick, for a large weejer with an English Discount of great iminence. And now it is that I find my airly a-quirements standing to me sthrong—for in this place I exparience no difficulty in passin' off my slight Irish axent, (more like a Limerick glove than a brogue,) for an Italian die-elect. Indeed didn't I hear ould Mrs. Mawkins, who lives in the big house on the hill, remarking to her daughter the other day, upon the illigance of my Tuscan moduleeshun, as she was plazed to call it—when by the same token, I was only philandhering with Biddy the cook-maid, in a little polished monalog of the purest Tipperary. Smooth as the sthrame of my neetive Shannon, flowed the tide of my existence, to the melojus sthrains of my deliteful insthrument; and my popewlarity was becomin almost painful to my pheelings, when, one night, at Madam Laughon's, I found myself the centher of atthraxion of a lot of quare, wizened young haroes, with cultivated muzzles, who stopped my handel just as it was executin one of the most touchin cadencies of our Nashinal Anthem, and permiscuously vosipherated with loud yells for "*Marsellays! Marsellays!*"—which doesn't come up on the rounds of my barrel by no manner of grinding. So there was a paws like for a minute or so.

"*Voo savey de shawnty set air*," says a near-sighted, long-nosed crayture, with a complection like Corporation pipe-wather, addhressin himself to Jocko, my monkey, who sat by, smokin a cigar as grave as a Rooshian Embassidor—"*voo savey de shawnty set air; shawnty la, Narcisse, poor le pover Moshoo Hurdi-gurdi!*"

But, puttin up his glass, he found he had mistaken poor Jocko for one of the young men of the *Have-an-ear* Newspaper; and the crayture was so mad with himself, that he began pitchin into me for "*Marsellays! Marsellays!*" and makin a great show of fightin out, when there was nobody forenenst him.

"*Alley vooz ong, Sherry!*" screeches a fidgetty little chap, whose sthraps alone kep his big mustashowes from rising him off the face of the airth—"*Alley vooz ong, Sherry*,"—(I think that was what he called him; and says I to myself, faix if that's your sherry, what must your wather be like;)—"*Alley vooz ong la*, and let ze Italian jontlehomme alone by himself, for play ze glorioozo *air de Marsellays*, tra la lira tiddy iddy tol lol!"—and away he went, balling out some soart of a rafts-man's chorus, that made Jocko pull his jim-crow hat down over his ears to dhrown the noise.

Well, this gave them the cue—to spake thayatrically—and the divel sich a row ever I heard before or since, when they all came about me, sthrivin to prompt me for the *Marsellays*,—every-body with a different tune, and none of them with the right one. So when I see how the cat jumped, I made a sign for silence; and when they stopped screechin, I turned the handel of my barrel, and let on the mewsic of the "Bould So'ger Boy;"—and may every bit I ate for the next twelve months choke me, if they didn't dance round me in a ring, sthrivin to adapt the words of the Marsells to my melojus Hibernian sthrains; and a bad fit it was.—But in the midst of their festive if not iligant evolewshuns, the door opened, and a couple of young Anglo-Saxons, as they call 'em here—though I think myself they were Englishmen—entered the saloon, politely requesting me to favor them with a turn of the Nashinal Anthem; which I immediately ground up with all the inergy of a thrue subject: and when I looked up, to see the effect of my mewsic upon the little red republicans, the divel a one of them was there at all,—for they had all sloped out through the kay-hole of one door, as the Anglo-Saxons came in at the other.

So it was more cry than wool with them flagrant young litthe-rary spooneys—for, afther all their talk, bad scran to the one of them knew the Marsells Him from a Marsells westcoat.

Yours mewsically,

MARTINI SULLIVANI.

SONG OF "L'AVENIR."

Let us shout "*la Marseillaise*,"
Let us play our childish tricks;
Nothing mean we but to raise
The cry of "*Vive les* British Bricks."

"*Vive nos lois, Vive nos lois!*"
We'll dispense Canadian kicks,
Establishing Republic law,
Demolishing these "British Bricks."

At the risk proud "Fortin" quakes,
Fearing he'll get awful licks,
And down the street "Fast tracks" he makes,
Kicked behind by "British Bricks."

Cowards by "*Nos constitutions*;"
We may jaw,—yes, we may jaw,
Gone for e'er "*nos institutions*,"
Et nos langues, et nos lois.

Yet though licked by "British Bricks,"
And feeling sore, feeling sore;
We long to render back the kicks
To men of straw,—men of straw.

"Let us have a truce" to prove
We're not quite pumps, not quite pumps;
We'll make some "buffers" quickly move,
And stir their stumps, yes, stir their stumps.

The Legend of the Hermit of the Mountain.

"Lord Elgin will never leave Canada."

Prophecy of L'Avenir.

STRANGER.

HERMIT! tell me who thou art?
Tell me why thou wanderest here?
Why, in crouching squalidness,
Thou seem'st the face of man to fear?
Hatless, shoeless,
Tattered, torn,
Houseless, homeless,
All forlorn;
With a beard that hangeth down
From a visage done up brown,
Neither shaven nor shorn;
And locks that are grizzled,
By barber un-frizzled;
And breeches very much worn!
What hast thou done?
What crime committed?
That here alone
I find thee sitted;
Art thou an outcast kicked forth by society,
On the strength of a rumor or mere "notoriety?"
Or is it thy conscience pricking thee sorely,
That drives thee to wander?
Or hast thou managed by rash speculations
Thy fortune to squander?
What hast thou done, thou hapless one,
That here in the drowning rain,
In tatters, beneath a tree thou sittest,
Sobbing aloud thy pain?

HERMIT.

Wild are the skies, cold blows the blast;
From the heavy clouds rain droppeth fast;
The fire is crackling in MONKLAND'S Hall,
Guests too are there in purple and pall;
Lacqueys are waiting in scarlet and gold,
Bright wine sparkles in goblets old:
Jesters are laughing,
Ministers quaffing,
Filling their glasses up to the brim,
Drinking health and happiness all to HIM.

* * * *

I who then was in my pride of place
Did hear a sad prophetic strain,
Couched in the language of another race,
And, Stranger, I did never smile again!
It was a Frenchman who unrolled for me
The mystic pages of futurity,
Life's blackened scroll:
Told me to peruse its features,
Bidding me to hear
And dread the "Avenir,"
That awful future which doth control
The destiny of all human creatures!
I read—the words burnt into my bosom's inmost core;
"Elgin hath murdered truth, Elgin shall go home no more"

* * * * *

To be a wanderer — a second Cain:
To be no more heard of! a doom
More terrible that had he been shut up
By egg-pelting Tories in a living tomb,
And made to eat the bread and drink the water
Of affliction through a narrow hole;
Have all his evil deeds brought up before him,
And through eternity harrow up his soul
By meditation on the past,
Thinking of what he was and what he might have been;
His fame by his own act for e'er o'ercast.
The murderer of TRUTH
Betrayer and betrayed!
Justice overborne
And loyalty bewrayed!
Such were the crimes of those fearful times,
Too black to be forgiven:—
A cry of wrath was raised from earth
Ascending unto Heaven;
In fear and dismay he fled away
To these dismal solitudes,
And stalks alone like a guilty ghost,
In the wild and dreary woods.
And here another dream has past
Strange and fearful as the last
Sad as it may seem to thee
Full soon t'will prove reality.

Wild are the skies, cold blows the blast,
From the heavy clouds rain droppeth fast;
In MONKLAND'S Hall
There is velvet and pall,
But not for me is the red wine poured,
For MONKLANDS now hath another LORD;
In MONKLAND'S Hall a bright fire glows,
But, Alas! it is warming another man's toes;
Gay guests are laughing,
Ministers quaffing:
Lacqueys are waiting, glasses are tinkling,
But I'm quite sure it is'nt my health they're drinking;
And though I can't know,
What's going on below,
For its rather too far up here on the Mountain,
For me to be able to distinguish *Lafontaine*,
There's a feeling about me, a sensation so sinister,
That makes me quite certain there's another PRIME MINISTER;
And there's a deal more smoke from the kitchen chimney
Than there used to be in HIS somewhat slim day.

* * * *

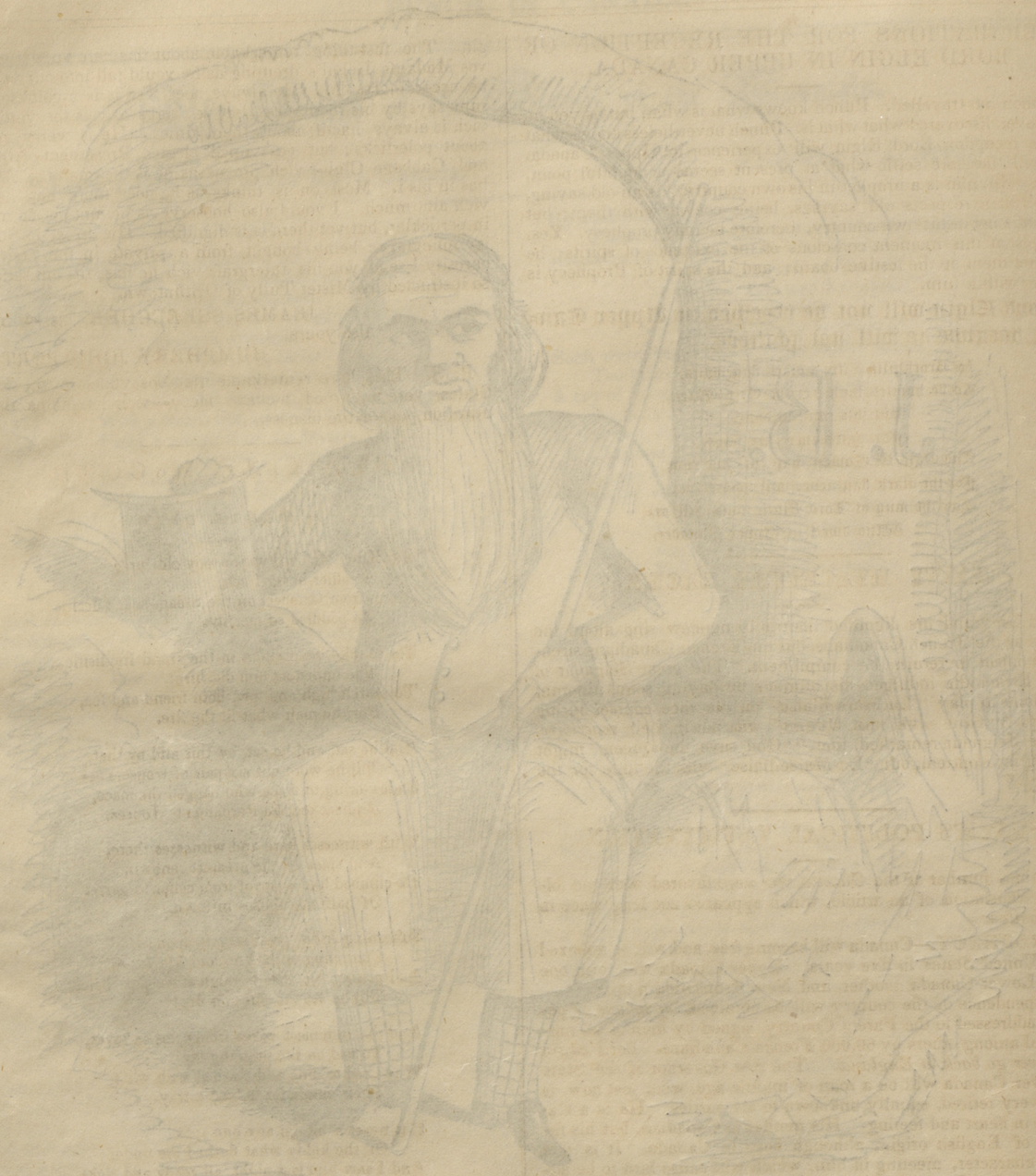
This is why I wander here,
Why the face of man I fear;
This is why I'm tattered, torn,
Houseless, homeless, and forlorn;
Could I to a Tory Barber trust my beard?
Would Mister Gibb my breeches mend?
Would Henderson tick me for a bran new tile?
Could I to Dolly for a dinner send?

Go Stranger, leave me! for I dree the doom
That the avenging NEMESIS hath brought upon me,
And, if I pignuts eat,
And acorns chew;
If on my hatless head
There falls the dew;
If in my breeches
There are no stitches,
If I through hair and beard ne'er pass a Comb:
It serves me right,
I own it quite,
For sticking to that "DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY;"
There were two paths to choose; I chose the evil;
Whereas I should have "told the truth and shamed the Devil."



THE HERMIT.

Lately discovered in the woods, near Monklands; and now about to be forwarded to England by the Gentlemen of the British League, to whom this Portait is respectfully dedicated.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION OF LORD ELGIN IN UPPER CANADA.

Punch has travelled. Punch knows what is what, but as yet, he has never discovered what what is. Punch nevertheless knows what is the reception Lord Elgin will experience in Upper Canada. He will therefore settle what at present seems a doubtful point. That "No man is a prophet in his own country," is an old saying, and Punch respects old sayings, being coeval with them; but Punch is not in his own country, therefore he may prophesy. Yes, he feels at this moment conscious of the existence of spirits; he has met them at the festive board; and the spirit of Prophecy is strong within him.

Lord Elgin will not be received in Upper Canada, because he will not go there.

In Brockville City, a black flag waits,
To be hoisted high o'er the City Gates,
But this can't be done,
For gates there are none,
And Ogle R. Gowan may rut and run,
For the black flag never will hoisted be,
Cos the mug of Lord Elgin none will see
Who dwell in Upper Canadee.

SAINT HYACINTHE RACES.

Earl Grey and his dignified neutrality nephew sing aloud the praises of the French Canadians, but the French Canadians strenuously object to return the compliment. The great Seigneur of Saint Hyacinthe indulged his humour by paying some itinerant musicians to play "La Marseillaise" on the race course, during the day. "God save the Queen" was not in their *repertoire*, and *the* Seigneur remarked, that "'God save the Queen' might be sung in Montreal, but 'La Marseillaise' was the tune for the country."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL VATICINATION.

In a late number of the *Gazette*, we were favored with the following translation of an article, which appeared not long since in the *Moniteur:*

"PROPHECY.—Canada will become free, and will be annexed to the United States in five years. Upper Canada will form one State, Lower Canada another, and New Brunswick a third.

Independence of the country will be obtained, by means of petitions addressed to the Parent Country, signed by men of all parties, and among others by 60,000 French Canadians. *Lord Elgin will never go back to England.* The first Governor of the State of Lower Canada will be a man of middle age, who, just now, is living very retired, equally unknown to all parties. He is a Canadian in heart and feeling. His mother is Canadian, but his father is of English origin, although born in Canada. It is this double character, meeting in him, which will cause him to be advanced to the Presidency by the almost unanimous voice of the people. Louis Joseph Papineau will not be one of the first to declare himself in favour of Annexation, although he longs for it with all his heart. His name will be glorious in the future (*dans l'avenir.*) All the Canadians will unite to send him as their representative to the Senate in Congress.

Believe this, or believe it not, as suits you; it will turn out the same in the end."

Punch has received the following communication, in reference to the above prophecy.

SUR,

i noes all about the profercy in the *Moniture*. The middle-aged old gemmun is my huncle, as vos in Capting Wiley's perlice, being No. 10. He is a livin' werry retired in Griffintown, next to Murphys' bake-house. His mother vos Mary Bouker, but being nussed by Madame Lebul hexplains the mistake in the profercy. My huncle's father vos supposed to be the fatfaced drummer in the forty second foot, vich proves the hinglish horrigin. The fust thing remarkable about this here vunderful man, vos Madame Lebul's dreming as he vould fall into our vell, vich he accordingly did. He alvays noes ven it is a goin' to rain—sum says by his roomatics; but ve thinks as it is the vater carts, vich is alvays hactif about them times. He is werry reserved about polerticks; but vos vunce elected Preserdent of the Pork and Cabbage Club—vich proves as he is the man the *Moniture* has in his i. Most on us thinks as he noes more than he says; vich aint much. I vould also hobserve as he aint got no manners in pertickler, but vot there is is dignified. His dress, on Sundays, is milingtary; being bought from a private in the 71st. As a curosity I send you his autergraf, vich he has rit himself, being so instructed by Mister Tully of Griffintown.

JEAMES SCREECHER, his ✕ mark,
also yours
HUMPHERY JOHN PORTER.

P. S. This here remarkable man vos vunce in the Hunited States, vere he larned to chaw baccy—vich hexplains the hannexation part of the bisness.

OLD KING McCORD.

A FLASH DITTY.

Old King McCord was a jolly old bird,
A jollier never I see,
As up from Quebec, on the Steam-boat's deck,
He paddled so merrily.

For to take his position in the grand Inquisition,
The ministers him did hire;
To search high and low, both friend and foe,
For the man what lit the fire.

And he sat, and he sat, by this and by that,
Till he wore out six pair of trousers;—
Endeavoring to trace who bagged the mace,
And sacked the Parliament Houses.

With witnesses here and witnesses there,
And spies of the greatest renown,
He climbed like a parrot from cellar to garret
Of half the houses in town.

Suborning John, great secrets upon;
Conniving with Ann and Maria;—
And poking his nose through stove-pipe holes,
Till he set the flues on fire!

And the rummiest coves from cribs as roves,
To pad on the prigging lay,
Was axed to dine and pizened with wine,
Their minds for to lead astray.

But never a bit did any one split
On the kiddy what flashed the tinder;
And I saw him last night, all ready and right,
A-smoking a pipe at his winder.

So old King McCord was a sad old bird,
As anybody might diskiver;—
When back to Quebec, on the Steam-boat's deck,
He floated down the river.

PUNCH'S RUMOURS.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. LaFontaine intends to make himself a judge,

His present intention is to become a Bishop.

Although Mr. Tetu has been deprived of his situation in the Provincial Secretary's office, we understand that when he shall have learnt the first six bars of "God save the Queen," he will be promoted to the rank of Field-Marshall in the British Army; and made Governor General of India.

Mr. Morin goes to Laprairie *vice* Fortin resigned.

CAUTION TO APOTHECARIES.

Apothecaries are hereby warned that if a poor devil who cannot afford a physician's fee, should come to their shops to purchase a penny's worth of bitter aloes, that they are by no means to answer questions as to the quantity to be taken, but to allow the said poor devil to poison himself if he chooses. For further information apply to the College of Physicians.

FRENCH DOMINATION.



Juvenile Briton. God save the Queen! — Hallo you Snobs! hats off there, or I'll smash 'em over your eyes!

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Possibly suffering from the disease of Opium-taking, at present, the prevailing epidemic, the Board of Health seems to have lost its senses. Indeed Punch thinks the Board never could have had any, as from its publishing such a deal of nonsense it must be a deal board; and deal boards are not celebrated for their intellects; although chips are frequently the reverse, as in the case of "Punch in Canada," who is a chip (of the old block). This wooden board prohibits public entertainments, but preserves public absurdities, itself amongst the number, and the Labordes' Concert was put off in consequence. In noticing this, the New York papers announced that this precious bit of wood had interdicted public interments. The mistake was natural enough, especially as the order was signed by a Sexton. A Sexton and a Board of Health, they would conclude, might have something to do with burials, but what connexion had they with concerts, unless indeed the Sexton was Parish Clerk into the bargain, and the component atoms of the board did duty as smiters. One might imagine *the* board had a national antipathy against *La*-borde, the one being English, and the other French; but then one might imagine anything, and so might two for that matter. It is however certain, that *the* board so chizelled *La*-borde that he was quite cut up.

Nothing has so beneficial an effect on health as innocent amusements. If, therefore, the board has any desire to promote the health of the inhabitants of Montreal, it will instantly rescind the Sexton's order for the interment of music and mirth; issue invitations to all professors of intellectual arts to visit this great capital, in which they always pay out more than they take in, unless they take in the citizens; and then lay itself down to replace the loosely inclined and rotten blocks in Notre Dame Street, thus ridding the City of two of its greatest nuisances.

MODEL MODERN EDITORIALS.

Reform Editorial.—"You're a liar!"
Conservative Editorial.—"You're another!"

PUNCH'S LEAGUE.

In No. 8 of Punch's lucubrations he announced that his list of subscribers measured a league. This league has lately held a lengthy meeting and favored him with a long piece of advice: too long, in short, for his column, or any column in Montreal excepting Nelson's column. It was offered to Nelson but Nelson wouldn't take it. Neither can Punch. He will however give reasons for his refusal, which is more than Nelson condescended to do.

Preparatory to giving advice Punch's league of subscribers infer that his great progenitor in the Mother Country gives him no protection: has deprived him of his baby-jumper and cut away his leading strings.

Punch replies that his illustrious parent has shewn him by example the path to greatness: and thinks him old and ugly enough to run alone: that he has no great liking for him: considers him an unruly young cub, and if he were to ask him for assistance, even were it only a contribution of a single joke, his venerated parent would see him farther first, and inform him he had no more jokes for himself than his hungry millions of readers could readily swallow.

Punch's League then insinuates that it fears his prosperity is not what it should be; and advises him to make his own paper, pens and ink; grow his own box-wood, and be his own printer, artist and engraver.

Punch's answer to this is, that 'tis useless to manufacture without a demand for the article produced; and that the amount he expends in paper, pens and ink, would not buy oil for machinery to manufacture a goose-quill; That were he to plant box and wait for it to grow he should have to cut his stick, before it arrived at maturity, which would, after all, only be a metaphorical wood-cut. That he could never draw, not even theatrically, and that if his league of subscribers waited for him to acquire the art of printing, although they are long now, they would be much longer before they got another number.

But Punch's league tacitly admits all this and recommends him, to coax his great progenitor to allow him to prohibit his great progenitor's publication from being sold in Canada: unless the intending buyer shall hand over to Punch a bonus of two-pence on each copy for the privilege of making the purchase. This bonus to be expended in educating his own relations until such time as he would not only be able in his publication to rival his great progenitor, but secure all the profits of its production to his own family.

To this Punch replies, he wishes he may get it and can imagine the vigorous kick he should receive in a very tender portion of his anatomy, if he even ventured a hint on such a subject.

His league next advises Punch to meet and consult with his relations on this continent as to the means by which his circulation can be increased. This advice Punch most cheerfully takes and when the meeting occurs, shall tell them not to ask the old man at home for any thing, not even a lollipop, for if they do they won't get it. Punch will tell them to depend on themselves: they have grown out of their pepper and salt jackets, with three rows of buttons in front and a small projection behind: they are in long tail coats and should be ashamed to run crying to ma, frightened at the croak of a bull-frog in the marshes, or the whistle of big-Jonathan's Steam Engine. One thing is certain, let them cry as long as they please, they'll only be laughed at for their folly and helplessness.

A REPORTED IMPOSSIBILITY.

It having been reported that the *Pilot* had published a sensible article; there was a run on the office, when it was discovered that the article in question had been copied from a contemporary.

LATEST FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE IN MONTREAL.

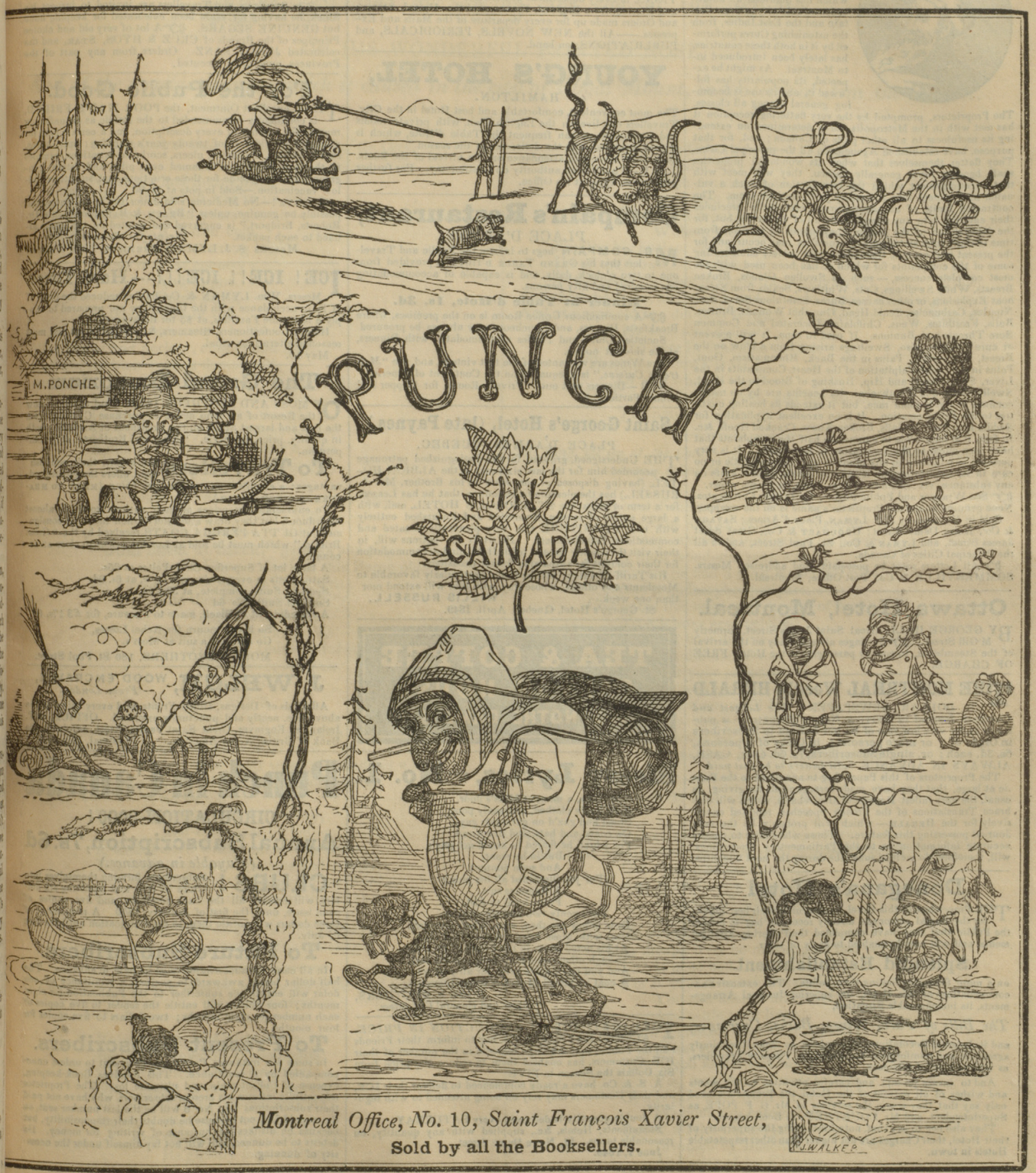
We have it on the authority of the distinguished Courier who rides on the step of the "bus," that the Pope is at this moment at Donegana's Hotel, where he will be happy to receive visitors.

N. B.—For the Number of his room, apply at the bar.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. nan & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **16.**] **August the 30th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success, — such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD — which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G F POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B —Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B —Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.* ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesoadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada.*

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENCRAVER,

From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850 A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

The Legend of King, the son of the Cord,

OF HIS WONDERFUL PAINTED NOSE,

And of the terrible disaster which it caused in the city of Royal Mount, in the time of Jim the Hermit.

The ancestral history of King, the son of the Cord.

IN the old and merry time,
When the world was in its prime,
Three hundred years gone by—
A Baron bold,
Had a strong hold,
Away in a far country;
And might
Being right,
In those times of old,
The Baron's strong hold
Was bower and parlour, chapel and hall,
And above them arose a donjon tall,
And around them was built a very strong wall—
And the Baron had a very deep pit,
In which, whenever he thought fit,
He shut up any unfortunate wight,
Against whom he nourished a spite,
And on the donjon's summit grey,
Was fixed a gibbet grim,
On which he hanged in a summary way,
Any cove that affronted him.
"To have and to hold,"
"Cum fossa et furca," gallows and pit,
In the Charter deeds of this Baron old,
By clerkly hands was carefully writ;
And this simply meant,
I beg to assure ye,
That the Baron might be
His own Judge and Jury.
With power to twine
A halter line—
And swing
In a string
From the stout cross beam
Of his gallows so grim,
Any poor devil when it suited his whim.
But a very proud man the Baron was he,
So he did
The hangman's work by deputy,
And whenever he bid,
A vassal stern whose name was KING,
Did the job with the gallows and string,
And the folks about, as a sort of by-word,
Called him KING, the Son of the CORD.

And this is the true and faithful history,
Of KING of the Cord and his ancestry.

The gallows goeth out of fashion, and the son of the Cord wandereth away to a far country.

Ruin shakes the Castle walls,
By old Cromwell's cannon balls;
Shattered lies the donjon tower;
Grass grows in the ladies' bower;
Through the hall the owl doth flit;
Rubbish fills the Baron's pit;
And the gibbet-tree that rear'd
Its ghastly form on high,
Looming grimly on the vision,
Against the azure sky,
Hath vanished, and men say,
That Jack Ketch has had his day,
And that Governments will find
A better way of dealing
With murdering and stealing;—
And good men have hopes
To benefit mankind,
Without gibbets and ropes.
Finding his ancient occupation gone,
He of the CORD did wander forth alone,
And crossed the seas towards the setting sun.
And there he lived, and wived, and brought up sons and daughters,
And at a ripe old age did pass beneath King Death's dark waters.
And his sons sons did get,
And here in deathless rhyme,
The history down is set,
Of one who, in the time
Of Jim the Hermit, lived, and did astonish
The natives of that clime.

Of King, the son of the Cord, who lived in the time of Jim the Hermit, commonly called M'Cord of the wonderful Nose.

This one of the scions of the King of the Cord,
Lived in ROYAL MOUNT'S turbulent city,
And if any one liked to trust his own word,
A most wonderful man was he;
At any rate he had a most wonderful nose,
And a philosopher peripatetic
Compared this nose, with its tint of rose,
To a lobster erysipeletic.
But how did the nose
Get the tint of rose?
Just your patience permit
To read the next stanza,
And then you'll find out
How this great Oromanza
Painted his snout,
In the time of JIM THE HERMIT.

How the Nose was painted so very red!

This son of the Cord being inclined to be merry,
Had in his life-time swallowed several hogsheads of Sherry.
Gin-slings and cock-tails;
And Mint Juleps by pails;
Madeira, Champagne,
Again and again
He swizzled, and Claret,
Which though it by no means goes far, yet
Is'nt so bad,
For if your stomach feels cold,
You can keep it all clever,
And settle your liver,
With a glass of brandy that's old;
(That's a wrinkle, my lad!)
And if you follow this rule,
You may drink a wide ocean
Of the thin stuff from France,
Without any commotion.
But of all the liquors jolly,
Invented by Bacchus,
And sung of by Flaccus,
Which lead men into folly,
PORT, which every body knows
To be the favorite potation

With the great British Nation,
PAINTED THIS TERRIBLE NOSE!!!
And the rubies that shone,
So brightly upon
The tip of the snout,
A man must be a lout,
If he cannot be sure-o,
That they came
Like a flame,
In a butt of bright wine,
Vintage warranted fine,
Right straight from the banks of the DOURO.

Of the disasters which came upon the people of the Royal Mount by reason of the Nose.

Fire—Fire—Fire—rings the cry,
Fiercely through the midnight sky!
Engines tear—
Firemen swear—
Wild bursts the burning element
Through roof and wall, and window rent—
Rushing madly through the dark,
People watch the ruddy spark,
From the blazing building dancing,
Through the air so swiftly glancing,
On the distant houses falling,
With a suddenness appalling,
And the ruddy flames go spreading,
Brilliance over all things shedding!
Till half the town in flames is
From Donegana's to St. James's:
Up to a citizen we went,
And asked him what the blaze meant?
And fancy our amazement,
When he said—
"'Tis all along of that cursed Son of the Cord,
And his nose so red;"—
And this is how it comes that we now record,
In verses merry,
This queer history;
For the rays that flash from the nose so red,
Burn all things into ashes,
Just as we've heard, or perhaps have read,
Is done by the flashes
From burning glasses.
But oh! what a thundering conflagration,
What a terrible funeral pyre,
There'll be to astonish the nation,
WHEN THE NOSE ITSELF TAKES FIRE!!!

GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

WANTED, for the use of the Elgin Guards, *alias* the Prairie-Hen Police, *alias* the Fortin Dragoons, *alias* the Forty Thieves, forty web-footed quadrupeds of the hippopotamus or river-horse species. Every means hitherto devised for the conveyance into Montreal of the above-mentioned body of warriors, having failed, it is now deemed expedient by the ministry, to attempt the passage of the St. Lawrence by means of amphibious chargers—the mere terrestrial troop-horses on which the forty forlorn ones are at present mounted, having, as yet, proved unequal to the trying task of stemming the stream of the St. Lawrence, while their riders are struggling against the tide of popular opinion. Persons, therefore, desirous of supplying the Government with duck-footed steeds, will forthwith furnish specimens of the same to the Honble Mr. Lafontaine, who will make a personal trial of each animal, at the Montreal Swimming Bath, previous to closing the purchase.—None but bullet-proof animals will be treated for; and an additional premium will be given for fire-eaters— a large quantity of forage for such, being at present on hand, in Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If PETER GROOME who saw the officer in plain clothes on the CHAMP DE MARS on the night of the 25th of April will call at the mess house of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers he will hear of something to his advantage.

N. B. Punch offers a REWARD of 500 JOKES for the discovery of Peter Groome: it being very generally believed that he is a ministerial myth. If the said Peter is a groom, who is his employer?" Is he related to the Peter who betrayed his master.

EXTRAORDINARY STATISTICAL PHENOMENON.

It is a remarkable fact—Showing the contradictions that sometimes occur, and the curious anomalies occasionally to be met with,—it is. we say, a very remarkable fact, that while the number of lunatics has been increasing in a very large ratio within the last two or three months in Montreal the readers of the Pilot have been *at the same time* diminishing.

MARRIAGE OF SIR ALLEN McNAB.

"*Sir Allan MacNab is to marry Miss Burdett Coutts and her five millions of money.*"—Montreal Correspondence of N. Y. Herald.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—*Pilot.*

If true! Does the Pilot doubt the truth of the above rumor. If he does he is not the Pilot who ought to be at the helm, nor will he ever be the Pilot to weather a storm. Is it not written by the Montreal correspondent of the "New York Herald" and when did the correspondent write, or the "New York Herald" publish ought but truth. But in the "lowes tdeep" there is "a deeper still." Of course Punch means a private still. Yet he has no reference to the gentlemen who forty years since enlisted in the 23rd. R. W. F. and is a private still, although in consequence of being charged with allopathic drains of whiskey he is always on the go.

WEDNESDAY, 5, A. M.—*Punch's Own Correspondent*—(an electric-(h)eel) acquaints him that SIR ALLAN MACNAB IS MARRIED; Coutts is his; and Canada will henceforth ring with the old Vestmister cry of "Burdett for ever."

The first use Sir Allan (with the full concurrence of Lady McNab) made of his newly acquired funds was to assist his suffering country. His property was placed at the disposal of Sir Francis Hincks who has been (be) knighted, and the 25.000 exchange now advertised by the Government, is in bills at sight drawn on the Gallant Knight of Dunder.

THURSDAY, 3, A. M.—*Punch's Electric (h) eel*—has again crossed the atlantic.

SIR ALLAN MCNAB IS NOT MARRIED TO MISS BURDETT COUTTS BUT TO (QUEEN POMARE.)

The French Consul has guaranteed that the Gallant Knight shall not be eaten by any of Her Majesty's Subjects.

PROVISO.—Bugs not considered subjects.

The Bills drawn will be honoured unless any unforeseen event takes place; at any rate the beauteons "Pomare" promises that if not paid, that the holders, "Shylock-like, shall have their pound of flesh, either civilized or in a state of nature, at the creditors' option.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We cannot in this number publish the letter of our New Zealand correspondent; but hasten to inform our readers that the sympathies of the inhabitants of that enlightened region are with us.—The natives are indignant with "the solitary of the mountain" and assert that had he been their Governor General; Elgin pie would, 'ere now, have become a standing dish.

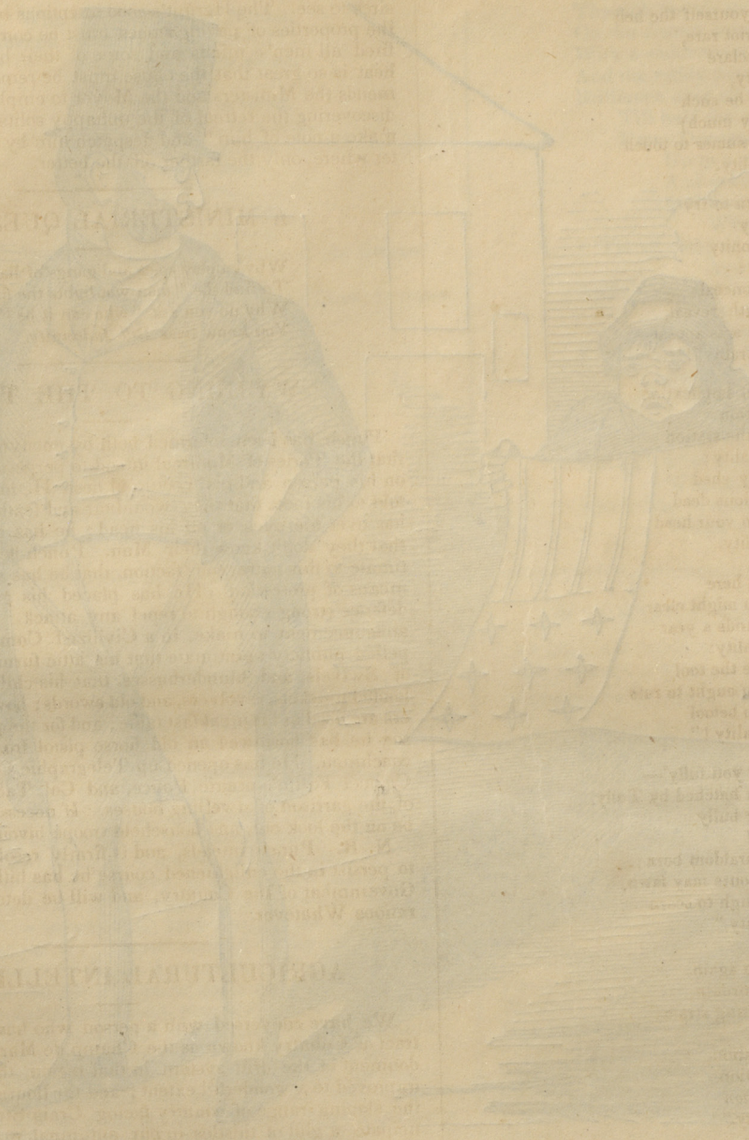


DROPPING A HINT.

Boy.—Hallo, Mister! ye've dropped yer hankercher.

Leaguer.—Ha! my good boy, yes!—I mean no, my blessed little kid, no! not mine, my excellent little gentleman, not mine—Oh no, no, no, not mine!

Boy.—Well, some o' yiz dropped it anyhow, and now none o' yiz 'll own to it.



Lines addressed to the celebrated Earl of "Dignified Neutrality."

Proud Earl, who boast yourself the heir
Of *Robert Bruce*, a patriot rare,
Though genealogists declare
You're not so in reality,
(If your descent indeed be such
You have *descended* very much)
Attend while Punch presumes to touch
On "dignified neutrality."

True dignity would scorn to try
By subterfuge and falsity
To purchase mean indemnity
For secret criminality;
But you disdain not to conceal
What ever would the truth reveal,
When men against your acts appeal—
What "*dignified* neutrality"!!!

You've sought by dastard implication
To sully the high reputation
Of him who nobly fill'd the station
Disgraced by your venality;
The vile attempt has only shed
Fresh lustre on th' illustrious dead
And heap'd disgrace upon your head
And "dignified neutrality."

Grey's nepotism sent you here
Merely, it seems, that you might clear
About five thousand Pounds a year
By dint of Scotch frugality:
For this you have become the tool
Of Frenchmen whom you ought to rule
And then, the Country to befool
Boast dignified "neutrality!"

Tis all in vain—we know you fully'—
Your prairie Hens though hatched by Tully,
Shall never either curse or bully
Our British nationality!
We were not for french thraldom born;
On Frenchmen you and yours may fawn,
These we despise—and laugh to scorn
Your "dignified neutrality."

Adieu, my Lord; but soon again,
Should fate not otherwise ordain,
Punch will in a more flatt'ring strain,
Ape *your impartiality:*
He'll chronicle your reputation,
Ab ovo trace your degradation.
And duly blazon your *ovation*
And "dignified neutrality."

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Much solicitude has been awakened in the Public mind on account of this lonely man: and false reports have been circulated as to his movements: many of which Punch feels authorized to contradict. He is not a government spy, having nothing to do with the government. He is not the war correspondent, the Jefferson Brick of the New York Herald! he is not "a brick" at all. He was not at Kingston during the sitting of the League, nor is he the man who hoisted the American Flag! nor is he Peter the Hermit! neither is he Peter Groome: the only similarity between him and Peter being that nobody knows where either is to be found and both have been guilty of making false statements. There may be truth in the report that he is concealed in a cupboard as it is universally known that for a long time he has been lying on the shelf. But as this must be hard lying: notwithstanding that hermits care little how they lie; Punch cannot countenance the idea; inasmuch as Punch gives the Hermit credit for good intentions. But a "certain place" is said to be paved with good intentions and the Hermit must lately have been paving Montreal, for any place more like a certain place, Punch never desires to see. The Hermit's good intentions in addition to possessing the properties of paving stones must be combustible; they having fired all men's minds and some of their houses and the general heat is so great that the cause must be removed. Punch recommends the Ministers and the Mayor to employ their "Fortins" in discovering the retreat of the unhappy solitary and "when found, make a note of him" and despatch him by the first post, no matter where, only the farther off the better.

A MINISTERIAL QUESTION.

Why employ spies and gangs of liars
To find the "man wot lights the fires."
Why do you ask "who can it be?"
You know twas *Bill Indemnity.*

WARNING TO THE TORIES.

Punch has been informed both by anonymous letters and hints that the Tories of Montreal intend to perpetrate some outrage upon his person and his nocturnal nest, He has been threateningly told to his face, that they would tar and feather him, or knock his hat over his eyes, or off his head: he has to assure the ruffians that they don't know their Man. Punch begs once for all, to intimate to this outrageous faction, that he has adopted very efficient means of protection. He has placed his garret in a position of defence strong enough to repel any attack. Tho' a very painful announcement to make, in a Civilized Community, he is compelled publicly to intimate that his attic furniture consists chiefly of Swivels, and blunderbusses, that his children gambol among loaded muskets, revolvers, and old swords; bowie knives and cleavers are used at his breakfast table; and for the protection of his person he has borrowed an old horse pistol from Mr. Lafontaine's coachman. He has opened up Telegraphic Communications with Colonel Fortin's prairie Police, and Col. Taché the Commander of the garrison of dwelling houses. If necessary, Telescopes will be on the look out, and household troops bivouac on his Premises.

N. B. Punch intends, and is firmly resolved, at all hazards, to persist in the enlightened course he has hitherto pursued in the Government of the Country, and will be deterred by no considerations Whatever.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have conversed with a person who has lately crossed the tract of Country known as the Champ de Mars. Since the abandonment of the drill system in that region, the grass crops have improved to a wonderful extent; and the flourishing appearance of the sloping range of country facing Craig Street, leads us to anticipate a glut of thistles in our autumnal markets. An intelligent female in charge of some little ducks, declared to our informant that, in her opinion, the husbandry of the region had very much fallen off since the discontinuance of the drill system; but, coming from an interested party, we do not attach much weight to the remark. The poultry in that section of the country, offer employment to a large number of boys. They consist principally of paper kites; and must yield considerable emolument—their tails being in great demand for the purpose of decorating the wires of the electric telegraph which bounds the district to the north. A trifling agrarian *emeute* had taken place, originating in the upsetting of an old woman who was crossing the country with a basket of apples; but it was promptly quelled by the gallant sentry in command of the southern frontier; and peace was restored without bloodshed.

COCKNEY CON.

Why are the ministers lucky dogs?
Because they've all made "Fortins."

A MILD APERIENT FOR THE FACULTY.

Encouragement for the League.

We cut the following from the *Transcript* of the 14th August:

"An Advertisement of the Plantagenet Mineral Waters will be found in our columns. These waters are recommended as a wholesome beverage, and a gentle and useful aperient, when moderately used, by Dr. David, and other highly respectable medical gentlemen of this city."

The first words said, were,—"Good news for the League!—hurrah for reciprocity!"

The Doctors of this City extend diluted praises to the waters of Plantagenet; and the waters reciprocate by being "gentle and useful" to Doctors. This is as it should be.

An itinerant tee-totaller is excused in covering with eulogy the immoveable tee-totallers who employ him,—and the Physician is equally justified in speaking kindly of the "gentle and useful aperient," which so exclusively confines its operations to the members of his profession.

Still, while we admire the reciprocal system, we cannot exactly understand this particular illustration of its application. Why should "Dr. David and other highly respectable medical gentlemen of this City" be alone benefitted by drinking these waters?—Why should they be "gentle and useful" to "Dr. David and the other highly respectable medical gentleman of this City," and not so "gentle and useful" to any one else?

And why should so much prominence be given to the tastes and habits of the Secretary of the Board of Health, as though Dr. David were an habitual drinker of this mild aperient,—in the face too of his having attached his name to a recommendation that the Public should drink weak brandy and water? Is Plantagenet good for mixing?

LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.

From our own Correspondent.

GOLD is getting unpopular at the diggings, and a pinch or two will sometimes cause the unbidden tear to start, at the reminiscence of bye-gone brass. One fat old gentleman from an Eastern City, assured me that, his sensations on riddling out sixteen thousand dollar's worth of gold-dust, are not a patch upon those formerly experienced by him in his school-boy days, when he tremulously detected a long-mourned-for red cent, between the external and internal integuments of his trousers. This same person was rather a character in his way, and well deserving of a column to his memory—in Punch. He went regularly into training for the diggings, for six months previous to his leaving home. He used to bury a quantity of plate, such as spoons &c. in a sand-bank at the bottom of his garden, and then set to in his shirt sleeves, with pick-axe and shovel, to dis-inter the hidden treasure—afterwards washing it carefully in a child's cradle, which he borrowed from a neighbor. One night he thus interred all his silver spoons, forks, teapots &c., together with a great heap of specie.—the accumulation of years of parsimony. In the morning he bent his steps with exultation and a pick-axe, to the scene of his pleasing toil. Well, his digging appeared to him more laborious than usual; and it was not until he had dug himself a good way out of sight that he became terribly well-informed upon the subject in hand, by shovelling up a shingle bearing the following inscription.—"*Wen old Hunks cums for to dig for his spoons he'll find the run on this here bank has left none but himself and that not worth having so no more at present but go to Californy and wash yourself as you never did before wen better off for sope N. B. This here bank has no teller so make your mind esy and slope rite off.*"—This misfortune,—for he never obtained any clue to the robbery,—determined him on proceeding to California at once; and when he came among us, much astonishment was excited at his surprising skill in burrowing in the earth, as well as in purifying the precious metal from its maternal rubbish. He soon realized many thousand dollar's worth of dust, and appeared proportionately unhappy. Indeed at one time it was thought he would have made away with himself; but destiny interfered, and he was rubbed out by falling head foremost into a flour-barrel, in which he had been industriously washing out his last shovellings. Nebuchadnezzar. K. Doane was standing by at the time, but was so occupied with mental calculations, that he did not see the perilous situation of poor old Huncks, till the vital spark had fled through the bung-hole of the flour-barrel. Neb was so overcome with grief, that he left the diggings immediately—*vamosed*, as they say here—and has not since been heard of. None of H's gold has been found, except that in which he breathed his last: and, as nobody knew much about him except Neb, it is not likely to turn up in a hurry.

I have just ordered a fly cock-tail to drink your health;—it is nothing but a tin tumbler of coldish water, stirred with a wild turkey's feather, to give it a game flavor: but, as they only charge ten dollars a pull, I drink it for economy. Grub is rather expensive here just now,—but one bill of fare is certain to be on hand at every tavern about the diggings. This is the style of Californian Cookery.



A BROIL,—WITH CHOPS AND SAUCE.

I read on a hand-bill here, the other day,—"A GOOD OPENING FOR A PIOUS YOUNG MAN;"—but, as I guessed it would be done with a Bowie-knife, the way I scratched gravel wasn't slow,—for I made tracks, I tell you, without further investigation. Considering the news we have from *your* diggings at Montreal, I would advise you and all my friends who wish to escape from the troubles there, to join us at the washings. Is it true that the tavern-keepers at Montreal advertise, "blood-cobblers," and "camphire cock-tails?"—We have heard so here, by private letter, I think from the Editor of your *Pilot*. This is high civilization, compared with such doings; and the washings possess the further advantage of having no houses to burn. Tell Gugy that I think he would do well here: and the suavity of his deportment would conduce much to the refinement of our somewhat rough community. Your Governor General is said to be here in disguise—but I have seen no person answering to his portrait published in Punch. Farewell, and *au revoir*.

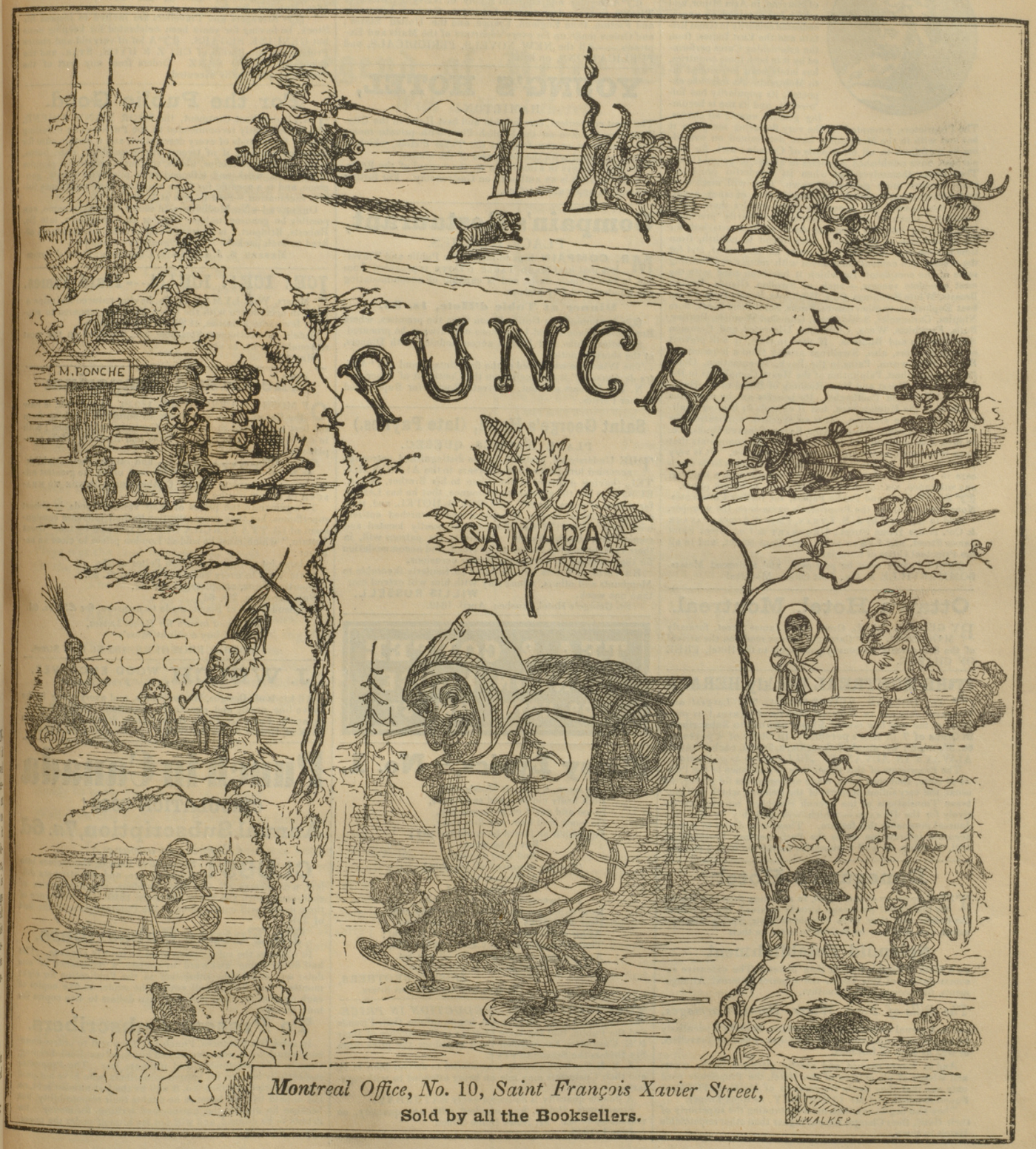
CALIFORNIA INTELLIGENCÆ.

The latest news from the gold region is that the entire population have by the action of the auriferous atmosphere been transformed into guinea pigs.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **17.**] **September the 13th,** [PRICE, 4*d.*



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

TO SPORTSMEN.—For Sale, a couple of liver-colored Water-Spaniels, of a breed well known in the West of England, as staunch retrievers. They are 7 months old, and have been for some time in the hands of an experienced dog-breaker. Price 10 GUINEAS. Apply to F. S., at the *Courier Office*, if by letter, *post paid.*

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrafulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respetctable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

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Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured.

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.* ALFRED SAVAGE & Co. beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesedadus, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENCRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

RAISING THE DEVIL,

OR,

The Legend of Peter Groome,

With a Moral thereto.

IT was a night, a murky night,
O'er earth deep shadows fell;
It was a night, on which men might
Well do the deeds of hell.
A lurid pall
Was spread o'er all,
O'er land and sea and sky;
Lightning flashing,
Thunder crashing,
Hailstones dashing,—
All Heavens dread artillery!
It was a night
When Phantom sprite,
And goblin dance so merrily;
Through the air so thick
On a stout broom-stick,
Witch and warlock ride so cheerily;
And the gay little Devils can saunter in peace
From the Suburb St. Ann to Molson's Distillery
Without the least fear of *Malo's* Police.

Black, fearfully black is the face of night,
As the clouds sweep past in terrible flight;
And the roaring thunder peal on peal,
And the ruddy lightning's glancing reel
Plays o'er the loud tempestuous swell
Of the rushing winds in their wild revel:—
The Bat no longer flutters
In its very funny flight;
And the Cats have left the gutters.
In a most confounded fright,—
The very Owls, in hollow trees
That blink their time away,
Have ducked their heads and hid their "sneeze"*
Beneath their pinions grey;—
In short, it was a night so very bad,
That no one, if there was a house to be had,
Would stop without shelter
In such a regular pelter,
Unless indeed *Old Nick* was his master,
Ready to back him in case of disaster.

Well--on this night, and it was not so long ago,
In truth it was not so long since the last winter's snow,
In a room about which there was nothing mysterious,
There were gathered some gentlemen with an air rather serious;
They looked as they were some business about,
Which they would not particularly like to come out;
The room might have measured some sixteen by thirty,
Well furnished and warm and not at all dirty;
With a nice Brussels carpet spread over the floor,
And baize very tightly nailed over each door,
To keep out the cold,
And listeners bold;
Who acting the spy,
Into secrets might pry,
By an ear to a key-hole or e'en to a chink,
(A nod to a blind horse, 's good as a wink)
And this is a wrinkle, as CAMERON said once,
If you don't take it, you'll be a sad dunce.

And who were these gentlemen twelve,
Thus stealthily met together,
At an hour when honest men snooze in bed,
And the powers of darkness gather?
And what could these gentlemen twelve be about,
That every one else was so carefully shut out?
List ye, I pray,
To the poet's lay,
And as the somewhat crabbed rhyme goes,
You'll know as much about it as he knows!

Who were the gentlemen? heh! here's the catalogue;
And if in your travels you e'er met with such a rogue,
As the first on the list—
But caution says, Hist!
There's an action for libel, if you mention the name;—
Express it in paraphrase, and it comes to the same.
So the first was the "MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL NOSE,"
That sets everything blazing wherever it goes—
And Mister LAFONTAINE,
From Suburb St. Antoine—
And BALDWIN so sly,
With his leering eye—
And LESLIE so grave,
Dead hand at a shave—
And then Mister VIGER who handles the rhino,
And pockets it too for all you and I know—
Then comes PADDY BLAKE,
That sham son of glory,
Who wanted to slake
His thirst in the blood of a Tory—
And poor MR. PRICE,
Who's rather too nice,
And always looks terribly true,
At being 'pal' of this very bad crew—
And HAMILTON MERRITT, who's death on '*Canawls*'—
And DRUMMOND, eternally kicking up brawls—
And then Colonel TACHE,
After all only washy;
Some think, if the chance was, he'd turn out a hero;
For our own part, we set down his courage at Zero;
Though an army he certainly levied one night,
And dismissed them next day in a terrible fright—
Next comes 'Modest' CAMERON,
Much given to stammer on
Things he knows nothing about—
And the last of this funny turn out,
Is a gentleman named Mr. HINCKS,
And this name,
'Tis a shame,
Rhymes to nothing on earth except—stinks!

Ye spirits of darkness, tell,
Why do we love the blast so well!
Why do our souls find stern delight
In tne gloomy shades of darkling night!
The thunders boom, the lightnings fly,
They gladden our ear, and light our eye—
Elements crashing in fiercest array,
Our hearts can struggle as fiercely as they;
Let the demons of tempest be wild as they will,
The demons that tear us are wilder still.
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
'Tis a night of fear!
And the boldest man here
May well feel queer,
For at utmost need,

*Anglice, *nose*—vide *Pierce Egan, passim*—
For the information of Members of Parliament—Owls have noses.

And quickest speed,
By word and spell,
That none may tell,
Reckless and mad, the sons of evil,
By a most unholy revel,
Are about to raise the DEVIL!

First on the Brussels carpet Mr. HINCKS
Traced the mystic circles bound,
And then with inkstands and crossed pens
Mr. BALDWIN fenced it round.
Next in the midst a potash kettle
Did MALCOLM CAMERON place
And VIGER filled it with hot embers,
Grinning with a wild grimace.
Then hand in hand the wizards twelve
Danced around in dreadful glee,
Singing to a dismal tune
A dismal melody.
"Oh! help us, good master,
"We're in a disaster;
"The Tories have burned down the Parliament House—
"EARL GREY'S in a passion
"As is often his fashion,
And he swears that we're not worth "three skips of a louse,"
"If we don't find the rogue out
"Who kindled the fire,
"And we've searched all about,
"And are not a bit nigher
"To find out the man,
"Than when we began!
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who kindled the fires!
"If you are a gentleman, help us, ST. NICHOLAS,—
"For every Tory is getting a kick at us—
Come with thy horns, or come with thy tail,
"Or send us an imp, but send without fail,
"Or thy servants are smashed,
"Tee-totally crashed,
"And done so immortally brown,
"That we shall be laughed at all over the town."

Then into the kettle upon the embers red
A Bunch of bright red tape they threw;
Next several volumes of the Statutes
Done nicely up in covers blue.
Then TACHE' dropped in several pistol balls,
And PRICE a fragment from the ruined walls,
Those "Elgin marbles," which will stand
A Record to all time
Of the swiftly certain punishment
Which waiteth upon crime.
Then as the flame rose fierce and faster
Old VIGER fed it with a new shin plaster;
And ever they sang
As the old walls rang—
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who lighted the fires!
"As we are thy children, due tribute we pay,
"If you are a gentleman, help us we pray!"
Just then a sweet and tinkling sound
Did through the chamber pass
Like that which fingers wet produce
Drawn o'er a finger glass.*
And bright flames shot
From the seething pot
And misty clouds floated round the room
And very queer shapes through the darkness loom;
The light from the kettle grows so very bright,
That the wizards themselves look on in affright—
And Mr. LAFONTAINE shivering with fear
Catches HINCKS by the button-hole and says in his ear,
"Oh, HINCKS! I'm afraid
"That he'll never be *laid*,—
"We shall ne'er get him back to the place whence he came,
"For he'll haunt us for ever with madness and shame!"
Just then MR. CAMERON stalked to the pot,
And, by this time, be sure, 'twas most preciously hot,
And dropp'd in the flames the two last lying batches
Of the "DIGNIFIED NEUTRAL'S" wicked despatches;—
And then the flame shot fierce and high,
And then arose a wild unearthly cry—
And a mocking yell
'Twas the laugh of hell,
Peal'd through that chamber wide;
And the wizards all,
Both great and small,
Waited to see
In dread agony,
What then would next betide.

Fainter and fainter waxed the flame,
But thicker grew the smoke,
Until at length a human form
The column dense it took
And an awful voice rang through the room—
"I could not come myself, so I've sent you "PETER GROOME."

The sequel and the moral for another week,
Punch in his wisdom thinks will well keep.

Vide accounts of Schæpfer.

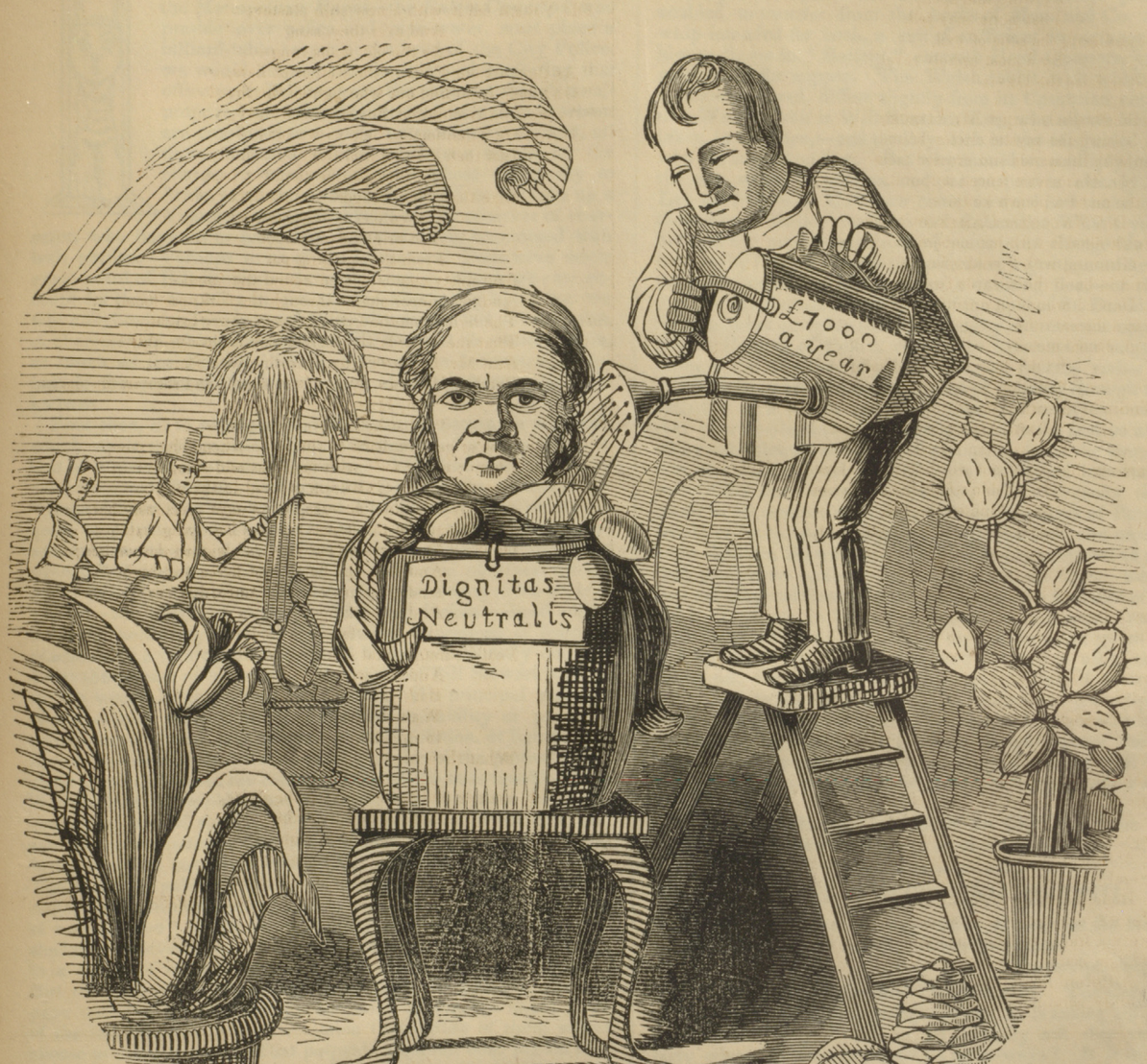
AFFECTING INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "HIGHLANDER."

The moment Lord Elgin set his foot on board the Highlander, he descended with eager haste into the cabin; but, finding himself pursued into that sanctuary by the light of day, which he seemed particularly desirous to avoid, he addressed the steward in melancholy accents, enquiring whether there was not "in the lowest depth a lower still." The steward rather shortly replied that, he hardly thought his Lordship could get any lower than he was, but, if he particularly wished for privacy, the pantry was quite at his service; and into the pantry his Lordship accordingly went, where he was heard cleaning knives with hysterical vehemence, when our informant left. Subsequently we learned that, when the Steamer had gained a safe distance from Lachine, his Lordship ventured on deck; and there a most affecting scene took place, and one that will long live in the memories of those who witnessed it. From his seat, abaft of the binnacle, his Lordship suddenly started up, and before any of the people in attendance were aware of his purpose, he had gained the fore-deck, and thrown himself frantically upon the neck of the wooden Highlander, who, for many years, through sunshine and storm, has smiled down into the forecastle of the good steamer which bears his name. The gentlemen of the Staff, who were in attendance upon his Lordship, gently remonstrated against such a whimsical fraternisation;—but the eccentric nobleman would not be pacified. "He felt," he said, "beside himself, when in juxta-position with that wooden Highlander,—he knew the people of Montreal said that nothing could move him, but what did the world know of him and his sympathies?—there were probably but two wooden Highlanders in Canada, and why the deuce couldn't people let them alone?" After much persuasion he was induced to go down to tea;—in a very maudlin state, however, and not until Captain Stearns had faithfully promised that the wooden Highlander should be "taken care of."

SONG OF THE ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD

Steam up, my steady Engineer!
There's hope within my heart,
The chink of gold is in my ear,
It rings for us to start.
Long sleep in silence slept have I,—
Ho! raise me to my feet!
There's coming cheer the falling year
To make the two ends meet.

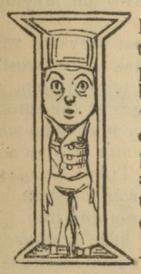
Boil boiler, sing for joy,
Stoke stoker, stoke!
Heap on the fuel high my boy,
Coal and cinder and coke!
Let smoke-pipe blow & whistle play
The coming day to greet;—
Hurrah, hurrah! with gold to pay,
We'll make the two ends meet!



REMARKABLE VARIETY OF THE EGG-PLANT,

Prevented by adverse circumstances from being exhibited at the Horticultural Fête.

CITY POLICE.



F the Corporation wiseacres—the City Fathers—the Metropolitan Papas—the *Patres Conscripti* who preside over police and pipe-water, *must* place a billiard-table keeper at the head of the City Police, we would suggest the feasibility of conferring that office upon Bill Stewart, the pleasant though small proprietor of "Head-Quarters," as a man in whom are combined to a very extraordinary amount, all those elements which constitute a fitness for the charge in question—a man whose superiority to Malo, in all the components which go to make up a Vidocque, must be obvious to any observer of character, who happens to have the honor of being acquainted with both parties. Perhaps some of the Intramural Dads have never even heard of Bill Stewart—the only way in which we can account for their stupidity in not at once appointing him: but we will enlighten the Incorporated Obscurity as to a few salient points of character, in which we conceive Bill Stewart to overtop Malo, as much as the French Church outtowers the debilitated lamp-post in the centre of the desert which stretches westwards from its base.

First then, as to *physique*, and the abilities, natural or acquired, which exalt their possessor from the degree of a mere man, to that of a most accomplished detective. Who has most eminently out-proteussed Proteus, and eclipsed for ever the glories of the "India-rubber man?"—nobody but Bill Stewart, who would require a private and exclusive Ovid, with two phonographic amanuenses, to sing of his endless metamorphoses. Walking the streets, Bill presents to the eye of the indifferent observer, the external developments of a man averaging—according to his style of shoeing—the height of, perhaps, fifty nine inches;—head rather large for perfect symmetry, and general expression of features, placid, with a lurking ambuscade of humor occasionally detected about the corners of his smile. How little of Bill Stewart is given to the world in that every-day guise; His principal physical characteristics are—ubiquity, unlimited mutaoility or power of transformation, and that delicacy of manipulation, or lightness of finger, so essential to the successful practice of the profitable alchemy, which insures the transmutation of the base ignoble deuce of clubs into the emblazoned Court-card, or the plain but gold-conferring ace of spades. By the combination of his first and second characteristics, a four-hundred policeman power is obtained in the smallest compasss compatible with the dignity of a man. The plotter of political changes is rolling quietly along in his carriage, confident that the rattle of wheels neutralises the whispers of "annexation" which he is pouring into the willing ear of a shadowy *collaborateur*,—safe, in his own conceit, as if walled up in a fire-proof council-chamber, with a deaf tyler on the door. But the blue pigeon that drops down from the parapet, keeping pace with the horses in short consecutive flights, has heard more of the last two minute's conversation than either of them would choose to acknowledge. That palpable apparent blue pigeon is—Bill Stewart. Five minutes ago he was playing a sharp game of billiards at Head-Quarters;—a whisper from an invisible attendant spirit changed his fell purpose of "pocketing the red;"—accustomed to the habits of pigeons, he "willed himself" into the feathery form of a blue fan-tail, and, with the oats which he picked up in his progress, he picked up many grains of information, serving well the deep and mysterious purpose for which he has been deposited upon this ancient planet. This is but a "modern instance," to illustrate the extraordinary gifts of William Stewart Esquire,—(he may be at our elbow, therefore let us be ceremonious and respectful,)—the very extraordinary capacities possessed by William Stewart, Esquire, and which should render him unrivalled as the Chief of a Force whose success in suppressing crime, must mainly depend upon their means of obtaining information as to its existence. Other transformations, of like adaptability to his purpose, are equally in his power. The very old lady, who, as she caresses her milk-white poodle—sole object of her affections next to herself,—audibly mumbles of a codicil to her will, cutting off her absent nephew in favor of poodle, puss, parrot and company, has, in the solitary flea which disturbs the corporeal and mental tranquility of her crisp and silken favorite, an attentive listener—a faithful reporter of her charitable designs;—and an humble flea (William Stewart, Esq.) becomes the successful prosecutor of a *de lunatico inquirendo*. The base informer, who, by the wages of his ancient and respectable profession, is enabled to transfer from the hooks of Moss and Co. to his own whip-intended-for back, a suit of sufficient importance to enable him to figure in "Society," entereth Head-Quarters, and calleth pompously for supper. The Welsh rabbit with which he is immediately served, differs slightly from its Cambrian congeners:—that Welsh rabbit is Will Stewart, Esq. who allows himself to be taken in for once,—and terribly sick is the misguided individual who has supped on him. But why should we multiply instances?—the task would be endless, and our purpose is already served.—Let the friends of Malo now come forward and make the best of their man. Hallo, you there sir! Councillor What's-your-name! did that big mealy-faced rook of yours ever change his unweildy corporosity into the slender proportions of a gentlemanlike pigeon,—the lithe and active similitude of a vaulting flea,—or the sinewy and viscous consistency of rabbit of the land of St. David? Do you for a moment imagine that the doughy excrescence appointed by you as Captain of Police, could ever insinuate its ungainly bulk through the key-hole of private life,—a process rather easier to William Stewart Esquire than that of walking through the Gothic archway of a parish church? Can you conscientiously affirm that your beetle-browed *protege* is equal to the task so ably fulfilled by our talented nominee, of procuring, from the simple inspection of a conventional pack of cards, statistical information as to everything that occurs everywhere, and everybody that walks about in all manner of places, with the exception of Peter Groome whom no-body knows anything about whatever, and never did, not even William Stewart, Esquire? Are you prepared to prove that that gentleman cannot,—in a fair stand-up fight,—mould Malo into the classical form of amalgamation known as that of a cocked-hat? Will you, in default of physical endowments, put up your man for moral qualifications, in opposition to the gifted subject of our remarks? If you are prepared for any or all of these tests, come on, City Councillors, like men! But, if otherwise, send Malo back to his billiards—let him retire upon his ten-pins: or at least, if you *must* provide for him, dignify him not with the rank of Centurion; but place him in some capacity about the management of the pipe-water,—where, being doubtless well versed in the noble game of hazard, he would be sure to keep a sharp eye to the main.

And let the office of Chieftain of the City Police, be conferred upon William Stewart Esquire of Head-Quarters.

DOING SOMETHING USEFUL.

We are glad to see the corporation at work on the block pavement in Notre Dame Street. It was quite time.

Transcript, Sept. 4th.

The Transcript is glad and Punch is glad. The Corporation is at last employed in something useful. It is taking up its rotten pavements. May Punch in all humility ask this very stupid body when it means to mend its dirty ways? It is to be hoped that some of the members will not, enamoured as they are of foulness, stick in the mud they have cherished so long. If they do they will find but little assistance; few being desirous of coming into contact with any thing so fetid.

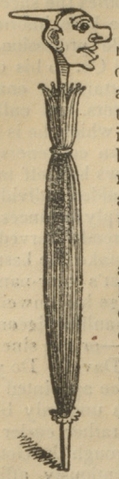
CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Mr. Jollie, of 300 Broadway, N. Y. has published a song "Love's warning serenade, with a likeness of Lola Montes." Jollie thinks it jolly to make money out of the crimes and vices of his fellow creatures; and to pander to the lowest passions of their nature. This is a species of go-a-head-ativeness which, of course, forms one of the crumbs of comfort to be picked up when we are annexed. Jollie is a jolly fellow and annexation will make us all jolly.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

Our familiar Peter Groome, informs us that Lord Elgin has been appointed Judge of Hens and Eggs, at the approaching Agricultural Show, to be held at Kingston, on the 18th instant.

ADVERTISEMENT.



KNOW, Mr. PUNCH, that it is a common error to regard umbrellas as common property; and, in consequence of the great similarity of design which characterises their architecture, it is not, perhaps, a matter of much surprise, if, in the choppings and changings in which chance may involve them, they should become occasionally subject to transfers which are not sanctioned by the laws of commerce, and which are sadly at variance with a strict regard to private rights.

It is true that some people do not believe in these accidents; and to guard against such mistakes, a hot-headed gentleman at a distance procured a vermillion cover, in substitution for the ordinary brown or green of ordinary men. The umbrella was patent to him;—nobody either borrowed, stole or used it; and all his eloquence in praise of its warm and rosy coloring was lost upon his fellow men, who did not wish to believe that an ordinary shower should bear a typical resemblance, in their poetical fancies, to a descent of hail-stones and coals of fire.

Another whimsical friend took refuge under a yellow *parapluie*. This peculiarity of color was its protection: for man, maid and matron preferred being ducked before they would consent to personify the concentrated essence of bile.

Being a man of peace, I could not consent to carry such an inflammatory article as the first-mentioned: and being also averse to bile, and bilious people, I could not conscientiously adopt the protection of the last. And so, my dear Mr. Punch, I determined that my property should be marked by the peculiarity of the handle. It *is* so marked;—the handle presents the horny face of a knobby-headed old man,—such knobs as phrenology, in its most frantic flights, could scarcely find in any living original. It is, in truth, a most remarkable countenance;—so marked and scarred and pitted, that the Hue and Cry could hardly delineate its portrait.

Still, with all its faults of feature,—with all its phrenological imperfections, it was my friend and companion for twenty years; and I therefore beseech you, Mr. Punch, to raise your powerful baton, and command its immediate restoration to your bereaved and inconsolable.

SENEX.

In conformity with the above request, Punch herewith commands that the umbrella around whose handle such fond associations dwell, be immediately left at the shop of Mr. Dawson, in the Place d'Armes.

Some Remarks on Philosophical Instruments and Apparatus. What are they, and who knows?—and if so, who cares?

BY W. HALL, Esq.

Philosophical Instruments may be divided into three heads—Steam-boilers, Clay-pipes and Smoothing-irons. In the first item, we may include that useful domestic utensil, the tea-kettle; though it has been erroneously classed by certain ignorant and illiterate Collectors of Revenue, under the general denomination of singing-birds, or musical poultry. Considering the fire-side harmony so universally contributed to by this pleasant apparatus, I look upon it as a duty to our families, as well as to the million followers of Young Hyson,—(who, by the way,—as I am informed by recent private letters from China—has just come of age)—I consider it, I repeat, *my* duty to admit the article referred to, free of any.

With reference to the second item, the humble but universal "clay," which, in its razeed and discolored phase, takes the specific denomination of "Dudeen,"—(from a celebrated Irish General of that name, who always carried one in his cocked hat, and was saved thereby at the battle of Marathon in the Peninsula,)—the humble "clay," I would remark, should take a high precedence amongst Philosophical appliances,—considering that few instruments have contributed more largely towards inducing that state of mental tranquillity known as "foggy;" and which has, in all ages, been considered as eminently favorable to philosophic speculations. Let the pipe pass, then. Passing the bottle is a separate question, and one intimately connected with the levying of toll.

What shall I say about Smoothing-irons?—that they are "flat, stale and unprofitable?" Certainly not. Ask your washer-woman, who is sure to be a philosopher with ten children, and she will tell you that the philosophical advantages of the smoothing-iron must be familiar to the bosom of every man who wears a shirt, or even to that of the hypocritical cultivator of appearances who swindles the world with a dickey. Tubal Cain, that great practical philosopher and copper-smith, was the first man who ever got up his own linen with his own smoothing-iron. He was also well known as the author of a useful little *brochure* entitled, "Every man his own Washerwoman,"—which he struck off at his own mangle, with the second edition of his Sunday ducks and shirt-collars. I think it was my friend Gugy who facetiously remarked that,—"*untold* gold was all very fine in its way, but *untolled* iron, (with reference to the smoothing ditto,) was of much greater importance,—particularly to people who prided themselves upon the unwrinkledness of their white chokers." And so the smoothing-iron is decidedly a philosophical instrument, and therefore it will pass;—as many a flat has done before, and will do again.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

We are now in September, in which Month as usual, harvest operations are carried on with more or less success. More less than more. The weather has been very changeable and we suffer from extensive shooting in the standing corn on our left foot—which we immediately cut down and carefully protected, not wishing it to be trod on with impunity. The crops in the flower pots at Madame St. Jullien's are looking remarkably well, and unless injured by falling from the window ledge into St. Gabriel Street, will be got in before the winter. Many of our cultivators of social intercourse (contrary to the usual results,) have by constant draining so moistened their clay, that all their crop is weeds.—Discontent has been sown broadcast through the land, and the harvest it is expected will be large. There are many full crops of geese on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which will be cut about Michælmas and immediately housed in somebody's interior.—The Brokers have had no harvest this season. They have done nothing but so-so all the year, and some must soon be sown up as they cannot reap. Dealers in flour are sour and the flour itself is often in the same predicament; and altogether this branch of trade makes the millers look white and the merchants black.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The "Jefferson Brick" of the "New York Herald" publishes the banns of Marriage between Sir Allan McNab and the Duchess of Kent or something equally absurd. The *Pilot* copies it and adds, "Important if true." The *British Whig of Kingston*, in a short article on the result of the Deputation of the Mayor and Mr. Counter, has the following paragraph:

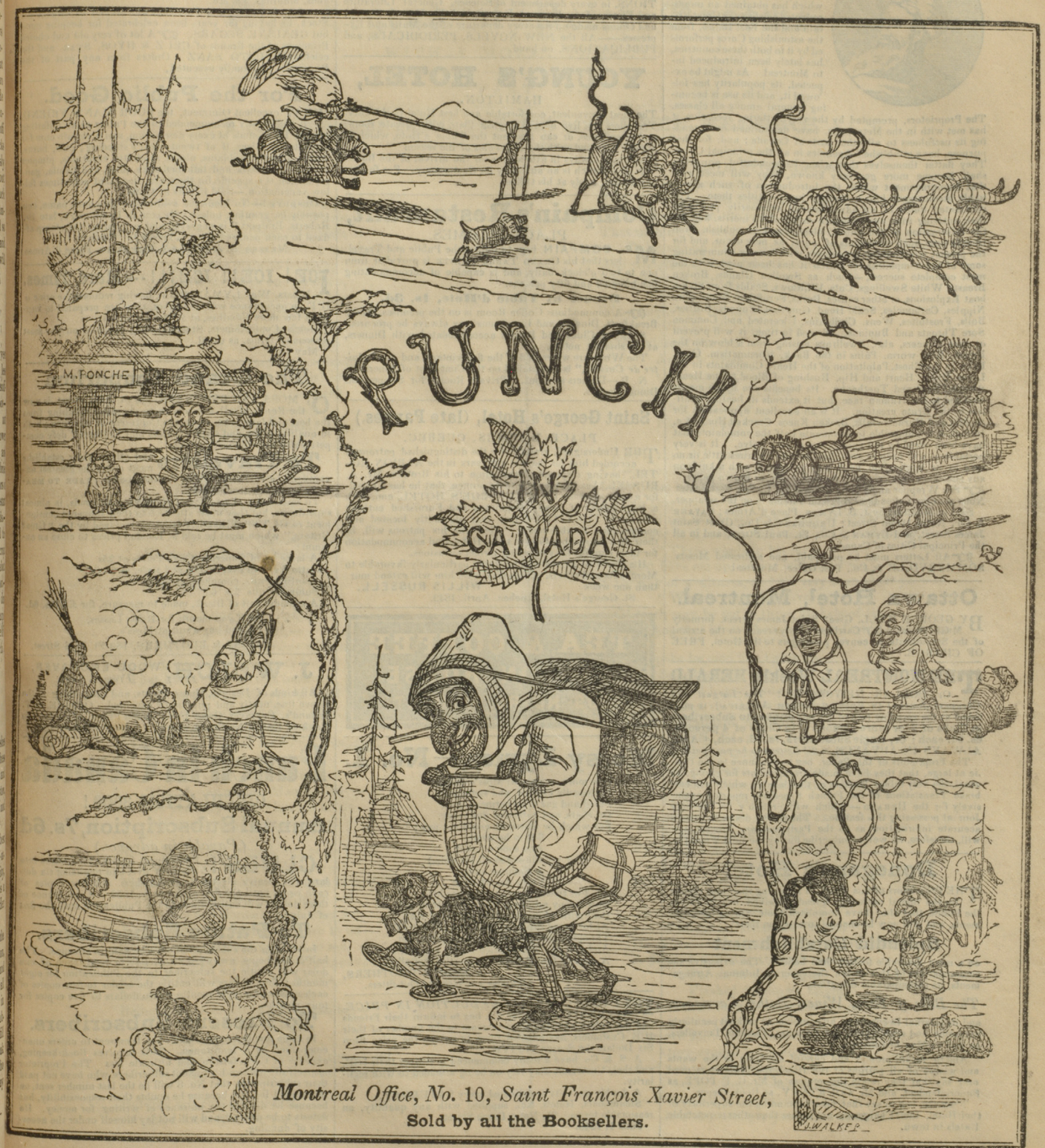
"Earl Grey has assured the deputation that he would use his best endeavors to induce Her Majesty to make a visit to her Trans-atlantic Dominions next summer, and that in all human probability, he would be successful. It is also said, that Mr. Counter has a private commission to procure a suitable residence for Her Majesty."

Now this gross absurdity, this evident jest, this satire upon the gaping open-mouthed and long-eared news-mongers of Kingston, the *Montreal Transcript* copies as having a literal meaning, and adds the mystic syllables "Important if True," knowing all the while that there was no probability of there being any truth in the matter. When will the press of Canada cease to give publicity to the grossest fabrications, merely because they help to fill up the paper? When will it use its earnest endeavors to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? The echo who invariably replies to all questions in a very roundabout way and is as polite as a court-circular, answers, "when?"

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DeWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **18.**] **September the 28th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

TO SPORTSMEN.—For Sale, a couple of liver-colored Water-Spaniels, of a breed well known in the West of England, as staunch retrievers. They are 7 months old, and have been for some time in the hands of an experienced dog-breaker. Price 10 GUINEAS. Apply to F. S., at the *Courier Office*, if by letter, *post paid.*

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Grent Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal* IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of $1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *All Letters to be post paid.*

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before: The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season. Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE

CANTON HOUSE

109 NOTRE DAME ST.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co. beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars,* in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galianes, Jupiters, LaDesaadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada.*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,

From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

RAISING THE DEVIL,

OR,

The Legend of Peter Groome,

WITH A MORAL THERETO.

PART II.

I could not come myself, so I sent you PETER GROOME.

Slowly rising from the caldron,
Midst the vapor dim,
Came a form in human guise,
But it was by no means grim;
In fact there was nothing about it at all diabolical,
On the contrary something that was rather bucolical;
For 'twas plain to be seen,
From its shape and its mien,
That it was or had been,
While in this world above,
A ploughman, or ditcher, or hedger,
Or some such agricultural cove,
Though he long ago vanished,
From upper Earth banished,
And his name's to be found
Very far under ground,
In OLD NICK'S most voluminous ledger.
And since he became,
The servant of him,
Who binds in his chain
The children of sin,
He is sometimes sent up,
At a deuce of a pace,
Through the regions of space,
Precious dark ones they are too,
In Earth's bowels pent up,
The work of his MASTER to do.

"Vell," said Peter, as he lightly
Stepped upon the floor,--
"Vot d'yer vant, yer precious willains?
"Ar'nt it now a gallows bore,
"That I's to come all this here vay,
"A pack of lies for you to say?
"Ar'nt there no rascals of yer own,
"In this here vorld to show,
"That you've to send for PETER GROOME,
"Up from the vorld below?
"And now I'll tell yer vot it is;—
"I's up—as me my MASTER bid;—
"I'll do yer dirty work—but I'll be riz
"If you'll be quickly of me rid."

And what did the wizards say or do?
Why they were in a terrible stew—
They first turned yellow and then turned blue,
And then turned rather more red
Than an Alderman much over fed,
And did'nt know what the deuce to do—
But the wonderful thing of all to see,
Was the "MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL NOSE,"
For that nose, as every one knows,
Is a nose of no common degree,
Being already as red as a nose can be;—
But, lo! what a sight,
As in terrible dread
The rest of the wizards turned red,
The "WONDERFUL NOSE" turned white!!

But like eels to flaying knife,
And hissing frying pan,
They soon got used to PETER GROOME
As to a proper man;
They quite forgot his bones were bare
And rotting in the tomb,
That nothing but some "airs from hell"
Did make up PETER GROOME;——
And straightway they did question him,
That phantom spirit grim,
To tell them how
They might find the man out
Who kindled the flames
In the midst of the rout
And the fright,
On the night,
That the "REBEL CLAIMS"
After much jaw
Past into law.

"And is that all," quoth Groome his ghost,
"I was really just going to say, bless you,
"Only that blessings is not much in my way,
"Then pray do not let the matter distress you,
"I should not like to see any friend of mine lost,
"Or rather of MASTER'S, for want of a friend to say,
"Three words in his favor;——
"So just have me up, no one will know me,
"By way of a witness, and I'll very soon show ye
"What a very nice flavor
"Of truth may be put in three bushels of lies
"By a chap that knows how to throw dust in men's eyes."

So spake he, and like lightning
Seized on pen and ink,
And clapp'd himself into a chair
With a very knowing wink;——
And a pointblank deposition
In a jiffy did indite
In which he set forth when and where,
And put down in black and white,
One ROBERT COOKE, a shocking Tory,
At Satan's instigation,
And of *malice prepense* did excite
A general conflagration
By which a sudden stop was put
To the country's legislation;
For its pretty clear to any man
Possessed of any *nous*,
That a Parliament cant sit well
Without a Parliament House.
He wrote--and signed it "PETER GROOME"—
A fiendish yell rang through the room;
For an instant a light
Flashed dazzlingly bright,
And then all sank in murkiest gloom.

The evil spirit never sleeps——
Once evoked it haunts for ever;
And you ne'er can shake it off,
For conscience slumbereth never;
So beware all ye who think of evil
Lest unwittingly you RAISE THE DEVIL.



THE BALLAD OF THE MOSS TROOPER.

LAPRAIRIE LET THY GROVES DESPAIR,
WEEPING THEIR YELLOW LEAVES;
THY COMMON LOOKS UNCOMMON BARE,—
FIELD OF THE FORTY THIEVES!

The summer's sun shone fierce and hot,
The sentry on his beat
Low whispered word of wrath, and sought
The shade side of the street.

Where golden balls—a magic three—
High quivered in the breeze,
Hard by the portal halted he,
Halted and stood at ease.

Beneath the pendent symbols there
Outhung a goodly show,
Some things that were both rich and rare,
And some that were rather low.

And silently the sentry gazed,
In wonder mixed with doubt,
At gold and silver glistened and glazed,
Slumbering up the spout.

Silk and velvet side by side
Along with pistol and knife;
A dagger by a wedding ring,
Matched like husband and wife!

The flute beside the silver spoon,
All silent as in death;
And the trumpet gasped at the old bassoon,
Speechless for want of breath.

But over all, both great and small,
Above, around and below,
Ever the soldier's gaze would fall
Upon a gorgeous row.

Of warrior garb, collapsed and grim,
On ignominious peg;
With golden gleam adown the seam
Of shoulder, arm and leg.

And sabre bright with armed boot,
Casque and button and loop;
While saddles hung buff belts among,—
Signs of a swaggering troop.

Thirty and nine, beneath the sign
That quivered in the air;—
"What troopers they, O sentry say,
How came such troopers there?"

Romantic was that sentinel,
Old thoughts about him go,
But the only words from his lips that fell,
Were,—"blast me if I know!"

Adown, adown the block-paved street,
The street of Notre Dame,
With bristled beard and shoe-less feet,
A squalid man there came.

Much burthen on his back who bore,
Trappings of cavalry,—
Saddle and bridle, boot and spur,
A glittering panoply.

And on his footsteps followed slow
A steed of a sleepy eye,
Watched as he went by many a crow
Wheeling under the sky.

"God save thee, noble sentinel!
I see thy troubled brow,
Brief space have I my tale to tell,
Driven I know not how."

"Full forty on the plain were we,—
I mark thy wondering eye,—
We marshalled on the broad prairie,
The river it rushed hard by."

"One morn we heard the stirring word,
'Forty, to horse, to horse!'
There's battle down in yonder town,
And the river we must cross."

"Adown we rode to the river's brink,
Just at the Steamboat bell,
Ready to cross, both man and horse,
Unknowing of the spell."

"But the spell, the spell of the water-bound
Was on both horse and man,
And that Steamboat she always ran aground,
That tried to break our ban."

"We rigged us out with many a craft,
Bateau and barge and canoe,
But barge nor bateau nor lumbering raft
Would float with us for a crew."

"For the ban it followed us first and last,—
Brief word have I to say,—
That we never should pass that river fast,
While we were under pay."

"But the spell, the spell of the water-bound
Was changed upon man and horse,—
When they paid us off no rest we found,
Till we pledged our traps with Moss."

"Unto whose pillared portals I,
Last of the forty fold,
And driven by my strong destiny;—
Soldier, my tale is told."

Sarcastic was the sentinel,
Mayhap it was that he
From bayonet's use had learned well
To launch cold irony.

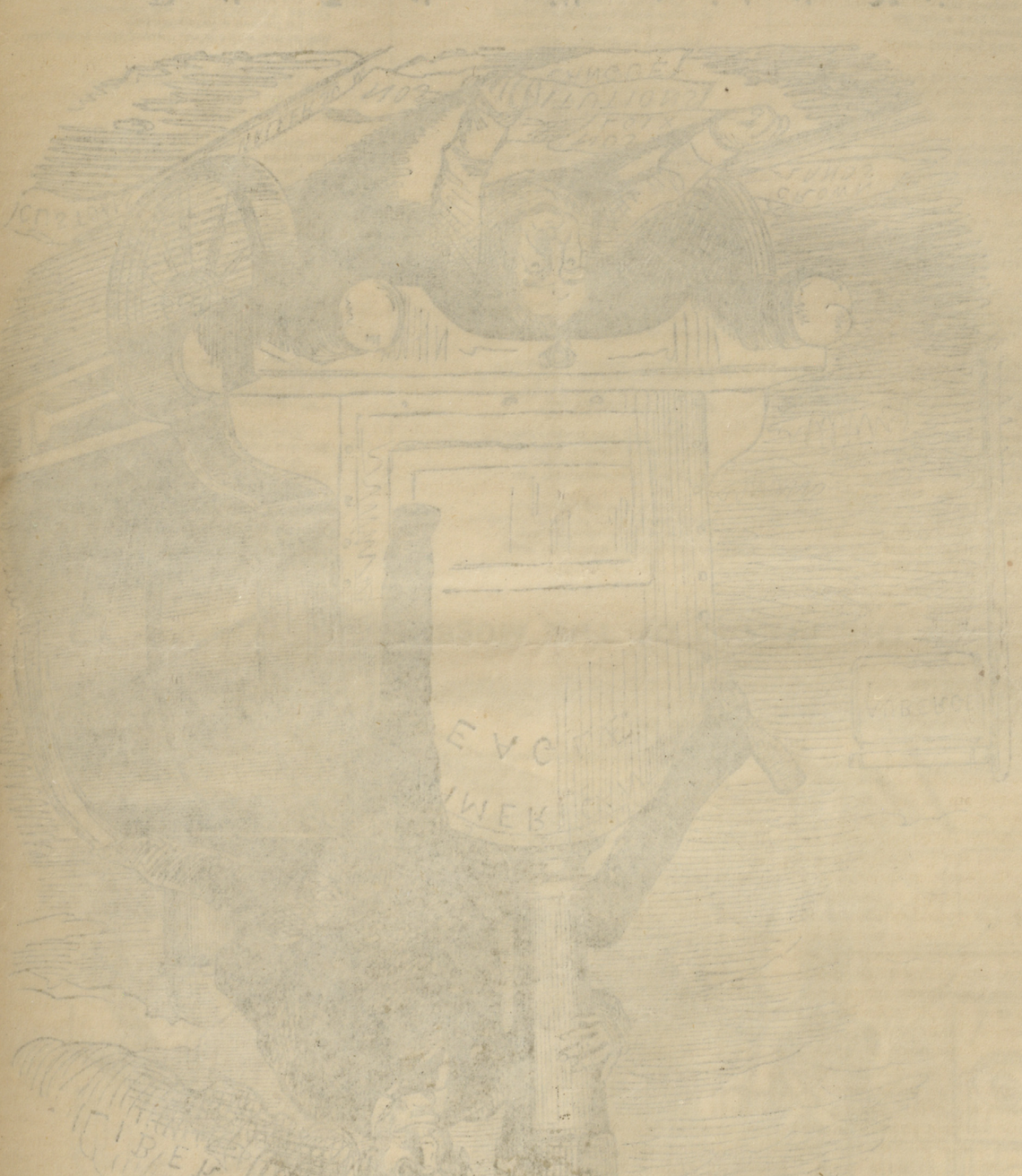
And he said with a wink, "young man, young man,
I'll bet you a fortnight's pay,
MOSS TROOPERS ye will nick-named be
For ever and a day!"

LAPRAIRIE WEEPS IN COLD DESPAIR,
SHEDDING HER YELLOW LEAVES;
HER COMMON LOOKS UNCOMMON BARE,—
FIELD OF THE FORTY THIEVES!



The way Brother Jonathan will astonish the Natives.

ANNEXATION COMES IN BY THE RAIL, WHILE LIBERTY FLIES OFF IN THE SMOKE.



HEADS AND ARMS.

THE arms of the Corporation should be an ass's head proper in a field of blood, with a "Fortin" dragoon and an angel of darkness as supporters; for the body being destitute of heads to preserve the peace, foolishly imagines it can supply the deficiency by putting arms into the hands of the Police. But it is said these arms are given to prevent the Police from using their legs in emergencies; a weakness to which the force is prone. This may be valid reasoning, but will make many Policemen invalid. Besides a Policeman's fear teaches him to use his legs well; but the same feeling would cause him to use his arms badly. But how and when are they to be used? If some anti-teetotaller on a murky night tunefully insists on not going home till morning, is Policeman No 10, then and there, to let "daylight into his body" by a musket ball? Is Mr. Baldwin, who is so universally known as a "slow coach" to be told to move on, or to be "prodded" behind with the point of a sabre? Is the guardian of the night to wait for a "flare up" before he fires: or fire first and make certain of having the "flare up" afterwards? If a Doctor wants a subject may he apply to one of the force to make a subject for him? Like Doctors, are Policemen to have diplomas, and be "licenced to kill," or like Lawyers, only be "licenced to bleed?" In the latter case they might occasionally be beneficial to the health, although not advantageous: for public slaughter-houses are considered advantageous to the sanitary condition of a City; yet Punch sees no advantage to be derived from turning a whole City into a slaughter-house. It is the privilege of Aldermen and Common Councillors to murder the Queen's English, but this privilege does not extend to the Queen's subjects. City Solons have no authority to turn Police stations into shambles and become carcass butchers: neither may they deal in joints of the Body-politic. But if they intend trying their hand at the trade, Mr. Coroner Coursol had better confine himself to his own house, and not even look into the streets lest he see a man killed: and as for Punch,—Punch will at once turn undertaker to the authorities, and contract to supply them with coffins.

EDUCATION FOR THE ARMY.

IT is recorded as a sentiment of the Duke of Wellington—with what truth we know not—that a soldier has no right to profess religion; and we certainly never heard that he experienced much practical opposition to his theory. But however that may be, the authorities at the Horse Guards appear recently to have discovered the fact that soldiers have minds—in fact that ensigns—hitherto apparently placed much in the same category as poodles and other educated quadrupeds—are susceptible of a certain degree of mental culture. At least the tone of the programme of educational tests, recently issued by the Commander in Chief, would lead us to infer that intellect has only recently been admitted as an attribute of the subaltern of foot, and that the cornet of horse has been hitherto valued for qualifications about equivalent to those of the animal he bestrides. In pursuance of their interesting discovery, the authorities who rule the Army have issued an edict in favor of the accomplishments of reading and writing—forgetful, or never having heard of the *dictum* of honest Dogberry, that such helps to the ladder of learning "come by nature." In the first place, then, our candidate "should be able to read and write!"—such is the wording of the programme, leniently omitting all clause of orthography; so that if John Smith, gent., chooses to spell coffee with a K, the slight but pleasant eccentricity will not exclude him from carrying the colors of the gallant Eleventy-ninth. Nor, should his specimens of quill-manship resemble the wanderings of an insane spider with inky feet, rather than the conventional vehicle for the ideas of civilised man, need that be a bar to his occupying a distinguished position as wine-taster to his regimental mess. His arithmetical acquirements, as conditionally hinted at in the programme, should include "the first four rules:" he will thus be enabled to calculate with rapidity how many beans go to make five—a process which will be of incalculable advantage to him when he comes to keep race-horses,—as enabling him to form a closely approximating estimate of the value of a "feed." His classical attainments are not strictly required to be such as would entitle him to the honor of a scholarship at Oxford;—the school-master at the Horse-Guards merely proposing that "he should be able to translate some Latin author into English." The ancient classical duoglot of "*Propria quæ maribus* he had a little dog," diligently studied and committed to memory, might thus enable John Smith gent., to pass in, duty free, with great credit to himself and to the exceeding glory of his family. Greek is not even hinted at in the list of literature,—so that when "the tug of war" comes, the candidate will perhaps feel a painful sense of his inferiority to the Greeks whom he will be bound to "meet" upon that possible contingency. But the ordinance further provides for the deficiency of our "gent" in classical lore, by accepting in lieu thereof a decent degree of proficiency in the French or German grammar. In lieu of these again, we would suggest that Magyar be taken as an equivalent—a great blessing to the young neophyte from the glens of Scotland or of Connemara, who might easily lick himself out of the scrape with his native tongue. In history he is recommended to study "Hume's History of England, with Smollett's Continuations;"—but it is optional with him whether he dive deeper into its depths, and fish up the authentic records of "Jack the Giant killer," or the "Seven Champions of Christendom." Further, "he must have had some instruction in drawing;"—and if they had added the words "on his Governor," the clause would have been complete, and the ordinance rampantly triumphant as a "curiosity of literature." Viewing this production of the Board, the mind is overwhelmed with the immensity of the contemplated reform. The walls of Guard Rooms will be charcoaled with effusions of the highest order of epic poetry, instead of being debased, as hitherto, with sentiments like those expressed in such songs as "Chip chow, cherry chow," or "Once I was a roving blade;" and outline cartoons, designed according to the rules of "high art" will supersede the pictorial steeple-chases and exaggerated *danseuses* which usually decorate the pannels of military quarters, in defiance of the barrack-master. No longer will John Smith gent., attired in the rough pea-coat and smash-me-down hat of military mufti, commit nocturnal depredations upon the knockers and signs of slumbering citizens. The only knockers he will now seek after, will be those upon the door of knowledge; and the signs in the heavens, "the ram, the bull and the heavenly twins," will be the only signs upon which he will condescend to expend his expanded intellect.

Well, the only thing we are sorry for is, that the Horse Guards people had such a confoundedly small opinion of him before;—however, we suppose they considered it absolutely necessary to do 'something,"—and now they have "been and done it" with a vengeance!

FRENCH DOMINATION.

If further evidence of the march of Gallic ascendency be wanted, it will be found in the melancholy fact that the league is now adopted in almost every Township of Upper Canada. The old mile stones will, it is believed, be broken up under the direction of the Commissioners of Public Works, for the purpose of mending the very roads that they once measured.

"We must all dye",—as the grizzled matron said to her nine carroty daughters, after an unsuccessful season.

"Why shouldst thou thus be *tray* me?"—as the sheep's head said to the butcher's boy.

"Anything new in ties?"—as the swell gent on the drop said to the hangman.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Punch has gathered, from sources which may be relied upon, that the Seat of Government is to be permanently fixed either in Upper or Lower Canada. If in the former, it will probably be planted at some one of the flourishing towns between Cornwall and Amherstburg—but if in the latter, it is whispered that a place this side of Gaspé is to be invested with the dignity.

THE HONORABLE DOMINICK DALY.

WE are glad to perceive that this gentleman has been appointed to a very responsible Office, under the direction of the Lords Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

As we are in possession of some of the circumstances which bear upon this appointment, we have much pleasure in laying them before our numerous readers.

It is, of course, generally believed that the appointment of Mr. Daly is to be ascribed to his long official connexion with Canada; but it is not so well known that, the selection is consequent upon the intimate acquaintance which that Honorable gentleman has formed with the lumber business of this Province.

Much good is likely to follow the appointment: at the first blush the following advantages strike us.

The establishment, on the borders of the New Forest, of a Normal School for choppers; accompanied by useful and practical directions as to the mode of chopping and piling cord-wood.

We may observe, in passing, that the establishment of a school to teach choppers how to chop, may prove abundantly useful in a community where chopping and changing is so prevalent; and its salutary effect upon this colony will be most palpable:—for, instead of being plagued by annual importations of British clods, we shall be blessed with periodical arrivals of cute and accomplished choppers, ready either for life in the forest, or for life in the cabinet,—where some experience in chopping and chiselling is of the greatest advantage.

We fear, however, that Mr. Cobden will be mistaken in this, as in meaner matters to which he has directed his attention. We do not believe, with all Mr. Daly's experience of the Canadas and the wants of the Canadians, that he will be enabled to monopolise for the British Islands, the whole Canadu trade in wooden shoes.

It is true that the Honorable gentleman has had to deal with a great many knotty subjects: but still this article of wooden shoes has become so mixed up with the Corn question, that we almost despair, in the present aggravated state of public feeling, of his devising anything which will have the effect of removing from the community the shooting pains which are so awfully prevalent, and which have followed from the operations of the quacks upon corn.

However this may be, Jean Baptist will, we expect, struggle manfully for the Wooden Shoe Trade; and, if we are not much mistaken, it is likely to become the great party watchword at the next general election.

We, therefore, caution the Honorable gentleman and the Imperial Government to tread softly:—for we doubt whether timber shoes, even of British manufacture, will restore quiet to our streets. They may irritate the Corn question; and certainly they will militate greatly against the cultivation of the finer kinds of Hops;—although it is stated that, His Excellency the Governor General intends so far to give the trade encouragement, as to seize the very first opportunity that offers, of dancing a Highland Fling, in a pair of wooden shoes made expressly for the purpose, out of soft timber carefully selected for their manufacture by the Honorable Commissioner of the New Forest.

PUNCH ON THE STATE OF THE MARKETS

Montreal.

PRAIRIE HENS. No demand.

EGGS. Abundant: demand moderate. Hens are not pressed for eggs so much as formerly;—they can lay at their ease.

HARDWARE. A good many cases; but as they have been spiritualized by exposure to a soaking season, they are found, on examination, to be used up.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGES. A large lot of broken ones in the market, which, though offered at low rates, have no takers.

MUSTACHIOS. In this article a small business is still done among little customers. It will be confined to small traders.

ERMINE. The market is fairly glutted; and although it is of the highest judicial quality, the thing is a drug. Speculation and over trading have thrown this branch of commerce into bad hands. Holders, however, are not firm; and offers will probably be accepted from parties of doubtful character and solvency.

LAWN. The best Episcopal Lawn is in great demand, but the supply is very small. The only lot in the market was said to have been bought in by a small trader of Hebrew extraction: but, as he seemed only to have flash notes, or doubtful ducats, to offer in payment, the lot was not sold. His references, moreover, were not up to the mark.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATES. At a discount. No confidence in this branch of trade. Importations will doubtless cease.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES. Looking up.

CITY POLICE. Rather flat;—a little below the average.

MOUNTED POLICE. Few in the market:—but the article preserves its character.

Brockville.

SABLE. A brisk demand for black flags has taken place; but as the article will not stand, it is thought that holders will be losers.

FUSTIAN. Some rare lots have been exposed to competition; which, although got up with great care, are found to be of the very worst quality. They will not change hands.

YARNS. The supply in the Yarn market was not good. The long yarns expected from Sherbrooke did not arrive; and those produced in the vicinity of Brockville, have not the glazed and sugary appearance of those which are familiar to the people of the Eastern Townships.

ORANGE LILIES. Those exposed to sale were of a bad class,—strong and rank: but a desirable business is likely to be done in the article of orange-blossoms, both here and elsewhere. This speculation, however, is confined to the *fair* traders.

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC. Very abundant, but scarcely above the grade of garbage. They will not change hands.

Bytown.

Our advices inform us that there has sprung up a sudden demand for small arms and long legs. RIFLES have been asked for, but those on hand were Canadians, and they were found to be too groggy for service. There is a good deal of unsteadiness in this market; the rates of exchange are very fluctuating; and the determination of many parties to draw at sight, has cast a gloom over many countenances. Teeth are going down, and eyes are disappearing.

Kingston.

SOFT SOAP. In great demand. Purchasers are abundant; but it is thought by good judges that the article is strongly adulterated with the coarsest kind of Soft Sawder.

BRASS. This can be supplied to any amount from Frontenac. It is of an inferior quality of metal, but very brazen.

Toronto.

CASTINGS. Sheeps' eyes have been very successfully cast by Mr. Sherwood, at the Judicial Bench, and it is thought that he will be rewarded handsomely. Sheeps' eyes have been often cast before, but rarely with the same success. Alderman Denison has also been casting in his mind an address to the Governor General, which, although generally admired, was left on his own hands, as too true to be good. Alderman Duggan has been ineffectually casting sheeps' eyes at the Recordership of Toronto, but his efforts have hitherto proved failures. He will probably give up the attempt. Alderman Beard has been casting in his mind the possibility of hiding ideas in words, and he has succeeded.

COMPLIMENTS. Some empty ones have changed hands, but a brisk business in this article is not to be looked for.

POLITICS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Little Boy. What did Sir Allan MacNab go to England for, pa?

Leaguer. For seven hundred pounds, my dear.

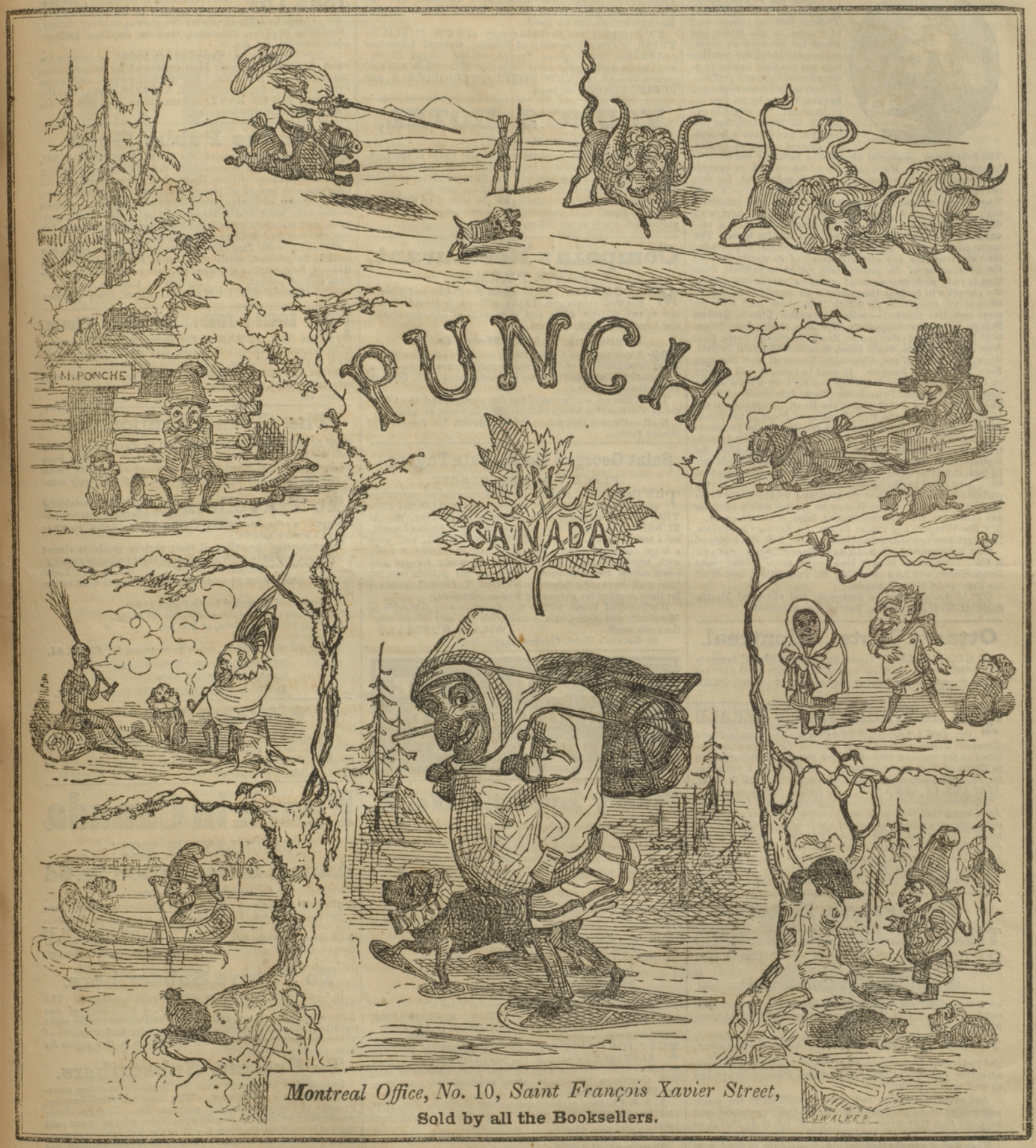
Little Boy. What did he come back with, pa?

Leaguer. With a British Coronet for Lord Elgin, my dear.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

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TO SPORTSMEN.—For Sale, a couple of liver-colored Water-Spaniels, of a breed well known in the West of England, as staunch retrievers. They are 7 months old, and have been for some time in the hands of an experienced dog-breaker. Price 10 GUINEAS. Apply to F. S., at the *Courier Office*, if by letter, *post paid*.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,

and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respetctable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

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The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

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MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

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THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—*REDUCTION IN PRICE.*

ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY.

Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street.

June 1, 1849.

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☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late DR. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

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ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!---Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price o ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at $5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Paltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,

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All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

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To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dolar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

THE VICE-REGAL PROGRESS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

ON the Niagara District, his Excellency met with warm hospitality from a remarkable individual, known by the name of Greybiel—a corruption or mal-pronunciation of Grey Bill; and which, by an easy and natural transition into Bill Grey, affords a clue to the mutual fraternization of the distinguished personages in question. Were I possessed of the pencil of a Landseer, I could have furnished you with a portrait of the great Greybiel,—pen and ink can give but little of his *chiar-oscuro*, and nothing at all of his local colour—which, to carry out the metaphor artistical, appeared to be laid on rather thick. Greybiel is above the ordinary average height, swarthy as a native Nubian in complexion, and hirsute as the untonsured chimpanzee of central Tongataboo; there is, nevertheless, an expression of concealed tobacco about his cheek, that speaks of more than meets the eye,—but which sometimes meets the eye in a very forcible manner when he expectorates. His establishment is not large—about fifteen feet square;—but the *ménage* is on a liberal scale; and Vice-Royalty was pleased to express itself dazzled by the quantity of pork which smoked on the festive board, or plank. A debauch on Canadian whiskey was here a salient point in the progress; and about twilight, Lord Mark Kerr was seen endeavouring to persuade his horse to "take" one of the Locks of the Welland Canal,—when, after many ineffectual attempts, both horse and rider "took it" by tumbling into the abyss; from which they were with great difficulty extricated, by letting on the water and floating them to the top. About this time your reporter proceeded to the hospitable residence of John H. Conolly, Esq., who incurs the heavy responsibility of causing the *hiatus* which here occurs in your reporter's manuscript;—a *hiatus valde deflendus*, as the learned host with his usual classical promptitude elegantly expressed it,—and concerning which your reporter is unable to give any further explanations than what may be conveyed by the following symbols.

* * * * * * * *

Saturday, Sept. 29.—The Viceregal procession arrived at Guelph, where torrents of rain—provided, we are informed, by the firemen of that ancient hamlet,—rushed down from the clouds to welcome the Bruce. The maple trees were blushing up to the very tops of their autumnal heads, at the honor about to be conferred on the Wellington district, and the cheerful little birds on the bushes, shook the sparkling gems of heavy-wet from their plumage, as they trilled the swelling chorus of "Scots wha hae," in honor of the Celtic nobleman whose wandering inclinations had borne him to their bowers. But as a writer in a provincial paper has happily expressed it, no amount of rain could "damp the ardour of the gallant men of Guelph;" and so, while the cold water was running down into their boots, their indomitable spirit continued to burn with brilliancy, like the lantern of a storm-buffetted light-house amid the conflict of contending elements. Excuse my fine writing, but the subject inspires one with images of vast grandeur, and the steam must be let off or the boiler bursts. It was Michaelmas day, and in a short speech which his Excellency addressed to the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, he alluded most happily to the anniversary. "The Goose of Canada," he said, "was about to be cooked in a manner unparalleled in the history of nations, and he trusted, from the leading part he had taken in bringing about this culinary consummation, that he would be looked upon as a great tip-top sawyer (Soyer,) in the immense Reform Kitchen of the British North American Provinces." This sally was received with roars of laughter,—though the majority of the auditors departed to their homes under the impression that his Excellency had been addressing them in French. From Guelph the Viceregal cortege returned to Brantford; and there I retired to rest,—to compensate by a short nap of about seventeen hours, for the fatigue incurred in chronicling the pageantry of the preceding day.

Tuesday Oct. 2.—On looking out of my window this morning, my eyes received a severe shock from the splendour of the gorgeous scene which flashed upon their unprepared orbits. Four gallant steeds, with fire flashing from their eyes, while the smoke found vent from their distended nostrils, tightened the traces of the brilliant equipage of the veteran Babcock, wherein Viceroyalty sat with folded arms, accompanied by Col. Bruce and James Wilkes, Esq.,—the latter gentleman, from a certain air of embarrassment which pervaded his features, evidently conjuring up a mental picture of the triumphal progress of a great Circus Company, wherein he himself was cast for the part of Clown. Viceroyalty was pleased to compliment the veteran Babcock upon his personal appearance, saying that he "looked very well,—and fat;" a compliment in which truth was not sacrificed to flattery, seeing that Babcock weighs about two and twenty stone. With many flags floating on the breeze the procession arrived at the "Chequered Tavern," where the visage of Viceroyalty beamed with smiles, at what he took to be the delicate little attention of putting the house into tartan to welcome the Bruce; and on the strength of which he ordered Babcock to pull up, in order that he might treat to "cock-tails" all round. Here a Viceroyal salute, of rather a novel character, startled the ears of the revellers—being nothing less than the explosion of nine anvils, which were converted into artillery for the occasion by the ingenious blacksmiths of Brock. Viceroyalty, though startled by the shock, expressed itself gratified, and "hoped that none of the honest fellows would blast their prospects by blowing their eyes out." A little further on, the cavalcade was met by about forty-nine gallant fellows beating drums and waving colours,—and, as a western Journal expresses it with terrible poetical fervor, "the *Pibroch* of the Highland Society sounding wildly on the gale;"—though, as the day was perfectly still, I am at a loss to know where the *Pibroch* found a gale to sound upon. As the cortege neared the settlement of Woodstock, it gradually assumed a more Celtic and less civilised appearance, highlanders, with broadswords and bucklers occasionally falling in with it from the neighboring fastnesses, reminding one forcibly of a novel of Walter Scott.

Wednesday, Oct. 3.—When near Ingersoll, the Viceregal party was met by the "sturdy yeomanry" of Yarmouth and Southwold, brigaded with the men of Middlesex, and bearing banners embroidered with cunningly devised mottoes. The Irish Society overtopped the rest, with its lofty flag of emerald green, setting forth, originally—

"The Irish Colts
Welcome the Bruce,
With a hearty
Cead mile Failthe."

but which some evil minded Tory had clandestinely altered, so that the mutilated motto informed your reporter that—

"The Irish Colts
Welcome the Brutes,
With a hearty
Cead mille Failthe."

Meantime the town of London was the scene of a proceeding unparalleled in the pages of history, for its wild and picturesque violence. A torrent of Tories, headed by a venerable hero on horseback, swept through the town, carrying devastation to the triumphal arches which had been erected at an enormous expense for the delight of Viceroyalty. They next proceeded to the residence of the Honorable Postmaster, whom they pelted into a state of unconsciousness with unopened newspapers, thereby vindicating the majesty of the press, and giving vent to their pent-up politics. From the residence of Bill Niles, brother-in-law to the immortal but ill-fated General Putnam, the Progress approached the town of London, and finally Viceroyalty was landed at the door of Robinson Hall Hotel, where a small entertainment was got up for his private amusement by shooting a few young men in the crowd at a small expense. Here addresses were presented by the Town and District, and during the reply delivered to one of these your reporter fell asleep,—which finishes his narration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUNKUM.—Of course Messrs. Rose and Johnson have thrown away their silk gowns with their allegiance. They have no longer any pretensions to plead the cause of the Queen whose rule they contemn, and whose empire they would dismember. Their patriotism and love of "our country" is too great to allow of dishonorable gain.

PUNCH'S ADDRESS!

To His Excellency Lord Elgin, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Punch approaches you without the least reverence, as the most wonderful Governor that ever endeavored to rule the Canadas.—Had you been sent here only to dance Highland flings and make a mountebank of yourself you would have succeeded to a miracle, and your success would be equal, had the arch fiend deputed you to raise riot and rebellion. Anarchy and blood-shed follow in your train as naturally as the curs and cats attend the progress of the barrow-wheeling venders of unsavory horse-flesh. You have endangered, if not destroyed, the integrity of the Empire. The designing men who induced you to disgust and insult those whose hearts were with the Queen, (you ought to serve,) are now throwing off the mask; are laughing at your folly, and perverting the bitter feelings, you and they have created, into reasons for an effort to rid them of their allegiance. Foremost in the unnatural and unholy alliance which your imbecility has created, is Mr. Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P., the colleague of your Prime Minister, Mr. Lafontaine, in the representation of the Metropolis of Canada, and head of the firm on whose authority (doubtless by your information) the Home Government denied the existence of any annexation feeling in the Elgin-styled Loyal City of Montreal. I say Elgin-styled, because it has unfortunately happened that all your assertions are the reverse of truth. I do not attribute this to design, but rather consider it the result of ignorance; and in your case ignorance is a crime because it arises from wilfulness. The answers you have given to the various addresses, presented to you in the villages of Upper Canada, justify my assertion. Unless you are an idiot, you must have seen that the forbearance exercised towards you by the Upper Canadians, who, I thank God, I believe are yet attached to British Institutions, arose not out of respect for you, but for your Sovereign and theirs; and the fact that with the restraint of these loyal feelings on them, they felt it their duty on many occasions to tell you, in mild language, that you were a sore on the body politic, should convince you of the destruction you deal out so lavishly to every tie, which, as a British subject it should be your pride to strengthen.

Mr. Jacob DeWitt, another thick and thin quondam supporter of your Lordship, limps into a foremost place in the ranks of traitors, and let the spoils of office be taken from the whole crowd of your ministers, and those whose revengeful spirits against the loyal men who crushed the rebellion of 1837-8, prompt them to shout "Lord Elgin for ever," because he becomes the willing instrument of their hatred; the majority of them would be the first to lend their aid to drag the country they disgrace, through the bloody field of civil strife.

Thus, you and your advisers are the leaders in the revolutionary movements now taking place in the Capital of the Canadas; and while your presence in the Province blights the reason of every Briton who inhabits it, there is no hope they will recover from the delusion under which they now labor. Every moment you remain costs your Royal Mistress the affection of one of her subjects; and unless you wish your name to go down to posterity as—the fool that lost the Canadas—go home! Endeavor to repair your folly ere it is too late, I am,

My Lord,

Not your obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PUNCH wants to know what Q. C. attached to two names in the Declaration of Independence means. Miles' boy thought that they were the initial letters of the two words "questionable conduct," and that some ill-natured persons had put them there to signify that the proceeding was not quite O. K.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, certain evil disposed persons did on or about the morning of the 9th, feloniously attempt to abstract and make away with one of the

Crown Jewels,

entrusted to the keeping of the people of Canada, and *Punch* in particular.

Now know ye all men, that we *Punch*, by virtue of the authority in us vested, do offer a reward of 16 cents annexation money to any one who will apprehend all or either of the said evil disposed persons and bring him or them into our presence, to the end that he may be required to enter into a year's subscription forthwith, and be prohibited from singing "Rule Britannia" for all the remainder of his unnatural life. PUNCH.

Given under our hand and seal, from our three-legged stool, this 10th day of October, 1849.

THE ROCK OF QUEBEC.

From the day on which the founders of the *League* framed their first address; the rock of Quebec with the British flag waving over it, has been considered to be under the peculiar protection of Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. Henceforth the Rock was to be Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. and Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. was to be the rock, and the rock he became accordingly; and awful to relate on Wednesday last he fell, by some unknown accident on the annexation manifesto, which so greatly encreased its inherent weight, that the mighty engine of the *Herald* broke under the enormous pressure.

"Agricultural Implements and many of the necessaries of Life."—Vide *the* Declaration of Independence, (not Punch's.)

Punch wants to know from the American Jefferson Brick how long agricultural implements have been *necessaries of life*? Do the Annexationists mean that we are to live upon scythes instead of being kept on "pins and needles" as at present. Punch is fond of old "saws," but he will see the Annexationists all "bust" before he makes them part of his "diet of worms."

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ANNEXATION.

We are informed by Mr. Boyd, that within one hour after the publication of the Montreal Herald on Wednesday bowie knives and rifles went up fifty per cent! On the other hand, however, it is only fair to state that combs and tooth-brushes and soap, have experienced a serious decline.

PUNCH'S ECHO.

What is loyalty?—A full-blown flower.

Echo.—Flour!

What makes our Institutions work!

Echo—Pork!

PUNCH'S PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

President.—Punch.
Vice-President.—John Tully, Esq.
For *Congressmen.*—Peter Dunn and Patrick M'Shane.
Door-Keepers.—J. G. Mackenzie and T. B. Anderson, Esqrs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it has been currently reported that the undersigned is the author of the address to the people of Canada, he begs most distinctly to deny it, and to state that his only "address" is on the Place d'Armes as before.

(*Signed*) COMPAIN.

N. B. Boiled and roast at all hours of the day without distinction of parties.



THE GOVERNMENT THIMBLE-RIG.

"Here I am, Sporting Bob from York!—Rowl in here, gentlemen, and stake your money. Now Mr. Sherwood! I see you looking at one of the thimbles;—walk up, sir, like a man, and go your length upon it in goold or silver,—Debentures taken at a small discount. Here you are Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the Coroner from Kingston! Sport your jinglers here upon the lucky thimble;—a quick eye and a ready observation takes the tin. O, there's the French gentlemen from Montreal feeling for their purses!—step this way, gentlemen, and the day's your own. Rowl in,—— (*Here Punch clandestinely tilts up a thimble, and discovers the pea.*)

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

4th July, 1867.—Did goe with mye wife to-day to see the celebration of the fourth of July, kept on the old French square, what they doe now call Holmes' Park, in honor of that grate patriot, as some do consider him, but not me. There was much noise and also speaking. John Glass, whom my wife did noe a broker, but now a Congressman, did make a long address. Methought it was poor stuff. Did also notice many melancholy faces. Altogether, it seems to me that Montreal hath declined mightily since the change. Afterwards went to the slave sale in the old Bonsecour market, where I did see John Dougall buy a female slave, at which there was great laughter. Afterwards to dine at Congress Hall, where Mr. Papineau did preside. There was a gouging match during the repast, which did somewhat disturb my pleasure, so I did leave early, and to bed to dream of these things.

A SONG OF SEPARATION.

"A bowie knife! a bowie knife!
A knife of burnished steel--
O grind it to a razor edge
On the rim of fortune's wheel,
To cut the cable of the ship
That's taking us in tow,
What weapon like a bowie knife?—
For separation, ho!"

"Cut right and left, my dashing blade,
No need to 'mind your eye,'—
'Twixt cup and lip we'll have no slip,
No!—'forward,' is our cry!
And purseless though our pockets be,
There's powder, boys, and lead;—
So grind the steel on fortune's wheel,
To cut our mother dead!"

"Ho, softly there, my young one," spoke
A trapper old and grey;
"Cutting your mother is no joke,
Tread lightly there, I say....
Like beaver small in spring and fall
Right positive I am,
You'll quickly find your shanty swamped
When you have cut your *dam*."

PUNCH ON ANNEXATION.

The apple of discord is thrown into the Province of Canada: but Punch knows that however fair to the view; its core is rotten; a foul worm feasts and festers beneath its cherry colored rind. The apple is annexation; the rottenness is typified by the fearless self vilifying of the majority of the hereafter to be laughed at signers of the "Rose" perfumed "Holmes" manifesto. The foul worm that feasts and festers, will wriggle its slimy way into the consciences of many who like "Peter" have denied their Master. Where are now the high-sounding phrases, inflated with the glorious air of loyalty and blowing big destruction on rebels and the abettors of rebels. Were the lips which uttered them, drunk?—Was the breath tainted? Were the sounds caused by gas, and bad gas at that? Literally

"Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Punch joined in the demand for the ascendancy of British Principles, but never imagined this led to annexation. His heart warms at the national anthem; beats quick when he hears the words "Britannia rules the waves," although perchance the utterer has but a slender voice and a peculiarly slight knowledge of music; and his chest expands; the blood courses through his veins; his eyes glisten: his grey hair becomes tinctured with the auburn of its youth; his hump diminishes; the absurd prominency of his nose disappears; and he stands erect from very pride if he hears even an urchin in the gutter discordantly yell forth."

"Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That lives in the words" I'M AN ENGLISHMAN

Punch admits his ancestors were Italian; his family name is "Polichinello;" but Polichinello is obscured in the dim vista of past ages while Punch is alive: and Punch is British, and Punch not content with simply being alive will be found "alive and kicking" even if he kick against the pricks.

£500 REWARD.

This sum will be paid by Punch for ony one who will discover the man wot wrote the Address to the People of Canada. Also, £100 for the gentleman who is reported to have said that the document was equal to Magnum Chartum; and £50 for the little boy who wrapped his lollipop in a copy, and was seized with a violent fit of tobacco chewing immediately afterwards.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

A GROWING CROP OF POTATOES.

The property of Mr. John Smith, of Isle Dorval—was observed early in the spring to be much afflicted with the prevailing epidemic. The hopes of Mr. John Smith and the flowers of his potatoes were blighted. Suddenly a remarkable change took place; the withering stalks became sound and put forth new blossoms. Mr. John Smith could not account for it, but Master John Smith remembered, that, having been ordered to drink a pail of Plantagenet Water, he declined doing so and emptied the "Plantagenet" into the potatoe field. The potatoes have since perfectly recovered and have a fine mineral flavour.

SCHOOLS IN CANADA—NURSERIES OF CRIME.'

Judge Rolland has decided that a school boy may, at any time, in pastime or revenge, destroy the property of the School-master, without paying for it, or, indeed, being subject to any punishment except flogging; and, even, that his offence will release his parents from another obligation, that of paying the school-fee.

If a School-master's property may be destroyed, why not any property? the Parliament House, the Court House &c? *A fortiori*, if there is any principle in law, the public may destroy public property.

Robbing a man of his handkerchief entitles you to take his purse also!—

Who wonders at what we see around us?—

Is it surprising that Canada should have a community of knaves?—

'Tis Education forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

(ANNEXATION VERSION.)

God save the Queen,
(President Taylor I mean)
God save the ———
(You know what I mean.)
Send him uproarious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to be elected over us,
God save the ——— you know what I mean.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle made a row,
Yankee doodle, doodle,
Broke a bank and stole a cow,
Yankee doodle, doodle!
Hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

THE ANNEXATION SQUIB.

The terrific explosion prophesied a few days since in the columns of the *Courier*, which was to burst up the strong government; blow Lord Elgin into the dominion of his patron saint, the father of discord; smash the "Fortins;" make Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. a consistent man; and Francis Hincks, an honest politician, besides effecting other miracles too tedious to mention: turns out after all nothing but a jest. Yes, a jest; and a devilish good joke it is too, for the fun consists in the number of credulous individuals who have actually fancied that the "address to the people of Canada," published in the *Herald* and the *Courier*, is an earnest political movement on the part of the three or four hundred tops and bottoms of the inhabitants of Montreal who affixed their names to it, out of a lark, just to see what nonsense people would believe. Why, on the face of the document its absurdity is manifest. It commences with calling on the people of Canada, ("our country" as the Province is facetiously termed;) "to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest," and after poking the fun of two columns of grievances into the ribs of the unlucky victims of readers, which it laughingly passes off as "mature and dispassionate investigation, concludes not with suggesting remedies," but asserting that only *one* remedy is to be thought of, and that one a sovereign, no, no—a republican specific for all evils the body politic is laboring under in the present generation, and a preventative in all generations to come. And yet people took an absurdity like this for a genu-*wine* manifesto: a rale, rite-down airnest strait up an eend socdolager of a document; actually fancied that the three hundred and twenty modest individuals whose names are appended to this innocent effusion were about to forsake their lawful trades and callings; turn quack doctors, and cram rale yankee-annexation pills down the throats of the rest of the community. Besides, many of the names do not represent the men popularly known as bearing similar cognomens. Barristers, learned in the law, such as John Rose and F. G. Johnson, both of them Gentlemen and Esquires by act of Parliament, do not indulge in such freaks of folly; of course, we cannot presume to imagine they were out on a spree; oh, no, the Q. C. attached to these names must mean a couple of Queer Codgers, not Queen's Counsel.—Queen's Counsel are men whom Her Majesty has delighted to honor, not human dogs to bite the hand that feeds them. Then just fancy D. Lorn Macdougall, so prim, so perfumed, and so pretty, fraternising with John Tully, Esq., whose attention to externals is by no means remarkable; Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. with R'd. Philbin; Sabrevois de Bleury with John Glass, &c. &c. We mention the names of these gentlemen simply to show how ridiculous it was for any sane person to treat the harmless squib as if it were a Congreve rocket, although the people who shoved highly respectable names into bad company, should remember that a joke may be carried too far.

But perhaps the greatest fun of the whole affair is the following sentences.

"We would premise that towards Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable."

If we could suppose for an instant that this foolish concoction was a reality, we should say that no freeman who knew his rights, and knowing dared to defend them, no Briton, no honest and true-hearted man penned those lines. They are slavish and servile; they have the impress of one who dreads the lash: who yet feels the pain of the sound scourging he got when detected in robbing his master's till. It is a vile slander on many of the gentlemen whose names are affixed to this penny cracker, to say that if, after calm deliberation, they honestly and sincerely believed the fallacies fizzed forth; if they were convinced, that by not separating from Great Britian, they were robbing themselves and their posterity of rights to which they were entitled, they would never say "without her consent it is neither practicable nor *desirable*." If separation is just and necessary, it is desirable whether Great Britain consent or not: and as for its not being practicable, an association of freemen would have resolved to make it so. But these triflers with grave matters, these aged sucklings in breeches, these grey-headed political infants, after a frolicksome game of Shuttlecock, run whimpering to Mama for a lollipop, as the only thing that can quiet their uneasy stomachs; and leave you to conclude, if Mama won't indulge its deary, deary little pets, that its deary, deary little pets will suck their nicey, picey fingers, and amiably endure their nasty, pasty gripes. And yet in spite of these infantile powers of endurance, they assert that the lollipop they covet is their "common destiny." If so, Punch fears their "common destiny" will give them uncommon internal uneasiness, until themselves and their commotions are absorbed in the undisturbed bowels of the earth.

SAUCE FOR THE COURIER'S CURRIE.

The *Courier* of Thursday last furnishes the following bill of fare for the Viceregal Household.

> Let the people of Lower Canada take an example from their fellow Colonists at the Cape of Good Hope; they have threatened to starve out an obnoxious Governor and Council, and they have the power, because they are unanimous—if we were as unanimous as they, we could soon reduce Lord Elgin, or any other Governor or Ministry, to feed on their coach-horses.

These remarks of the *Courier* albeit rather coarse and suggestive of Cannibalism,—the horse being nearly allied to the donkey, and the donkey being a cousin-german of man,—are yet fraught with pleasant associations to the reflective mind. Consider the coach-horse; how cheering to him who has been curried all his life by clumsy grooms, the prospect of being curried after death by the skilful hands of a Vice-regal *chef de cuisine!* How exhilarating the certainty that the operation of firing for spavin will now be superseded by that of peppering for dinner! Harness blacking would serve as a most appropriate sauce; and the reins of Government, by this time rather worse than useless, might be converted into sausages wherewith to garnish the dish so feelingly suggested by the *Courier* for the entertainment of Viceroyalty. Cape Wine would, of course, be the prevailing beverage; and the master of the horse should be Master of the Ceremonies for the festive occasion.

CAUTION.

Messrs. Scobie and Balfour, of Toronto, are publishing an Almanac, replete with useful information and statistics; we warn them to pause in their speculation, until they can complete the sporting list of the annexation horses, with the names, weights and colors of the riders, for the Yankee Sweepstakes.

FUN FOR THE IRISH.

Three letters of the Alphabet—T. P. B.—announce their intention of giving a lecture on Tipperary tactics, illustrated by "the Songs of Old Erin," in the Hall of the Odd Fellows, on Monday next. For oddities, the Odd Fellows' Hall must be most appropriate, and the three letters are certainly odd; and it will be odder still, if a crowd of oddities do not welcome their odd appearance.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Sixty-three tarnal free and enlightened Yankees have affixed their names to the annexation hoax, which appeared this week. What would these liberal and enterprising citizens have said had sixty-three Englishmen promulgated a similar bit of humbug on the Free-soil Question, with a view to the dismemberment of the almighty union. I guess they would have concluded to invoke a blessing on the peculiar institutions of Tar-and-feathers and Judge Lynch. They should remember, what is "sauce for the goose" is sauce for the American Eagle, which, at the best is but a gander, a fact in natural history, established by its tarnal quack, quack, quack.

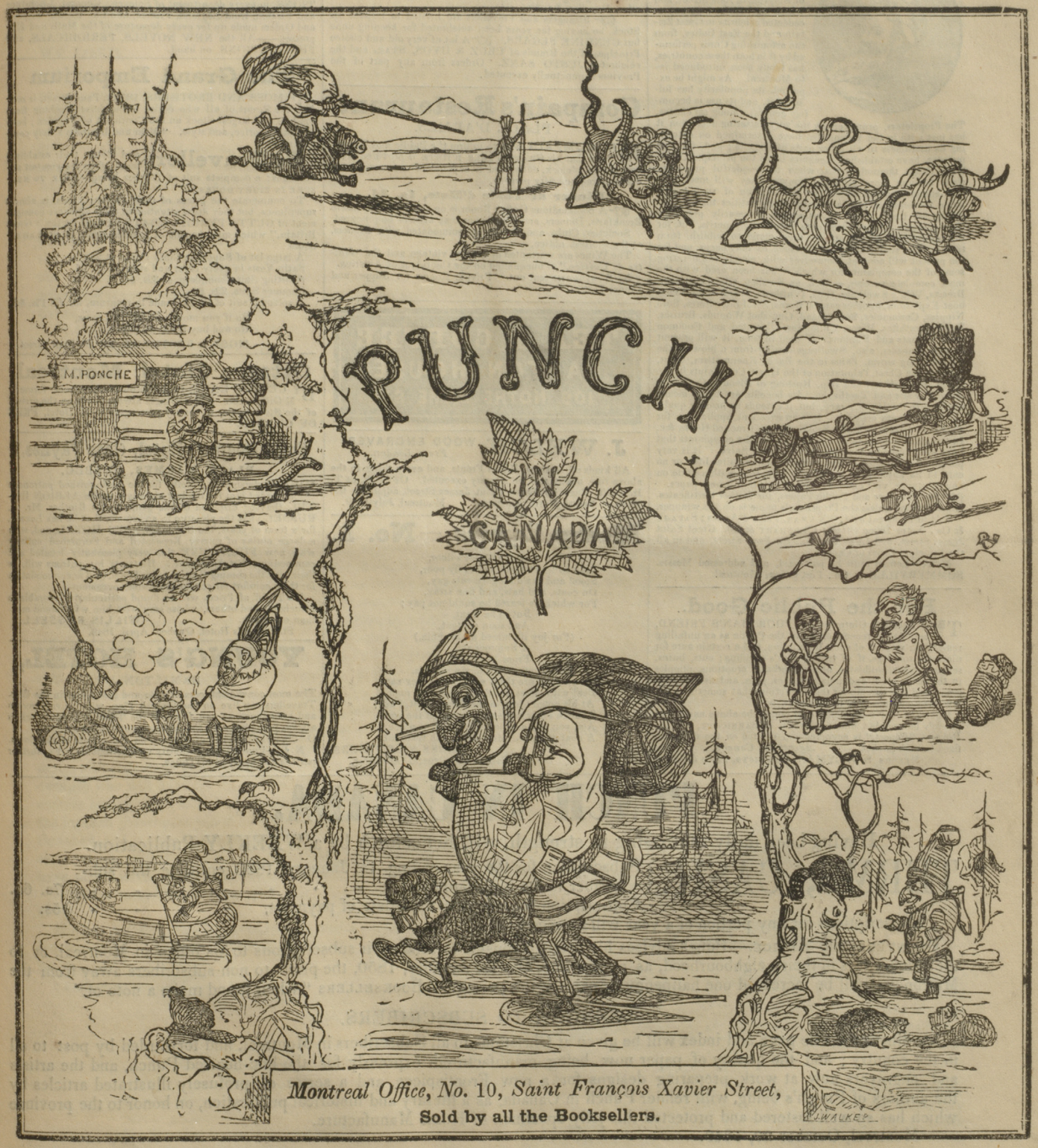
For Sale, AT MOSS'S in Notre Dame Street, two Silk Gowns, supposed to be the forfeited Pledges of John Rose and F. G. Johnson, Esquires, who have lately addicted themselves to stuff (and nonsense).

Query.—Is fustian stuff?

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 20.] **October the 20th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Paltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st Januory, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the conntry; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, willi render Punch in Canada, as a literary and historical publication, on honor to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

PUNCH'S LETTERS !—No. 2.

To His Excellency Lord Elgin, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

In the very bitterness of sorrow I have reproached you for your persevering folly. I have used harsh language, because there is little difference between wicked and incapable rulers as to the injuries they inflict on the countries they govern. The intention is different, the result is the same. The pig who recklessly swimming (against the stream, an operation for which he is unfitted by nature,) cuts his throat, and deprives the human race of chine and chitlings, is not necessarily wicked, but he is obstinate. You, my Lord, are pig-headed, and I throw myself at the pettitoes of your porcine profundity, and implore you, as you value the happiness of the millions confided to the care of the British Crown, to go home, and not by your stay assist in the dismemberment of an empire, whose influence statesmen and philosophers have regarded as essential to the diffusion of Christianity and civilization.

If Great Britain lose the Canadas her empire is broken up, and this, as I believe, compromises the prosperity and happiness, not of Canada alone, not alone that of the British Empire, but of the world. You will ask me how your presence here contributes to this catastrophe. I will tell you. For years, the infective odour of two rotten political parties has spread a pestilence, a moral cholera, over this otherwise favored land. To the deluded but honest followers of one of these parties, your assent to the Rebellion Bill, without affording the country an opportunity to pronounce upon its accursed principle, is an outrage not to be forgiven. My Lord, it was a most immoral act; but the word which you and I reverence informeth us that "out of evil cometh good." The artfully forged chains of mercenary political impostors are broken. I remember the plot of a novel, my Lord, somewhat in point; will you excuse my relating it. Hundreds of emigrants are in a crazy vessel with a drunken captain. The anchor has parted. They are at sea, without rudder or compass. Passengers and crew are at loggerheads, some blaming the captain, others defending him. Pirates are in sight, nay, within hail. The crew are divided. Some are for plundering the ship and dividing the cargo, others, desirous of fighting to preserve her for the owners. The passengers take either side. They no longer quarrel about the drunken captain, the question is, shall they give up the ship? But the captain is part owner, he has insulted many of the passengers, who will not assist in preserving his property, although ready and willing to join those amongst their former enemies who will fight for that of the other owners. The drunken captain having been locked up, becomes sober, gives up his share, the insulted passengers join the defenders of the ship, the pirates are thrashed, and the crazy vessel is carried safely into port for necessary repairs, with all her colours flying; and the traitors who would have surrendered her, are delivered up to well-merited punishment.

A lesson might be learned, my Lord, even from the plot of a novel.

Hoping you will increase in wisdom as you increase in days, and the fewer days you take for that desirable object the better I shall be pleased.

I cannot sign myself

Your obedient Servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE PARTING.

Loyalty and second's flour
Met in a most evil hour,
For flour had learnt that he could bring
Sixpence more by rebelling;
And so he left with Pork his brother—
Just made the two for one another!

PUNCH AND THE BRITISH LION.

In consequence of late extraordinary events, *Punch* considered it to be his duty to open a direct communication with the British Lion, which has led to the following correspondence:—

PUNCH TO THE LION.

Punch Office, Oct. 13, 1849.

Dear Lion,—'Ware hawk—mind your eye.

PUNCH.

LION'S REPLY.

All right, old brick—wide awake.

Your's,

THE LION.

Soon after the above, Punch was honoured by an interview with the noble animal, who he is happy to announce, was looking remarkably well. The following conversation ensued:—

Lion.—Well Punch—what's the matter?

Punch.—Not much, only some of your old friends seem a little out of sorts

Lion.—What have they got—the gripes?

Punch.—Rather an affection of the heart I think.

Lion, (wagging his tail,)—Pshaw! tell 'em to eat beef steaks and read *Punch*, and it'll soon pass away.

[Punch bows respectfully and retires.]

A LAMENTATION.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF A LATE DEFECTION.

There was a Rose—a blushing Rose
Upon a Scottish stem,
And all the women courted it
And so did all the men;
The legal bees came there to sip,
And dropped their honey too;
Alas that such a Rose should turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

I've seen the winter's wind cut off
Full many a tree and flower;
I've tasted grapes I thought were sweet
And found them precious sour;
I've seen the tender glass-blade bend
Beneath its weight of dew,
But never thought my Rose would turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

Will once again my Rose return
Unto its Scottish stem,
The pet of all the female tribe
And courted by the men?
I do not know; but this I know
My Rose has proved untrue,
And all its perfumed vows are turned
To Yankey doodle do!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Punch presents his compliments to the Clerk of the Weather, and begs to be informed whether the blast which recently occurred in the office of the Montreal *Herald*, distributing the type of a certain Annexation document set up therein, may be attributed to a current of the same wind which blew down the liberty poles at New York, on the night of the 6th instant.

Punch Office, Oct. 12, 1849.

The Clerk of the Weather presents his compliments to Punch, and takes the liberty of stating, that such has been the mutability of the many winds and side winds recently rushing about in the various offices of the Canadian Press, he is quite unable to furnish the desired information upon a very interesting subject.

Weather Office, Oct. 12, 1849.

TWO YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—*An Auction Mart. The American Flag hangs over the door; and the door-posts on either side set forth the style and title of* F. JOHNSON, BROKER *and* MUSICAL AUCTIONEER. *Old, moth-eaten articles of furniture, musical instruments, &c. are scattered around in picturesque confusion; and on a dais at the further end of the room stands a ricketty piano, surrounded by reams of music, arranged in lots. Some speculators, who have lounged in, begin to grow noisy, and a loud stamping of feet indicates their impatience at the delay of the entertainment.*

Enter FRANK JOHNSON.

Now then, Citizens, to business,—time is dollars, and dollars is—tooral, looral, loo, (*seats himself at the piano, and sings to a well-known old melody.*)

Songs, neighbours, songs, old songs I have to sell,
A wagon-load of loyalty, for less than I can tell.
And the ballads of Old England go, well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Here's a rare old anthem, called "God save the Queen,"
Sung once by Britishers,—I guess *we* aint so green!
Bid for a ballad, boys, going out of print,—
A bushel for the smallest coin that tumbles from the mint!

Going, gentlemen, going!—for two cents, two tarnal red cents, this beautiful edition of a rare and curious old chant. Will nobody go an increase for "God save the Queen?" Say another cent, Citizen Holmes, and the whole lot is yours. No?—well, well, catch a weasel asleep;—*you're* wide awake, I calculate, and never hard up for a *Knapp*, any how you can fix it. Two everlasting red cents for a ream of "God Save the Queen!"—Three cents?—thank you sir,—Mr. Punch, I believe, sir?—gone sir, to you sir, for three red cents?—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The next is "Rule Britannia,"—a critter in a gown,
Ruling of the waves, boys, with sceptre and with crown!
Abolition advocates, round about me throng,
"Britons never will be slaves"—going for a song!

Britons never will be slaves?—eh yah! this child knows better. What did Tom Anderson do when he came to destitution through misplaced confidence and sour flour?—why he corked his face, I guess, and sold himself at a great sacrifice for a he nigger help to Silas P. Vanturk. And *he* called himself a Briton once, but that's an old story now. "Rule Britannia" here!—who bids for this omnipotent old ragged end of a reminiscence of the dark ages?—Half a share in two live niggers, and six month's credit for the whole lot?—is that what the gentleman from the south there, with his heels on the table, bids?—no sirree!—this hoss aint a California cat-fish with scales over his eyes, *he* aint. One immortal picayune for a bushel of "Rule Britannia!" Going, gentlemen, going for one picayune. What does the stout gentleman there with the black satin waistcoat and his foot in a sling say?—half a continental dime for the whole lot?—gone sir, to you sir. "Rule Britannia" there, knocked down to Citizen Dolly for half a righteous Co-lumbian dime; (*gruff voice from the crowd, "citizen be d——d!"*) Excuse my pausing a moment, gentlemen, till I shift my quid.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Who wants a bundle of the "Brave Old Oak?"
'Twill do to light your Cuba when you come to use your smoke.
There's music in the Oak too,—the Oak tree old and brave,
For he's the boy, I calculate, can treat you to a *stave*.

Here I am, a going to trade away the "Brave Old Oak" for a quarter dollar less than the half of nothing, whittled down to a point. Who bids a good round sum in real money for the whole pile? One cent for a cord of it, did you say sir? Pontius Jefferson Pilate! a cord of the "Brave Old Oak" going for one cent!—going to Mr. Young for one small mean cent. Gentlemen, I must say this is the meanest bid yet. Come, Mr. Montgomerie, go a small advance upon this here heap of dry old stuff, warranted good for lighting and calculated to kindle an almighty great blaze,—kept the whole world in hot water betimes, *it* did. There, now, Mr. Punch, I see your eye twinkling for a good strong bid;—what was that sir?—dont mean to make an exaggerated Mexican donkey of yourself by bidding against your friends?—Very good sir, you're some pumpkins here yet, I reckon, and ain't a going to bark up the wrong tree. Going, then, going, the "Brave Old Oak" for two cents a cord, to Mr. Hugh Montgomerie! Will nobody else go the ticket in this here great lumber speculation? For two cents a cord, then, to Mr. Montgomerie, of the great house of Edmonstone, Allan and Co., down goes the "Brave Old Oak,"—gone sir, to you sir, for two cents a cord.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

"Ye Mariners of England!"—a song of British tars
Who swaggered on the ocean wave, before the stripes and stars
Had risen o'er their "meteor flag"—an ancient ragged wreck,
The same that I remember on the towers of Quebec!

"Mariners of England" ahoy!—stand round here, citizens, and buy this traditionary old madrigal, which possesses the all-fired privilege of going smooth slick along to the immortal strains of Yankee Doodle; and, with a slight alteration, can be made to fit the feeling of our great nation to a button. Listen here, now.—

Ye sailors of Columbia
As guards our native seas, sir,
No Britisher, I'm safe to say,
At you would dare to sneeze, sir!

That's the sort of ballad poetry as kindles up the stove of patriotism in the inwards of every true republican. Buy this ballad, Citizens, to train up your small children in the ways of liberty.—What shall I set it up for?—a button, sir?—One button bid here for a whole cargo of the "Mariners of England!" Ah, there's Mr. Baldwin looking as independent as a hog on the ice,—he'll not let the "meteor flag of England" be knocked down for one button. What shall I say for you, sir!—one cent for the lot?—thank you, sir. "The Mariners of England" going to Mr. Baldwin for one cent!—Going, gentlemen, going,—gone!—Gone sir, to you sir, for one red cent,——

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The last on my list, boys——buy it who can,
Is the bragging old stave, "I'm an Englishman!"
A spinning of a yarn of glory and fame
Round the charter that breathes in a Britisher's name.

"I'm an Englishman" for sale here!—well, I guess there's more truth than poetry in that;—that came in wrong-eend foremost, like Zebedee Horner's pet hog. "I'm an Englishman" going here at a distressing sacrifice, no discount allowed for taking a quantity. Is there no free and enlightened grocer in all this crowd will speculate in this here paper to wrap up his raisins in? A fig for the whole lot, did you say sir?—no sirree!—there are associations, gentlemen, connected with this song—that makes me feel bad now I tell you. Well, never mind; "I'm an Englishman" going, gentlemen,—"I'm an Englishman" gone,—I'm a gone Englishman—Well, no! darn my grandmother's aunt's cat's whiskers if I can stand this any longer!—(" *boo-hoos right out,*" *and rushes off.*)

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The old British principles of the *Montreal Herald*, the present proprietors having no further use for them. For terms, apply at the office.



LITTLE BEN HOLMES AND SOME NAUGHTY CHILDREN ATTEMPT TO PAWN THEIR MOTHER'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, BUT ARE ARRESTED BY POLICE-MAN PUNCH, WHO WAS STATIONED "ROUND THE CORNER."

PUNCH'S PATRIOTIC SONGS.

The old flag, the old flag,
There's nothing like the old flag;
Let scheming Yankeys boast and brag,
We'll die to keep the old flag.

The old flag, the old flag,
We'll ne'er desert the old flag,
O'er mountain steep, and jutting crag,
We'll march to aid the old flag!

The old flag, the old flag,
Our hearts are in the old flag,—
No Yankey stripes or foreign rag
Shall e'er displace the old flag!

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

July 10, 1867.

Did goe with my wife to-day to call on Squire Moffatt, a nice man though old, who hath been much opposed to ye revolution. He did speak much of ye new republic and ye changes it hath made. Himself hath grown poor, as he doth say, since then, but still hale and stout, with a good leg, as my wife did notice. He hath lately heard of ye death of ye Chief Justice (Stuart) who hath been linched for ye cause (as is said) that he did reprove a citizen that called him "Jim." He doth say that he is ye third judge that has been treated thus, which my wife does think is hard. Also did meet there James Smith, once judge, but now ye crier of ye court—a merrie man, but somewhat light, as I did think. He did ask my wife if she had bought her winter wood, which he did ask to chop and split. At home to dine at four, where found ye groom, John Rose, (who was ye man of law) had quarrelled with ye cook. Did make ye note to send John off, which hath not pleased me much of late; but did after change my mind, so gave him ten cents, which pleased ye poor soul much. At night to see ye new play called "Ye Briton in ye dust." Much company whom my wife did know. Did note that ye old subjects (Frenchmen I do mean) were in ye tier above, most near ye colored folk. John Dougall in ye boxes, drinking cock-tails with ye female slave whom I did see him buy. At home at ten quite sick, and did nearly quarrel with my wife, who is in ye dumps because ye citizens did spit upon her dress.

DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

Punch learns that there is a class of men who are "neutrals" in the grand question between the Lion and the Eagle. *Punch* will be death upon those men. He who hesitates upon the point of allegiance is unworthy of any flag. Punch despises such men, and shakes his indignant fist at them.

PUNCH'S FLOUROMETER.

A friend of Punch's has just invented a new instrument for measuring the changes in the political atmosphere, the main feature of which is that *flour* is used in the place of *mercury*, to show the variations. The scale is somewhat singular, and runs thus:—

Flour at 33s. a barrel.....Loyalty up.
Do. 26s. do. .....Cloudy, looks queer.
Do, 22s. do. ..... Annexation point.

The same gentleman has made a second instrument, which he calls a "pork-ometer," but it is not found to answer quite so well.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If the gentlemen who lately left their mother's house, and were last seen in very suspicious company, will return, they will be fondly received, and all past errors forgotten.

PUNCH'S INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, October 16, 1849.

DEAR JANE,—I rites to inform you as there is a new conwulshun bust forth. Sum says it is rebelliun, sum say not. Measter says it is all the fault of the Bill, but whether it is Bill the coachman or sum other Bill, I can't say. Our baker is up in arms—getting more crusty every day. He says that all the retailers is against the Queen, which, if true, must occasion a panic at Windsor. My opinion is that they had better fortify the Parliament House, and get the Chelsea pensioners to march down to the mint, as it is rumered that Mr. Mackenzie and some of the other rebels will be over by the next mail to seize the metroperlis. If they do, heoven preeerve all you poor women, says I. I hear as General Thomas B. Anderson will command the heavy horse, and Mr. Glass take the wictualling department, which being formerly in the groceries, of course he knows all about. I was told yesterday that Mr. Torrence is to lead on the armed barges, and Mr. Molson to keep up the spirits of the troops, vich I have no doubt he can do. Everything looks hostile, and the enthusiasm is a growing. Our young gents has all got handkerchers with stars and stripes on em (what they says is the American colours,) and Missus had a under-petticoat made of the same stuff, but was forced to leave it off on account of its leaving marks upon the back. Even our washerwoman dont know where it will end, but thinks that if it goes on much longer it is all over with the National Debt of England.

Your affectionate

MARY JONES.

P.S.—The last rumer is as *Punch* is gone over to the rebels. If so, hall is lost.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JACOB DEWITT, ESQ., M.P.P.

You aint got us yet,
Jacob DeWitt,
The devil a bit,—the devil a bit!

Though the Yankey flag fit
You,—Mr. DeWitt,
We won't stomach it,
No, the devil a bit!

We know what you mean,
Sly Jacob DeWitt,
But we're true to the Queen,
And hate all your kit.

If you want to break us,
Now Mr. DeWitt,
Just try to take us,
And—see what you'll git!

We've been loyal and true;
Yes, Jacob DeWitt,
And, in spite of your crew,
We'll die loyal yit!

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

With respect to the lengthy Annexation document published in the columns of the *Courier*, Punch thinks that although said Manifest is manifestly a Rose, yet it can hardly be imposed upon the public as a posy of remarkably prepossessing odour. In this instance, indeed, it may emphatically be said, that "a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and as Punch views the falling leaves of autumn carpeting his path with dreary yellow, dreams of the dark days of a fast-approaching winter flit around him; while he only ventures to indulge in a modest hope, that this "Wreath of Roses" may not eventually turn out a Crown of Thorns.

Why is Canadian loyalty like a heavy shower of rain? D'ye give it up?—Because its lately come down in Torrance, (*Torrents!*)

PUNCH'S PRIMER.

LESSONS FOR SMALL BOYS WHO CAN ONLY READ WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

I. JOHN BULL AND HIS SONS.

John Bull was a fine stout old man. He put two of his Sons, whose names were John and Frank, to live on one of his farms, a good way off from the farm where he lived. And as long as they were lads he used to tell them what they were to do on this farm; and he bade them sell most of the things to him, and buy most of the things they might want to buy, from him; and when they fell out, as they would do, (for they were not such good lads as they should have been,) he used to tell them which was wrong; and once, when Frank and young John would fight, he had to go and whip Frank to make him mind what he was bid.

But when Frank and young John were grown up to be young men, they did not like to have old John tell them all they were to do, and whip them if they did not mind what he said, and so they both told the old man, and the old man said, "Well, my sons, to be sure, you are now young men; and I dare say you would like to have more of your own way. The farm you live on, you know, is my farm, and a right good one it is, and I am sure you will be glad to keep it for me, and will be good sons to me while you and I live. So you may do just as you like on it, and may have all you can raise on it; and you may buy and sell, too, where you like, for that will be best for both you and me." And young John and Frank were both of them quite glad to hear the old man say so.

But they soon fell out once more; for young John thought Frank got too much of his own way on the farm, so he asked old John not to let Frank do some things he wished to do. But old John said, "no, my son, now that you and Frank are young men I do not like to treat you as if you were small boys. You are both of you too old for me to like to whip you, and you should be too wise to fall out in this way. I hope you will make friends as soon as you can."

Then young John was so mad that he said he had a great mind to ask Frank to join him to give up the farm to one Sam who lived near, that Sam might make them both do as he liked on it. But Frank laughed at Lim, and said, "no John, I thank you, I do not want to be used like a small boy, nor yet will you, I am sure when you come to think." And old John laughed too, and said he was sure his two sons would soon make friends, and would live on the farm like fine young men, and grow rich there, and not let Sam take it for his own, and treat them like small boys who were not fit to have it.

And he thought right, for so they did. And as for Sam, though he had a great wish to get the farm, he found he had got to let the old man and his sons keep it for their own.

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

Punch paid a visit on Thursday to the Californian gold vessel, which he found a little out at elbows, or rather sides, arising from the extreme pressure of the times and canals. The captain described the complaint as very similar to *lock*-jaw, and rather too much in the way of a Yankey *shave* to be pleasant. He handed *Punch* a list of her cargo, which we publish for the benefit of other adventurers:—

27 barrels of bowie knives,
125 cases of revolvers,
16 grid-irons, and a copy of the American Constitution,
16 boxes of manufactured nutmegs,
20 bushels of brass filings,
200 rocking chairs, and 1 dozen of spades,
A portable pulpit and two billiard tables,
18 gross of packs of cards,
1 religion tract,
2 chest patent pills,
1 mangle, a grind-stone, 16 sets of nine pins, and a piano.

CHOICE FLOWERS.

Mr. John Leeming has advertised a sale of "Choice Flowers," on Tuesday next; we understand the celebrated annexation Rose was to be offered for public competition, but has been withdrawn, having sold himself by private contract.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The interesting family alluded to in the columns of the *Courier*, as having on hand a boundless supply of "a certain article of Canadian manufacture," are implored to communicate with Punch, whose intellects are suffering much from the weight of the mystery thus recklessly thrust upon them, and which the Editor of the *Courier* has unkindly declined revealing. The strictest secresy may be relied on, and samples of the "article," if sent, will be carefully wrapped in silver paper, and deposited in Punch's hat-box.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

The rats of annexation deserve well of the country. Punch would therefore advise their friends that some useful article should be presented to each of them. Punch recommends that the article should be "Smith's exterminator of vermin."

VERY BAD.

What reptile does a furrier most resemble?
A boa constructor.
The contributor who sent this dreadful abortion of a joke has since been consigned to the custody of the police.

LORD ELGIN'S MOVEMENTS.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—We are glad to learn that one of the first acts of the Governor General in Toronto, after replying to addresses, was to visit the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

A SIMPLE EXAMPLE OF ANNEXATION.

The members of the French Provisional Government chose Albert as Secretary to the Committee of Public Labour, because he "was *a simple Workman.*" Punch supposes that it is in imitation of that policy that the Annexionists have seleeted a "simple Workman" as their leader!

ADVICE GRATIS.

It being, under the present system, more difficult to be admitted to the Bar than it used to be, Punch recommends such Law Students, as do not wish to be drawn over the *Coals* at their examination, to stick to Coke.

NOT AT ALL FUNNY.

The Russians are astonished that the Hung(a)ry refugees should have gone east for refuge. Punch thinks it natural that hungry men should "pitch in" to Turkey.

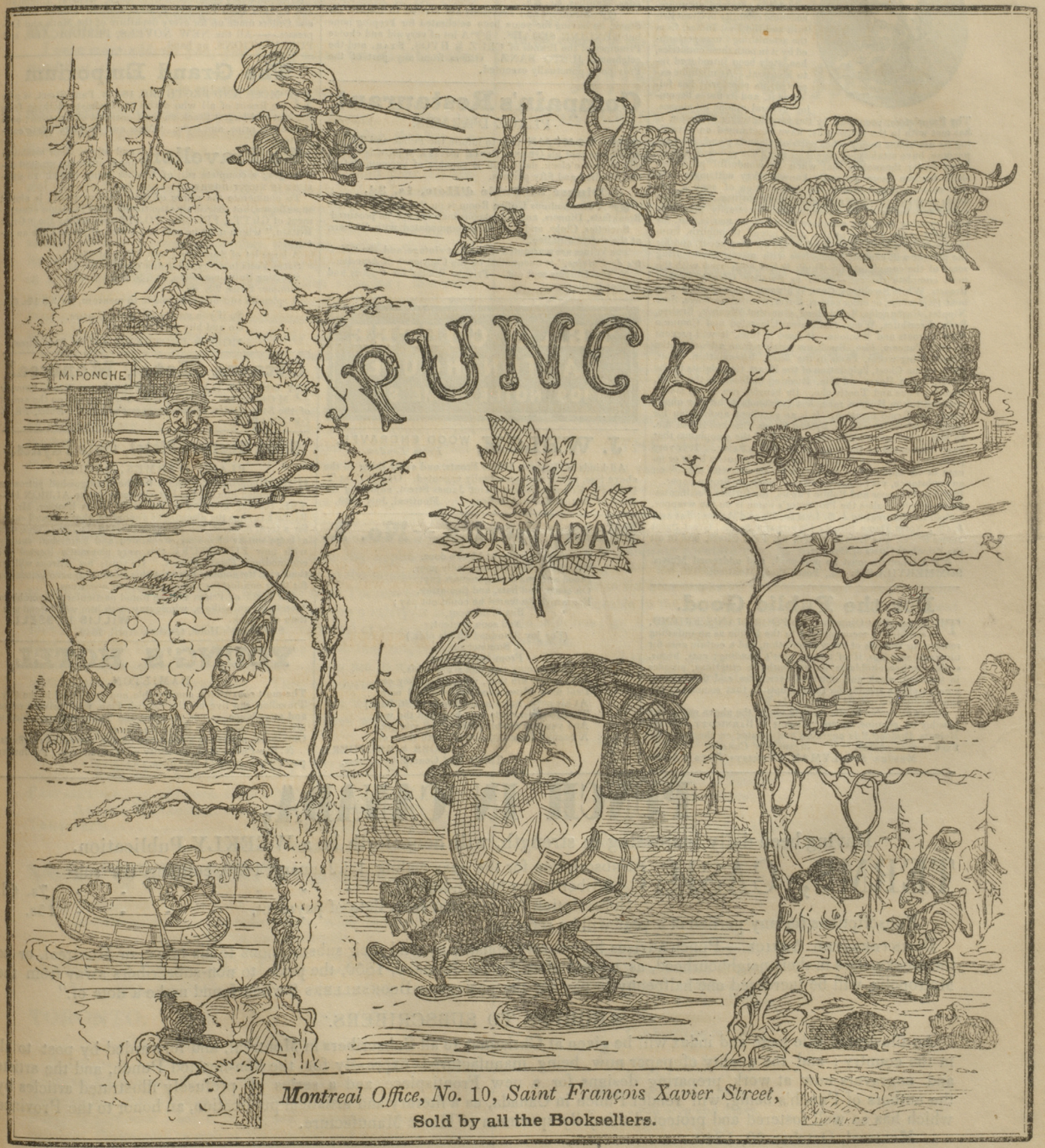
DECIDEDLY BAD.

Why is the circular to the people of Canada like the Hudson river?—Do ye give it up?
Because there is a great deal of Yankey *craft* in it.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **21.**] **October the 27th,** [PRICE, 4*d.*



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

Mrs. CHARLES HILL has the honor to announce to her Pupils and friends that her DANCING CLASSES will open on or about the 1st November, 1849, at her residence, St. Jean Baptiste Street.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesedas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisive,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

J. WELCH, WOOD ENCRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

PUNCH'S LETTERS.—No. 3.

To His Excellency Lord Elgin, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD, —

I once more address you, you erring man, but let it be understood that it is

" in sorrow not in anger,"

that I shall talk to you in my most fatherly manner. " When bad men conspire good men must combine, " is a saying that has outlived the age which gave it birth, and good men were prepared to combine to resist the " annexation plague," you and your ministerial quacks have spread over " Her Majesty's British North American possessions." But some evil spirit seems to prompt your and their every action. No sooner does the Province shew signs of sinking off into a peaceful slumber, than you sprinkle cow-itch in its political bed ; up starts the poor miserable creature ; runs about in agony until the temporary inflammation subsides ; lies down again ; tries to sleep ; when there, you are " at it again" with your cow-itch. You and your administration may be likened to the cabman whose horse was perfectly quiet but not very fast. " Hullo, Jim, says a brother cabbee, vy don't yer make yer knacker go ; touch him on the raw." " But he aint got no raw."— " Then vy dont yer 'stablish vun." You, my Lord, have taken cabbee's advice and " the raws" you've 'stablish'd must be healed by other plasters than you have knowledge enough to apply. But the last " raw" is the lasting one. The injury inflicted on Montreal by the removal of the Seat of Government, if the Province were to be benefited, is not entitled to consideration. But what advantage does the Province gain ? Is it an advantage to have to pay forty or fifty thousand pounds every few years for the travelling vans of yourself ; the music stool of Government and its perambulating hangers on ? If you would hire the appliances of a circus entertainment, and exhibit as Clown to the ministerial ring, at convenient distances, along the route from Toronto to Quebec, provided you are not trusted with fixing your own salary, it is possible your extraordinary talents for making a fool of yourself might yield a revenue to the country. Yes, my Lord, thus might the intellect you possess be made profitable. Allow me to write an advertisement of the Performances. This, of course you are aware must be sent on from town to town, together with woodcuts and large colored bills, to give notice, at least, three weeks in advance of the arrival of the Troop.

PARLIAMENTARY CIRCUS !

Proprietors,.....Messrs. LAFONTAINE and BALDWIN,
Acting Manager,.....Mr. H. SHERWOOD,
Treasurer,.....Right Honorable Mr. PUNCH,

This trancendantly absurd but amusing Establishment comprises

160 MEN AND ASSES ! !

The Jerusalem Steeds have the longest ears in the world, and resemble mules in their nature, while the Artists have afforded immeasurable

LAUGHTER TO THE COUNTRY !

This establishment will be exhibited in

TORONTO, (FOR ONE SESSION ONLY,)

On (here, My Lord, insert the date.)

The limits of an advertisement forbid a description of the many ludicrous French and English games of this National Arena. Are they not duly chronicled in the columns of the Public Press and in Punch in particular ; but it is deemed necessary to mention the principal Performers as well as the original and gorgeous spectacles invented by the Managers, and honored by the applauses of thousands of excited spectators.

Old England's Glory Sullied,

Or, REBELLION REWARDED !

This costly pageant is a fine illustration of Canadian wisdom !— In the course of the Piece the

ENTIRE STUD OF ASSES,

Will make a GRAND ENTREE, and the Piece concludes with a

TERRIFIC COMBAT

AND THE

Destruction of the Parliament House.

THE GRAND BURLESQUE

Of the Presentation of Addresses !

To which the CLOWN will reply, will be found the most wondrous,—the most expensive, and the most successful of the age.

ANNEXATION

OR, THE RESULT OF IGNORANCE !

This is the grandest,—the most enlightened, and the free-ist, and the wonderfullest spectacle, that ever excited the risibility of

THE WHOLE WORLD !

N. B.—A vast variety of scenes will be elsewhere specified.— For further particulars see small bills.

Some such a double crown poster as the above (of course I leave any alteration of the details to Your Lordship) would, I fancy attract crowds of admiring spectators. In my next, I will furnish you with designs for the woodcuts for the large bill, and further advise you as to the best means of rendering your peculiar qualifications serviceable to the country. As a Governor you are useless and injurious ; as a mountebank you might become amusing and harmless,

I am, My Lord,
Not your Lordship's Servant,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE LAST (JOHN) ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
Left scheming alone ;
All his ugly companions
Are smashed and undone ;
No flour-dealing broker,
No bankrupt is nigh,—
Some had pledged thee their honor,
But that's all my eye !

They'll soon leave thee, thou long one,
The torrent to stem,
Of public opinion,
How snobbish of them !
Old Molson is brewing,
Along with Ben Holmes,
A plan for thy ruin,
The heartless coxcombs!

Soon others will follow,
And leave thee to pay ;
Annexation's but hollow,
'Twill drop and decay.
Cold winter is coming,
Ah, dreary will be,
Thy fate, O thou rum 'un,
Thou hapless Q. C. !

THE EAGLE AND THE FAWN.

A DREAM.

Thy parks are many, John, legion the name
Of thy choice live stock fattening therein;
But gaze I east, or gaze I north or south,
I nothing see that glads me like the west.
Fair that demesne;—wide prairies sweeping low,
Till waving grass mingles with fleecy cloud,
In misty mystery. Green ribbon woods,
Binding a yellow map of harvest land.
Dark groves of pine, rearing on serried ridge,
As if to comb the tresses of the moon.
Sweet maple dells, fruitful of sugared treat
Fit for the Hyson young of village queen.
And winding glades, with many a silver stream
Spreading to ponds, where duck,—or even goose,
In calm delight its oily breast may plume.
'Twas eve.—In that fair park a light I struck,
Igniting thence a mild Havana brown;
And couched beneath an ancient shadowy elm,
(Abode of dreams, sung by the Mantuan bard,)
I smoked—and slept.
Down from its leafy bower
Fluttered a dreamlet, dropping like butterfly
On my sealed eye-lids, breathing a vision there.
I saw deep glade in the dark green wood,—
A meadow beautiful, olescent with
Breath of sweet violet and briar-rose.
And through the meadow strayed a spotted fawn,
Neck-deep in butter-cups and clover pink.
Browsed it a moment here with aspect grave,
List'ning anon at snap of distant twig,
Then bounding off when sudden humming-bird
Shot past its startled ear. But ever as
Its roving footsteps led it to the verge
Of the wild wood, its wanton course was checked
By slender silken cord,—a gentle bond,
Lightly restrained by hand of Squire John;
Who, as I gazed, into the meadow came,—
A portly, smiling, apple-featured man,
Benevolent of aspect. Strong his calves,
Cased in their brown-topped boots; and ample rolled
In easy duplicate his dimpled chin,
Wagging with pleasantry. Proudly he trod,
Lord of the manor all, and as he went,
With hands in pockets jingled he bright coin,
And whistled the lilt of "British Grenadiers."
Then gently straining on the silken cord,
He near him drew the half-domestic fawn,
Patting its velvet head with soft caress:
And diving deep into broad-skirted coat,
From pocket wide much gingerbread he drew,
With, "here's a nut for thee, and here's another,"
Feeding the fawn with much kind courtesy,
As though 'twere human. Wondered I the while,
That he so much good gingerbread should waste
On a wild fawn. Thus strolled he carelessly,
Holding the tether slight with easy hand,
And on his footsteps followed the wild fawn,
Bounding in wayward fawn-hood's reckless play,
But frequent sidling up—a fawning fawn—
To lick his hand and beg for gingerbread.
Till drunk with spicy nut its gambols grew
To wild ungoverned frolic, unrestrained,
By easy Squire John, from whose strong hand
It slipped with stealthy jerk the silken cord;
And now 'tis gone, o'er brook and hill and dale,
Skirting the forest, breasting the torrent,—FREE!
* * * * * * *
Down on the dry plain stricken lies the fawn;—
Fear stricken fawn, what harmeth one so free?
Lo! rushing through the air on arrowy wing,
Comes a gaunt eagle, stooping on its prey
With vulturous grasp. Closed I mine eyes with fear.
But sweeping adown the plain on meteor steed,
Swifter than hawk a prairie hunter came,
Launching with deadly aim the levelled noose;
Nor paused he in his course till draggled and dead
Far on the field the fell bird throttled lay.
Then leaping from his steed with graceful ease,
The trembling fawn he soothed, till Squire John
Much blown arrived.
Looked I with curious eye
On the swarth stranger who to the rescue came.
Model was he of beautiful in man,
Lion in sinew, eagle in glancing eye,
Framed for success alike in love and war.
Yet modest was withal that stranger's mein,—
And instinct whispered that I gazed on PUNCH
PUNCH of the weapon sure, whose deadly noose
Stands ready coiled for anti-British necks.

DISTRESSING DISAPPOINTMENT.

We learn that when the news of the removal of the Seat of Government was confirmed, several young gentlemen with moustachios telegraphed to Toronto to engage first rate board and lodging at 8 dollars a month. The following is a copy of the communication, and answer:—

To the Landlord of the North American Hotel.

SARE,

Ve shall take your best room for £2 a months.

PIERRE POKER, and
J. B. GROSVENTRE.

REPLY.

I'll be d——d if you do.

LANDLORD.

PUNCH'S SECRET INFORMATION.

Lord Elgin receives $10,000 a month from the U. S. government for his eminently useful services in bringing about annexation. There can be no doubt he well earns the money.

Joseph Lee, Esq., has received an autograph letter from the late William Shakspeare, congratulating him on his spirited conduct in his recent affair with the government.

A party of sixteen annexationists, headed by the enterprising John Tully, are about to proceed to Isle Dorval, to form a league, offensive and defensive, with the inhabitants of that place. The movement gives the government great uneasiness, and the Fortins have received orders to march up on the opposite side of the river to watch them.

COLD COMFORT.

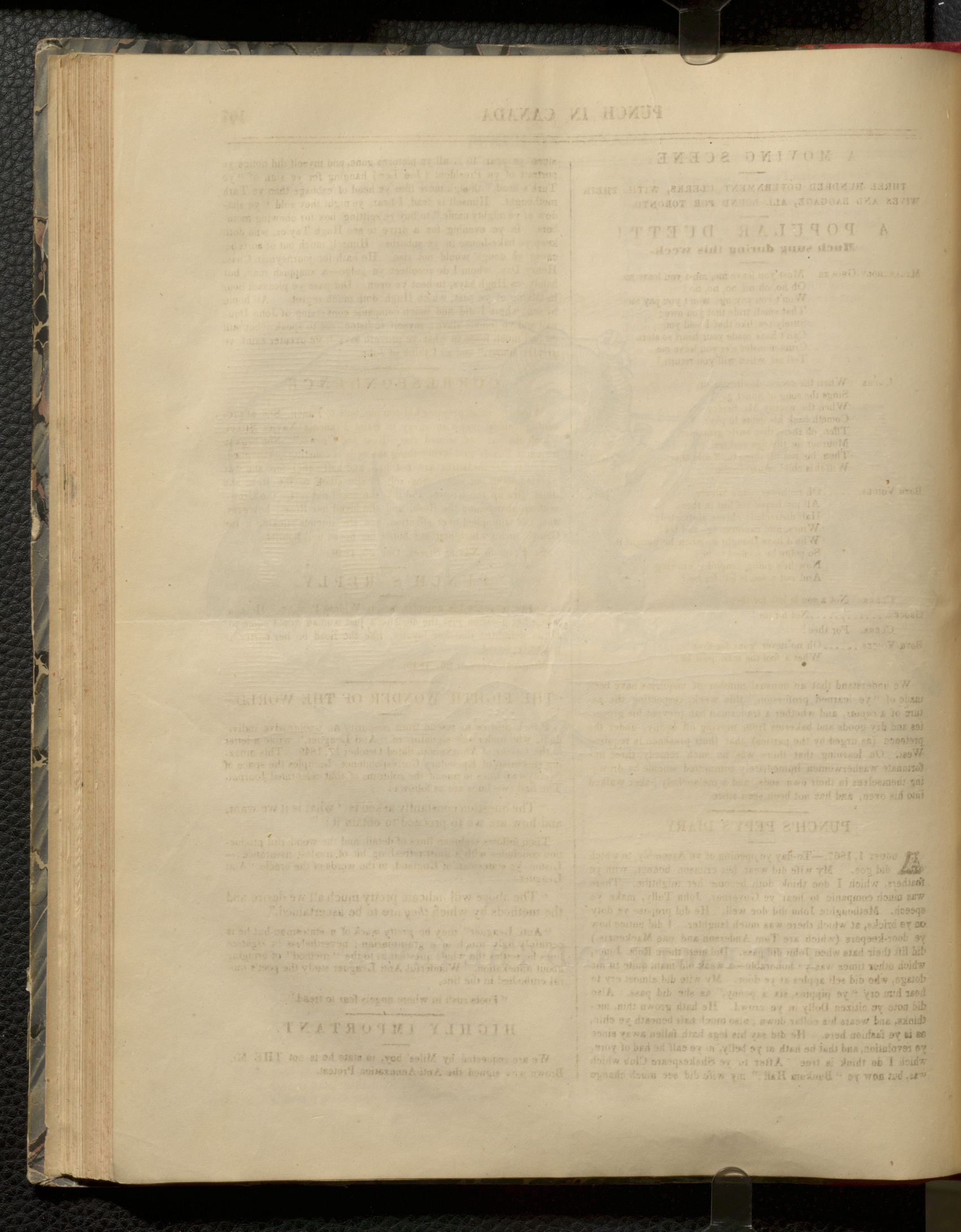
We understand that that highly distinguished statist, W. C. Crofton, Esq;, author of the celebrated prospectus of a history of the Colonial systems, is now engaged in calculating the specific value of the book debts left for the consolation of her Majesty's colonial tradesmen by her Majesty's colonial servants. Also, the advisability of forming a capital stock of this unfunded sum, with a view to the ultimate payment of the National Debt. The proceeds arising from the work will be generously contributed to the London Society for the relief of decayed tradesmen.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

The aid of the charitable is required on behalf of a distressed family, left under the most afflicting circumstances, with £90,000 of a "certain article of Canadian manufacture" on their hands, and £20,000 of real property. The parties have always been decent characters, and one of them has built a church. The smallest donation thankfully received. For further particulars apply to Punch.



THE EAGLE AND THE FAWN.



A MOVING SCENE.

THREE HUNDRED GOVERNMENT CLERKS, WITH THEIR WIVES AND BAGGAGE, ALL BOUND FOR TORONTO.

A POPULAR DUETT!

Much sung during this week.

MELANCHOLY GROCER, Must you leave me, must you leave me,
Oh no, oh no, no, no, no!
Won't you pay me, won't you pay me
That small trifle that you owe;
Surely tea like that I sold you
Can't have made your heart so stern;
Cruel monster e'er you leave me
Tell me, when will you return?

CLERK. When the cock-a-doodle do, sir,
Sings the song of linnet gay;
When the worthy Mr. Seeley
Cometh back his debts to pay;
Then, oh then, thou surly grumbler,
Mourner for thy figs and tea,
Then, but not till then, thou sold one,
Will this child return to thee!

BOTH VOICES.....Oh no never, gone forever,
All my hopes are lost in thee;
Half distracted; cheese abstracted;
Wines, and candles, figs and tea!
Who'd have thought it, when he bought it,
So polite he seemed to be:
Now he's going, laughing, crowing.
And not a sou is left for me!

CLERK. Not a sou is left for thee!

GROCER.....Not for me!

CLERK. For thee!

BOTH VOICES.....Oh no never, gone for ever!
What a fool the man must be!

We understand that an unusual number of enquiries have been made of "ye learned profession," this week, respecting the nature of a *capias*, and whether a tradesman can prevent his groceries and dry goods and bakeries from moving off bodily, under the pretence (as urged by the parties) that their presence is required West. On learning that there was no such remedy, three unfortunate washerwomen immediately committed suicide by drowning themselves in their own suds, and a melancholy baker walked into his oven, and has not been seen since.

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

AUGUST 1, 1867.—To-day ye opening of ye Assembly, to which did goe. My wife did wear her crimson bonnet, with ye feathers, which I doe think doth become her mightilie. There was much companie to hear ye Governor, John Tully, make ye speech. Methoughte John did doe well. He did propose ye duty on ye bricks, at which there was much laughter. I did notice how ye door-keepers (which are Tom Anderson and one Mackenzie,) did lift their hats when John did pass. Did mete there Robt. Jones, which other times was ye honorable—a weak old man, quite in his dotage, who did sell apples at ye door. My wife did almost cry to hear him cry "ye pippins, six a penny," as she did pass. Also did note ye citizen Dolly in ye crowd. He hath grown thin, methinks, and wears his collar down; also much hair beneath ye chin, as is ye fashion here. He did say his legs hath fallen away since ye revolution, and that he hath ni ye belly, ni ye calf he had of yore, which I do think is true. After to ye Shakespeare Club which was, but now ye "Bunkum Hall;" my wife did see much change since ye year '49: all ye pictures gone, and myself did notice ye portrait of ye President (Joe Lee) hanging for ye sign of "ye Turk's-head," though more like ye head of cabbage than ye Turk methought. Himself is dead, I hear, ye night they sold "ye shadow of ye mighty name," to buy ye spitting box for chewing members. In ye evening for a drive to see Hugh Taylor, who doth keep ye bake-house in ye suburbs. Himself much out of sorts because ye dough would not rise. He hath for journeyman Chas. Henry Day, whom I do recollect ye judge—a snappish man, but handy, as Hugh says, to heat ye oven. Did pass ye pleasant hour in talking of ye past, which Hugh doth much regret. All home by ten, where I did find much companie conversing of John Dougall and ye female slave: myself to listen, not to speak: but still do find much force in what ye proverb says "ye greater saint, ye greater sinner," and so I think of John.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Widow Pontine presents her compliments to Punch. She, at present, presides over a snuggery in Saint Francois Xavier Street, which she has had named the "Rose and Crown." She begs to acquaint Punch that every thing she sells is constitutionally good, and that her measures are not half and half; therefore she was puzzled about her sign. She felt if she stuck to the Rose she must give up the Crown, and that she could not retain the Crown without abandoning the Rose, and she loved her Rose; however, duty has triumphed over affection, and she intends sticking to the Crown, under which sign she hopes her house will flourish.

St. Francois Xavier Street, Oct. 25, 1849.

PUNCH'S REPLY.

Punch presents his compliments to Widow Pontine. He considers her decision just the decision a just woman would come to. He is delighted that her loyalty, like the head on her porter, is perfectly sound.

Montreal, October 26, 1849.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Punch desires to rescue from obscurity an unobtrusive individual, who under the signature of "Anti Leaguer," wrote a letter to the *Courier* of Annexation, dated October 17, 1849. This amazing specimen of Epistolary Correspondence, occupies the space of twenty-two lines in one of the columns of that celebrated Journal. The first two lines are as follows:

"The question constantly asked is 'what is it we want, and how are we to proceed to obtain it?'"

Then follows eighteen lines of detail, and the wonderful production concludes with a most refreshing bit of modest assurance:—Listen, ye statesmen of England, to the words of the oracle "Anti Leaguer:

"The above will indicate pretty much all we desire and the methods by which *they* are to be ascertained."

"Anti Leaguer" may be *pretty much* of a statesman but he is certainly ugly much of a grammarian; nevertheless in *eighteen* lines he settles the whole question as to the "method" of bringing about annexation. Wonderful Anti Leaguer study the poet's moral embodied in the line,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

We are requested by Miles' boy, to state he is not THE Mr. Brown who signed the Anti-Annexation Protest.

A HINT FOR THE PEOPLE.



WAITING TO SEE HOW THE CAT JUMPS.

PUNCH'S PRIMER.

LESSONS FOR SMALL BOYS WHO CAN ONLY READ WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

II. THE TWO BOYS WHO SOLD IN THE STREETS.

Jack and Sam were two boys who sold cakes and fruit in the streets. But Jack did not sell half as much as Sam did; for he was not so old nor yet so sharp as Sam was, and he did not go up and down the streets as fast, nor cry his things as loud as Sam would do; and then, he would get tired and play, or lie down and go to sleep, while Sam took care to keep hard at his work all day long.

These two boys got most of their cakes and fruit from old John, a man who kept a large shop for all sorts of nice things. Old John, who was quite rich, would let them have each day as much as they thought they could sell; and he would take their word that they would pay him next day.

But one day poor Jack met with sad ill luck, in this way. He saw some bad boys at play, and he thought he would go and play with them for a while. And they all played at pitch and toss, till poor Jack, who was not at all a sharp boy, lost all the pence he had got to pay for the things old John had let him have to sell that day. And then he sat down and had a long cry.

At last he had to go to old John's shop and get some more things to sell. But as he could not pay for what he had last got there, old John put on a grave face and said "my boy, you sell much less than Sam does, and now you tell me you have lost all the pence that you ought to have brought here to pay me with. How can I trust you, if you go on so? Why do you not sell more, and take care to pay for what you buy?"

Then Jack was such a fool that he went to Sam and said, "Old John does not like to trust me, as he does you. I must go shares with you, or I shall starve. Old John will be too glad to trust us both, if we were to go shares, and we should both grow so rich, you can't think."

But Sam was not to be so caught. "You must be a sad fool Jack," said he, "if you think I will let you go shares with me. Why I sell twice as much as you do, and old John is quite glad to trust me. What should I go shares with you for? If you will be such a fool as not to work like me, and make old John glad to trust you, why, may be, I will let you sell a few things for me, and then I shall buy all the things from old John, and you will just be my boy, you know. You will not get rich that way, I guess, though no doubt I shall. If you sold more than I could, I would be glad to go shares with you; but come what may, I shall not starve, I tell you."

Then Jack thought a bit, and said, "No, Sam, nor more will I. I will just work hard as you say, and show old John and you what I can do."

And strange to tell Jack so kept his word that in a few days he came to sell quite as much as Sam did, if not more. And he did not then think he should like to go shares with Sam.

THE THIMBLE-RIG.

Punch is informed that some evil-minded individuals have been indulging in sneers, at what they are pleased to consider his defeat in the sporting game lately got up for the public amusement by the ministerial dodgers. Many talented men have before now been taken in at this fascinating game; and Punch is at this moment convinced that Mr. Baldwin had about his person, at the time of playing, at least a bushel of peas, ready for every emergency—But it must be remembered that Punch did not *play* the game with the illustrious professor of legerdemain referred to.—Punch knows better than that,—for though the peas may not be green, the players at the noble game of thimble-rig are sure to be so,—jolly green, in fact, if Punch may be allowed to use so strong an expression: and therefore, if Punch tilted up a thimble and discovered a pea,—what then?—Why if he had lifted up another thimble he'd have found another pea; and so on—had there been a bushel of thimbles there would have been a bushel of peas, as Punch is credibly informed that Mr. Baldwin grows several hundred acres of them for the purpose, on his estate near Toronto. What Punch ought to have done, however,—and in this instance he pleads guilty to a weakness which is often one of the elements of a too amiable disposition,—What he ought to have done would have been to have knocked the table over, and handed the professor to the nearest policeman. And for the satisfaction of swindlers in general, Punch herewith declares his determination to smash them remorselessly for the future, should there be the slightest indication of a tendency to sport the game of Thimble-Rig.

HALF A DOLLAR REWARD.

This sum will be promised by Punch to any one who will discover the whereabouts of the Annexation Association of Montreal. It was last seen somewhere near the *Herald* office, and is suspected to have either drowned or pawned itself, or perhaps both.

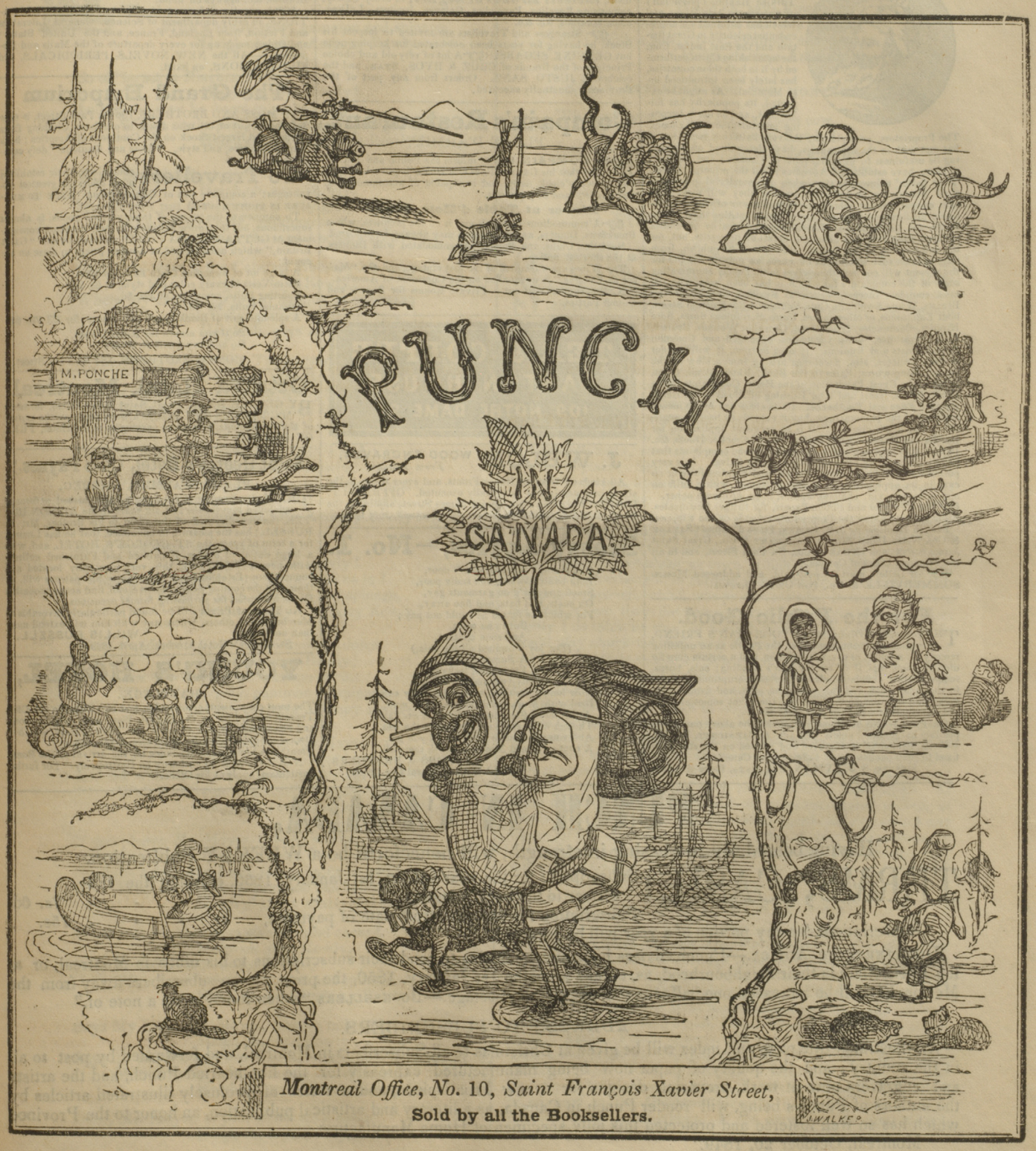
WANTED, an active tall boy, to make the next annexation "move" at a public meeting. He must have plenty of brass and strong lungs. Brains no object.

N.B.—Frank Johnson need not apply.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 22. November the 3d, [PRICE, 4*d*.



Mrs. CHARLES HILL has the honor to announce to her Pupils and friends that her DANCING CLASSES will open on or about the 1st November, 1849, at her residence, St. Jean Baptiste Street.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have establishe l Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER, *From London.*

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;
But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit.
From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Peltos at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s 6d
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 Ts. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

AN OLD RHYME TO NEW WORDS.

LORD Elgin would a-travelling go,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Whether good manners would let him or no,
With a rowly-poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly.

So off he set to Niagara Falls,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
And on the way he forgot to make calls,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

When he had come to Brockville height,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Mr. Gowan put my Lord in a very great fright,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So on they went to the Cataract House,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Where my Lord crept to bed as snug as a mouse;
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please is President Taylor come?
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
No, Sir, he's sick, and has cut away home!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Oh Lord Mark Kerr, now what shall I do?
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
If the President's cut, perhaps you'd better cut too!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So off they set a journeying,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
I wonder, my Lord, where they'll take us in?
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

They wandered up and they wandered down,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Till at last they came near Toronto town,
With a rowly poly, gammon an spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

My Lord Mark Kerr go and see the Mayor,
Heigh oh. says Rowly;
And ask what they charge for their lodgings there!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please, Mr. Mayor, how do you do,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
None the better, My Lord, for squinting at you!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

What will you charge to give us good cheer?
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Only a hundred thousand a year!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Says My Lord, Mr. Mayor, that's a rather high card,
Heigh oh, says Rowly;
Says the Mayor, eggs are dear and our people pitch hard!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Done, Mr. Mayor, to your terms we'll agree,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Just lift up the thimble and take out the pea!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So here is an end to one two and three,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
The Government, Kerr, and the little Bru-ce!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

MORAL INTENDED FOR THE MONTREALERS!

Whenever you want to keep a milch cow,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Just milk her in peace and don't kick up a row,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh. says Anthony Rowly!

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.—Did start with my wife for Toronto on board ye steamer "Holy Poker." When at Brockville there was much alarm, for cause that ye boiler did burst, whereby ten poor French people did lose ye life, but still ye captain does see much cause for gratitude that ye pigs and horses were not hurt. My wife being much alarmed thereby, did stop at Kingston for a day, which place hath not much improved. Did goe to ye ball-alley, in ye market place, where did play awhile with a member of ye Congress, a hairy man, who did give me much bad money in change for ye dollar bills which he did win. It doth surprise me much that men so high should act so mean. Afterwards on board, where ye citizens did stamp ye feet and play at cards all night, so that I could not sleep. My wife also did much complain. She doth say, that ye man who minds ye bar is Harry Sherwood, and that Billy Boulton doth clean ye boots, but not too well, as mine pumps do testify. I did afterwards hear Harry talk ye politics, very loud and noisy, also laughing much, as I do recollect him in ye House of yore. Billy, they do say, is weak in ye head, but harmless, as indeed I did always think him. Afterwards to drive about ye town, which hath somewhat grown, principally, methought, in barbers shops, which do seem to thrive. Then to ye arsenal, which was ye Government House, and did see ye spot where they did toss ye poor Lord Elgin in ye blanket. Verily I do think he was but a mean lord. They do say that he would play chuck-farthing with John Glass, and that he did cry mightily that they should let him go, which they did do, after that they had tossed him for a time. Altogether, I do not think this Lord did do much harm, being a vain weak man, though clever at ye Highland fling, as some do say. Also did go to ye museum, where they did show us ye scissors with which ye people did cut ye ears of ye French ministers. Afterwards to dine, and then to promenade about ye town, where my wife did buy some groceries of Mr. Strachan, a merry old gentleman who was ye bishop, and who did smoke a long pipe, quite comfortable as I did think. At night to a concert, where my wife did have her pocket picked, at which I did pretend much anger, being vexed that she should rate me so for ye dollar bills which I did take of ye Congressman ye day before; then to bed, where we did say our prayers, and kiss, and make all up.

—NOTHING.—

Punch has often had his thoughts directed to nothing. After much pondering on this abstruse idea, his immortal part impinged on the Governor General. Is he nothing? asks LaFontaine of the curl. Is he nothing? questions Punch of the paucity of nob-thatch. Yea, verily, he is the incarnation of nothing. His ministry is something, something small, Punch admits, but still it is something. Again, Punch asserts that Lord Elgin is nothing, and Punch will prove it. Nothing can come of nothing. Evil alone has come of the "Governor General." But evil is nothing, because if any good be in a man, it is said, there is something in him; there is no good in the Governor General (stopping in Canada,) therefore he is not something. If not something, he must be nothing. Q. E. D.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

PUNCH as is generally known, lived and breathed and had his being before the world was created. He therefore has an inherent right to anticipate the flight of his respected Father Time This right he has exercised, and this day he publishes an article which will in another generation make its appearance on Saturday, the first of April, 1950.

THE MONTREAL HERALD VINDICATED.

A century and one year has elapsed since Punch first amused and instructed the inhabitants of what was styled in that remote period, "Her Majesty's British North American Possessions;" which afterwards joined the Union, then known as the United States; and since the disruption of that Union has become part and parcel of the state which now embraces the Western Hemisphere, the state being—a state of Anarchy. At a period when with slight exceptions, the entire continent worn out with internal commotions, is urging ANNEXATION WITH THE MIGHTY EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN; it becomes a subject of curious research to discover who were the first promoters of the separation of the connexion which once subsisted between that wonderful nation and the Province of Canada. A writer in that slanderous Publication, the *Spitbox*, lately insinuated that the *Montreal Herald* of 1849 led the suicidal movement. Punch is delighted to be enabled to give the lie direct to the infamous *Spitbox*. Searching as is his wont amidst dust covered and long neglected shelves he turned up a number of "Hunt's Merchants Magazine," dated September, 1849. Be it remembered that the date which the *Spitbox* fixes for the publication of the first annexation manifesto in the Columns of the "*Montreal Herald*, is October 10th, 1849. Now in the September number of Hunt's Magazine for 1849, is an article from the pen of the "Editor of the *Montreal Herald*," on the "Commerce and Resources of Canada," from which we shall make extracts so utterly at variance with the "annexation Manifesto," in question, that no man in his senses can believe the impudent assertion of the *Spitbox* that the Montreal Herald advocated the absurdities put forth in the document in question. It might be argued that the *Montreal Herald* had changed hands during the few days which elapsed between the publication of the article on the "Commerce and resources of Canada," and the Annexation Manifesto, but the *Spitbox* proves undeniably that the "Montreal Herald" never changed hands from September, 1849, until the publication was discontinued from causes which Punch is unable to ascertain. Therefore such an argument would fall to the ground. How then can the *Spitbox* sustain his allegation that the *Montreal Herald* jumped Jim Crow on a vital question between the 1st September, 1849, and the 10th Oct. in the same year. He calls it the leading journal of the Province, states that one of the editors was a "right pleasaunte and a right merrie fellowe," and the other shrewd and sensible. Such men are not of the kindred of Esau who would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. No! Shame retains her blush on the cheeks of such as these, and Punch will from the writings of one of its Editors, give the *Spitbox* the loud lie to its slanders against the immaculate reputation of the *Montreal Herald*.

Anxious that all enquirers into the causes of the present "ruin and decay" of his adopted country should have ample means of reference, as to its prosperity under the Crown of Great Britain, Punch reiterates the title of the ancient work:

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

Art. IV.—Commerce and resources of Canada.

BY THE

EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD.

Punch in upsetting the contemptible *Spitbox*, will not quote at a greater length than is necessary to smash him at once and for ever.

EXTRACTS.

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, compares pauperism:

"It is evident, at any rate, that in this respect, Canada has a great advantage over the much be-praised "Empire State", on the South side of the St. Lawrence."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth facetious, and recommends the spinsters of all nations to try their fortunes in Canada, the population being in the proportion of "one hundred males to eighty-eight females." His allusion to the twelve destiny-doomed batchelors causeth an inward chuckle.

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, wisely considers the almost universal education of the people to be highly gratifying.

"The statistics of schools and school attendance for Canada West is the most pleasing part of the report."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth enthusiastic.

"It may safely be affirmed that every steady man of the large number who have been added, to the proportion of farm servants, has a fair prospect of employing labourers on his own farm in the course of a moderate number of years"

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* of September, 1849, having spoken of Public Lands, Progress of Population, Religious Census, and Agricultural and other property, draws conclusions:

"The comparison of Canada West with the State of New York in these particulars, is by no means calculated to encourage the idea of the superiority of our neighbours on the South of the St. Lawrence."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* of September, 1849, discourseth of cattle:

"We are slightly richer in Canada West than in New York, having one head of cattle to every head of the population."

On this branch of his subject, the Editor of the Montreal *Herald* for 1849, waxeth eloquent:

"New York has been settled 220 years, and her farmers are the sons of flourishing men, who settled the same lands on which their sons reside; a great proportion of our farmers settled on the wilderness, with no other riches than stout arms and resolute hearts."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* of 1849, becomes pleased:

"Here is another pleasing statement. The pleasure carriages in Upper Canada, in which none are included that are ever used for agricultural purposes, were 587 in 1825 and 4685 in 1847. The population has increased three-fold—the pleasure carriages eight-fold—a striking proof of augmented wealth and comfort."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, compares the wheat crops of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana; and gives the result.

"Canada West, as we have seen, exceeded them all, her produce being nearly ten and one half bushels to each inhabitant"

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, leaveth the land, and goes upon the water.

"On the water, the progress of the nation has been as satisfactory as on shore."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald*, in September, 1849, confirms the opinion of one whom Punch presumes to have been an eminent statist.

"It bears out the remark of Mr. Crofton, that in no country do the agricultural classes enjoy a greater degree of comfort, or are liable to fewer privations."

The Editor of the Montreal *Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth extatic.

"The composition of these figures and calculations have occupied many hours of labour, but it has been to us, at least, a labour of love"

Punch now asks, is the *Spitbox* convinced; can he or any reasoning animal imagine that the love of the Editor of the Montreal *Herald*, in September, 1849, could be changed into hate in the following October? Monstrous conception, worthy only of the *Spitbox*.

Having thus vindicated the Montreal *Herald* of 1849, Punch comes to the assertion of the *Spitbox*, that about that period sane men insisted on Canada being in a state of "ruin and decay." This Punch denies. If men in those days babbled of "ruin and decay," the ruin they spoke of must have been what Charles Dickens, an historian of the last century calls "blue ruin." This is rendered probable from the fact, that it is observed by that eminent writer, that "this stupifying liquid causes the intellect to decay." On this hypothesis, without better evidence than that furnished by the *Spitbox*, Punch concludes that the babblers alluded to, spoke of their indulgence in blue ruin, and the consequent decay of their intellects, and not of the "ruin and decay" of their country which all cotemporaneous history proves would have been absurd.

FROM OUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

J'ai finny,—as the alderman said when he had tucked in the turbot.

Ain't you *chilly*,—as the pepper-castor said to the vinegar-cruet.



A MOVING INCIDENT.

—TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC AMONGST THE GOVERNMENT CLERKS!—

"Here's Mr. Smith, Sir, called about them boots!"
"O, tell him I'm unwell, Thomas,—insensible,—taking large quantities of morphine!'

IMPORTANT NEWS.—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

It have just been informed, on unimpeachable authority, that a Provisional Government is immediately to be proclaimed at Montreal, as a substitute for the vapouring many-headed establishment which is departing from amongst us, and whose deal packing-case—one real deal it is to be hoped of the Government pack, similar box of late been so frequently received by—may contemplating the docks of permanent disembarkation. Such a Provisional Government, whose inditing in the interests of Canada, has been greatly wanted ever since, on the 25th, which will be proclaimed there, as it is to be governed by a hotchpot of Upper and Lower Canada, will be kept up (i.e. the salaries and pickings of the Provisional Government), so as to secure a wise exception in the provisions from the negligence of the Provisional Government, no alarm need be felt by the citizens, as all such powers as pertain to the sudden liberation of land are to be retained before adjourning. And—we see in the language of the proclamation—although the expenditure of above will be specially allowed the taps, hearty and unsparing, yet an improvement will be left in the validity of the remaining sitting, owing to the superior style of the President in making a bow. People Provisional Government—and may the Responsible Government never find a worse—and best.

SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL.

THE GOVERNMENT GLASS-WIDOWS.

A VERY SICKLY FACE.

IMPORTANT NEWS.—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

WE have just been informed, on unimpeachable authority, that a Provisional Government is immediately to be proclaimed at Montreal, as a substitute for the wept-by-many-creditors establishment which is departing from amongst us, and whose deal packing-cases,—the last deal, it is to be hoped, of the Government pack, whose shuffling has of late been so frequently resorted to,—are daily encumbering the decks of persecuted steam-boats. Monklands is fixed on as the seat of the Provisional Government; and Stewart Derbishire, Esquire, whose judgment in the selection of provisions is proverbial, has been elected, *una voce*, to the Presidency. The villa, which will be provisioned for a six month's siege, is to be governed by a battalion of choice spirits (and wines)—a brisk fire will be kept up (in the kitchen and principal apartments), so as to insure a warm reception to the invaders. Should any report emanate from the neighbourhood of the Presidential residence, no alarm need be felt by the citizens; as all such reports will be referable to the sudden liberation of fixed air, from tightly-corked bottles of champagne. And,—to use the language of the prize ring,—although the expenditure of claret will be considerable, and the taps both strong and numerous, yet no inconvenience will be felt in the vicinity of the victualling office, owing to the superior style of the President in making a hit. *Vive le President!* says Punch; and may the Republic of Conviviality never find a worse head—and heart.

SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL.

Some light has recently been thrown upon the subject of cholera, by a series of microscopic investigations. Dr. Brittan has demonstrated that the disease may be referred to the presence of minute algide formations, generated in the viscera, each individual plant—if we may be allowed the expression—presenting the appearance of a regular cell. If Great Britain would take the hint from Dr. Brittan, and proceed to institute a microscopic search into the morbid condition of the body politic of this Colony, we have little doubt but that the malady might be traced to a source of cholera;—the fungous excrescences here, combining to form what is called a Colonial Government, being neither more nor less than a regular sell.

THE GOVERNMENT GRASS-WIDOWS.

It is, we believe, generally known that many of the gentlemen connected with the Public Offices, who are compelled by the unfortunate pressure of political events, to follow in the wake of the "strong government," have come to the determination of not removing their domestic establishments from Montreal, in the present unsettled state of the Provincial pulse. Hereupon a question has naturally arisen, as to what provision was to be made for the security as well as consolation of the disconsolate matrons thus recklessly left destitute of their natural protectors, at the commencement of an inclement and cheerless Canadian winter. Disastrous consequences were hinted at as likely to arise from the rude and ruthless separation forced upon the fair partners in the polka of life of many an official, and the dilemma would have been awkward in the extreme, to say the least of it, had not Government, with a degree of manly generosity which would be creditable to a Grand Vizier, taken the vigorous step of chartering the building recently known as the Baptist's College, for the purpose of fitting it up as an asylum for the much-injured victims of a misplaced seat of Government. The institution to which the building originally belonged is, as most of our readers probably know, defunct,—if not of cholera, at least of something bearing a close affinity to it,—a very frightful Cramp having been one of the symptoms by which its decay was attended. But could the deserted building have been selected for a more graceful purpose than that contemplated at present? Will the bowers of the Baptist be less musical than formerly, now that they re-echo with the dulcet moaning of many grass-widows? We rather imagine not,—the very architecture of the building, which we whilome condemned as gross and heavy, seems to us to have acquired a sudden and admirable lightness—a sort of airiness, well according with the etherial attributes of the fair creations by which it is about to be tenanted. The rough disproportion of the square columns of the Baptist College, becomes refined to a Doric elegance in the roseate atmosphere of a grass-widow's refuge,—and the hard hearted granite of the cold vestibule will grow soft and warm in the genial influence of fair weather smiles. We will not rudely violate the sanctity of the contemplated bower, by even hinting at the style of its internal arrangements,—with all the details of which, however, we are perfectly acquainted, on the kindly vouchsafed authority of one of the Ladies Patronesses; but this we feel ourselves at liberty to mention, that the general supervision of the establishment is to be entrusted to Major Talbot, who, with his usual gallantry, has nobly consented to undertake, gratuitously, the performance of the duties involved in the office of Guardian of the Grass-Widows' Asylum.

BRICKS! BROKERS!! AND BANKRUPTS!!!

The *Gazette* of Wednesday morning, says, when speaking of the cause of depression in commercial affairs:

> And then bankrupts began tumbling, one man after another, like a row of bricks set up on end, when striking one bring down the whole.

We were not aware before that the mercantile community of Montreal consisted exclusively of bricks, nor that John Tully had been regularly engaged to write leaders for the *Gazette*. Some brokers *are* bricks, however, though the houses to which they formerly belonged have tumbled to pieces.

NEW POLITICAL FEATURE.

We are credibly informed that an act of tardy justice is at length about to be performed by His Excellency the Governor General, towards our Indian brethren, who have hitherto been almost without representation in the Provincial Legislature.

Three Chiefs,—Wo-was-kish, or The Jolly Old Buck, warrior of the remnant of the tribe known as the Algonquins, or All-gone-coons; Go-to-the-mis, Chief among the Chippewas of Lake Huron, and No-tax-cumsa-mis, or The Beer-Drinker, Sagamore in the Huron Nation at Lorette, are to be called immediately to the Legislative Council,—an honor to which these distinguished children of the forest may well aspire, and a position upon which their well-known talents for business will be sure to shed a lustre.

From the nature of these appointments, much moral scalping may be anticipated at the approaching meeting of the Legislature, and any Honorable Member who rashly dares to contradict any assumption on the part of the red gentleman on his right or his left, will quickly find himself the centre of a war-dance, with a radiation of weapons bristling from his unhappy corpus. When a division is called for, it will be done expertly with a triad of gleaming tomahawks; and instead of an Honorable Gentleman catching a Speaker's eye, according to the present usage, he will find his own caught in a peculiar and disagreeable manner, if he does not keep continually minding it, so as not to interfere with the prejudices of the Honorable Aboriginals. The process of counting the House, on a division, will, however, be less simple than formerly, owing to the difficulty of bringing together missing members,—for which the tomahawk and scalping-knife alone can be accountable. On the whole, Honorable Gentlemen will stand a chance of being quartered better than usual, this winter.

A VERY SINGULAR FACT.

Mr. Papineau has written a letter to say, that he has read the Annexation Manifesto, and highly approves of it. He thinks it almost as good as the ninety-two resolutions, and never imagined that "the Tories" had so much spirit in them. The whole of the enterprising freemen of "Petite Nation" have had it read to them, and are ready to put their marks to it. On all of which Punch has only to remark, in his usually mysterious manner—Shallabala, shallabala, shallabala!

CHAUNT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUG.

As Punch was taking his usual walk on Thursday evening, passing by the Government offices, now alas deserted, his attention was attracted by a low plaintive cry issuing from one of the lower rooms, and on taking out his spy-glass, he perceived an elderly bug which had evidently been dropped in the hurry of removal, and which was giving relief to its anguish in the following melancholy chaunt:—

The wind beateth coldly;
The day light is departing;
Not a foot treadeth;
Not a voice breatheth;
All is chilly and lonely;
Sad, sad is the heart of the mourner—
The poor melancholy bug of Mr. Leslie's office!

What will become of me?
Where shall I go now that the Council hath departed?
Cameron was fat and oily, so was Lafontaine!
Once I ranged over those magnificent pastures!
When shall I do so again?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

All, all are gone: Francis Hincks and James Leslie.
Leslie is juicy, but Hincks is horribly skinny;
Who can feed off Hincks's heels and be satisfied?
The past is a magnificent dream: Alas!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Where are the clerks of my affections? Himsworth
And Grant Powell?—When shall I taste them again?
Where are Tom Ross and Joe Lee? Alas,
All are departed!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Night is coming on; there is nothing for supper!
What shall I do for a breakfast tomorrow?
Ah, there is Punch looking in at the Window;
Punch of the jolly sides; will he take me to his bosom?
But what if he should pass by and leave me?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

The reason why John Orr signed the Annexation Manifesto is now obvious. The American merchants bribed him with millions of the choicest brands of cigars, which he is now shamelessly selling in his shop in Notre Dame Street. Punch considers this fragrant corruption. The civil and military authorities (on smoking) should at once inspect the importation, as John Orr has long been known as a dangerous man (to offend.)

THE LAST ANNEXATION SCHEME.

We understand that a new scheme for Annexation has been started, by which the Island of Montreal, including Griffintown and its numerous inland seas, is to be joined to "Ham-jam-cram," one of the Teetotum Islands in the South seas. The immediate object of this plan is to secure a monopoly of the immense crops of green spinach which the Teetotum group possess. These crops will be paid for in *étoffe du pays* coats, thus affording an immense field for home manufactures. A large trade might also be carried on in picked parrots, which are a great article of consumption, and would bear exportation. The Ham-jam-cramians are a very intelligent people, and though somewhat given to eating their missionaries, are not vicious. They have a large fleet of bark canoes, and are prepared to send a representative to Quebec, as soon as they can find breeches for him. In the meantime the Committee for drawing up articles of annexation meet daily at the *Herald* Office.

PUNCH'S POETIC DIALOGUE.

SMALL BOY.

Are those men fit to lead us on
From England's cause who fall?—
Will you please to tell me that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Fit! youngster,—not at all!

GENTEEL ENQUIRER.

If they should take away their swords,
Who England's honor slight,
What would you say to that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Say!—why sarve 'em right!

THE COMING MAN.

Peter Perry is a candidate for Parliament, and Punch is in extacies. "Wete" and "flowyer" never "roz" more than Punch did when he heard the news. Secret orders were immediately sent to all our friends in the third riding, to exert their utmost influence to secure Peter Perry's return and Punch's fortune,—Punch himself will be in the House to receive him when he is introduced—to hang upon his honied speech, and scrape him for the world's amusement. Oh Peter Perry—Peter Perry—why was not *whinkie* added to thy name?

LINES ADDRESSED TO A GREAT LEGAL LUMINARY.

Little Judge Mondelet
Sing me a roundelay,
Chaunt me a stanza of physic or law;
Anything stupid
Will do you dear cupid,
So chirp up and whistle my pretty jackdaw!

The great Mr. Merlin,
To you my pet starling,
In legal profundity could not compare;
And grave Mr. D'Aguesseau,
All the world sure must know,
Not worthy to stand behind Mondelet's chair!

O genius bewitching!
If *your* law was catching;
What a strange little world we should have down below.
Then *no* would be *yes*,
And as often I guess
The affirmative particle signify "No!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. B., go home and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Your *best friend* Punch thinks you have acted foolishly. Be wise in time.

TO OFFICERS OF MILITIA.

Messrs. Moss & Brothers, Army Tailors to the Fortin Dragoons, will give the highest price for British Militia Uniforms to those officers who signed the annexation address. Having sold their country, of course they'll sell their coats.

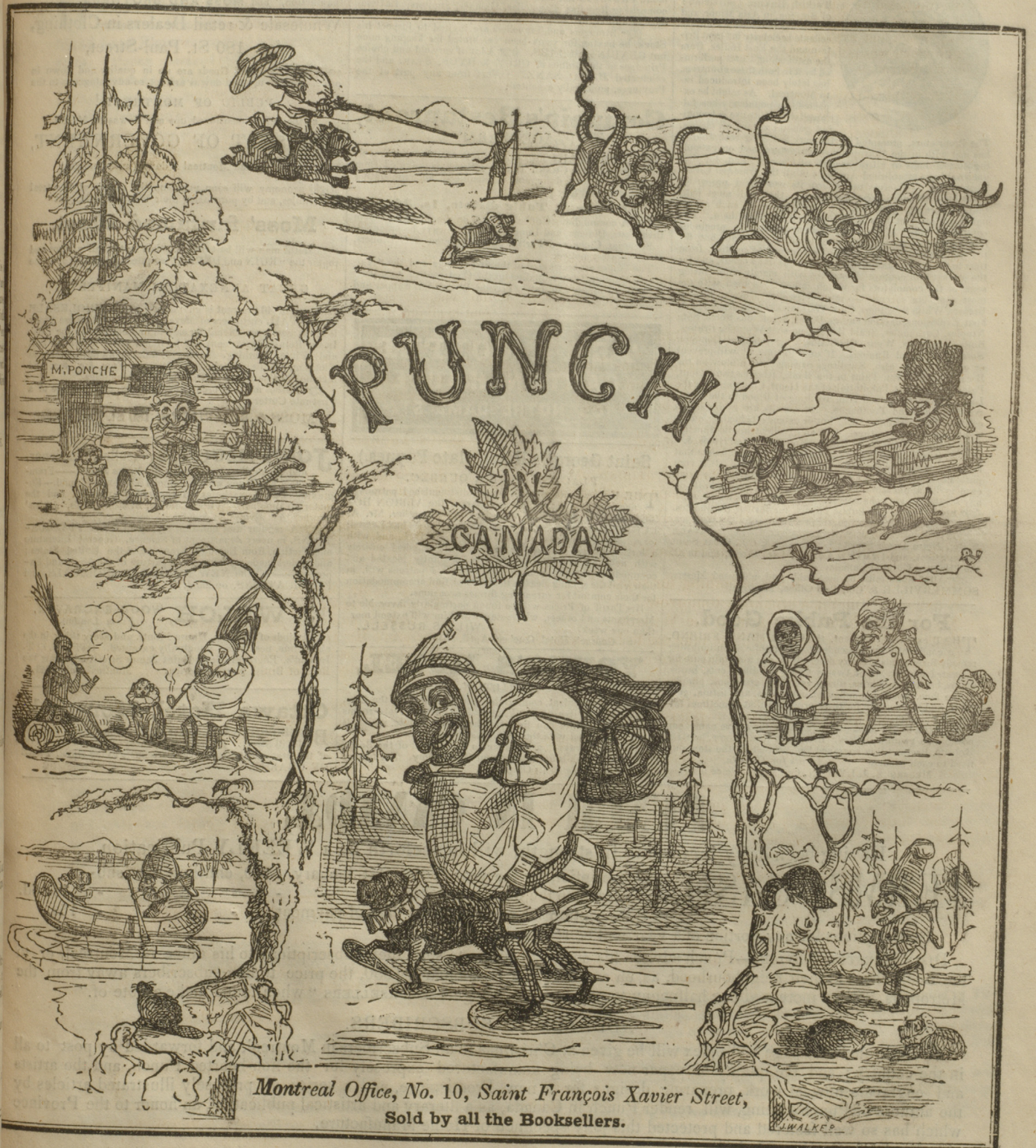
N.B.—The two Silk Gowns formerly advertised in Punch, are disposed of.

To Dealers in Curiosities.—Wanted by an antiquarian, a Receipted Bill of a government clerk.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DeWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **23.** **November the 15th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

Mrs. CHARLES HILL announces to her friends and Pupils that in consequence of her engagnments Toronto, her CLASSES will not commence until on or about the 1st of JANUARY, 1850.
St. Jean Baptiste Street, November 15, 1849.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Comp'



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co', Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars,* in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesedadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisive,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS AND BROTHERS,

Wholesale & retail Dealers in Clothing, &c. 180 St. Paul-Street,

assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

as the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

Moss' far-famed Mart,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent is guaranteed to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of *Moss and Brothers,* whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

☞ Clothes made to order, under the superintendance of a First-rate Cutter.

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PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

REMOVAL OF PUNCH'S SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

ON Wednesday last, Punch was waited on by a deputation consisting of Messrs. Holton, W. Workman, Glass, J. Rose, Q C., F. Johnson, Q.C., and other leading annexationists, who presented him with an Address on the part of their staunch friend Lord Elgin, requesting his presence at the seat of Government. Punch received them in the most affable manner, and after asking them to be seated on chairs which were invisible and to take a glass of nothing, with which request they instantly complied, he signified his compliance with the Governor General's solicitation. He therefore announces to his servants, the public, that after the publication of the twenty-fourth number of his ideas, which event will come off on Saturday, the 24th instant, his seat, a three legged stool, with which he governs (or combs the head of) his wife Judy, will be removed to Toronto. Immediately on information being conveyed to Col. Taché, the head of the department of the Board of Works, of Punch's determination, that honorable Gentleman waited on him to ascertain what packing cases would be required for the transportation of Punch's effects; which was to be done at the expense of the Province. Punch immediately informed him that he should carry his three legged stool in his hand; that his private wardrobe, could be secured in a blue and white pocket handkerchief, and that six sheets of brown paper would contain his back numbers. Col. Taché, with the liberality which so greatly distinguishes him, instantly forwarded a blue and white cotton wipe, and the requisite sheets of paper, which, however reluctantly, Punch admits were of an inferior quality. The Commander of the Forces afterwards waited on Punch to know what troops he should require to do honor to his departure, and protect his three-legged stool, his blue and white bundle, and his back numbers. The disposition of the garrison was arranged to be as follows. (It is incumbent on Punch to mention, that he refused holding any communication with General Fortin and his dragoons.) The twenty-third Royal Welsh Fusileers are to be stationed at Lachine as a Guard of Honor. The gallant 19th are to watch over the safety of the three-legged stool and the bundle tied up in the blue and white pocket handkerchief, while the provincial cavalry, under the command of Col. Jones and Col. Ermatinger will protect the back numbers; and prevent the populace from seizing them, without first depositing the sum of fourpence for each copy, which sum of fourpence, Punch with his well known benevolence, has given the recipient permission to disburse in a cock-tail. The popular commander of the Forces expressed his fears that Sir Hew Dalrymple and the fearless 71st would be disappointed at not having an opportunity afforded them of testifying their anxiety for the safety of Punch, his three-legged stool, his bundle tied up in the blue and white pocket handkerchief, and his back numbers, by joining in the solemnities of the day which will be fixed for his departure. Punch instantly offered to treat them with a ride to Lachine and back, which he apprehends will be accepted. But to prove that it was not from any want of esteem for the gallant corps that Punch did not appoint them to any specific duty, he graciously condescended to command that their band should be in attendance to sound the triumphant strain—

"See the conquering hero 'goes'."

The Commander of the Forces expressed his delight with the arrangement, and with the urbanity of the gracious Punch, and after kissing hands, retired. The order of the public procession which will, of course, accompany Punch to the railway station, will be given in his next number.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An odd volume of a London edition of "Ingoldsby's Legends" has oddly walked out of the "Courier office." Punch will make it even with any one who will see that it walks in again.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—NO. 1.

An advocate is one who may boast the special regards of the Legislature; that distinguished body, having, in mercy to his many misfortunes, passed an act to make him what no act of his own ever could, namely, a gentleman. He is your only accountant of the value of words! he knows to an "and" or a 'but" the exact quantity to be doled out for a dollar! and by a process of calculation peculiar to his profession, is aware that half as much more, according to his special rule of arithmetic, amounts to ten shillings.

He commences his career at the bottom of his profession, and on the top of a stool he is allowed to contemplate a blotting-paper pad, on which he draws likenesses, as vague, uncertain, and opposite to the originals, as the wording of a law form is to common sense. His first legal impression is that "truth is a libel" and as he knows a libel to be actionable or indictable, he is never found telling truth afterwards. Bills of costs are with him the necessaries of life; proceedings in equity the luxuries. He is the last man a frend or foe would ever wish to hear say "my service to you." Though a civil functionary, he emulates the military; and like the British Grenadiers, is great in a charge.

He holds a goose-quill mastery over his clients, and writes words every one of which is a current sixpence.

People who can pay, are his beau ideals of the respectable: people who cannot ought, and, despite all apparent impossibilities, he proceeds to try and make them.

He is always on the safe side: the odds are two to one, he gets the money from some one, and a hundred to two he never pays it back to any one.

He attends the courts and bows to rogues and vagabonds without whose fee he would go supperless to bed. His clients case is always the best! and no virtue is extant in the employer of another legal man. He "soft-sawders" the Judges, and fervently eulogises, though he does not, (who does) understand, the laws.

He has ever his own honor and principle, and his duty to his client, in his mouth: hence, like much used things, they soon become threadbare, and are uttered as words of course.

He accumulates wealth, and dies an honored man, without reflecting that crime and poverty are the funded property, from which he has drawn his income.

PUNCH'S REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Smith's exterminator," is for rats. *Punch* is not aware that it will drive an obnoxious Governor away. As, however, it is described to be fatal to all kinds of vermin, it might be worth while making the trial.

To "ENQUIRERS." Judge Smith, spells his name without an *e*. He is supposed to be about 40—more or less. We cannot say whether it is true as reported that he weighs 30lb. more than when he went on the Bench.

"CURIOUS." Judge Gale's Christian name is not "Sarah." He is paid £700 a year, for preaching up Annexation.

"JANE" may be right in her statement that Frank Johnson was found as a baby rolled up in the British colours on the rock of Quebec. If so, he has managed to roll himself out of them since then.

We cannot tell Charles, "who first mentioned beef-steaks."—Perhaps Dolly can. Our impression is, that Alfred the Great, was cooking cakes when the herdsman's wife, "blew him up;" but this is a point the Editor of the *Pilot* can doubtless decide.

WANTS! WANTS! WANTS!

Wanted a considerable quantity of sour wine, to be sent to *Toronto*. As it will be used pretty extensively, it must be warranted not to curdle on the stomach. Also some packages of some damaged tea. Tenders, mentioning lowest price, to be sent to Jim Bruce, somewhere in *Upper Canada*.

We understand that a late contemplated hostile meeting was prevented by the discovery, that if one of the principals was to go a shooting for a twelve month it would only be a *vain* attempt!



AMUSING POLITICAL TOY.

This is a very diverting pastime, though not unattended with danger;—for, if the holder of the merry-go-round is too much taken up with watching the action of the wind, he may chance to run into some ditch or frog-pond, and bemire himself in a very ridiculous manner.

GUGY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

Gugy, I believed thee true,
And I was blamed for thus believing;
But now I'm blest if e'er I knew
A cove so smooth and so deceiving.

Few have ever talked like thee;—
Oh! I have seen thee blubber, nearly;
And then I thought that loyalty,
What now I fear was bunkum merely.

Fare thee well! it makes me smile
To think that friends who thronged about thee,
Unconscious of the crocodile,
Had never dared, till now, to doubt thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
I'll watch thy ways,—and by this token,
For ever, Gugy, thou shalt be
The page of Punch a standing joke in.



TWO YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

UNCLE BEN.—Buy a bust, Sir?—General Washington, slightly damaged, and going very cheap.
PUNCH.—O, a "bust," eh?—Ah! yes, I thought it would come to a "bust" with you before long.

PUNCH'S LAST DEPUTATION!

ANNEXATION AGAIN!

Last week, a deputation of our Annexation citizens, headed by Benjamin Holmes, Esquire, M. P. P., waited on Le L. Papineau, to offer him the distinguished position of first Governor of the new State of Lower Canada, under the contemplated order of things. Mr. Papineau received the deputation very kindly, but did not invite them to drink, alledging that "Mrs. P. had got the key." He was dressed in his étoffe du pays coat, and wore the decorations of the Order of St. Denis in his button-hole. As soon as the deputation had seated themselves, Mr. Holmes—who we rejoice to say was looking very well—advanced and delivered the following loyal stirring address:—

"Fellow-citizen and glorious leader! The day star of liberty which has visited every country in its turn, from the Isles of Greece to the sugar-growing plains of Alabama, has condescended at length to pause over the ruins of benighted Canada. Already the red effulgence of its glorious magnificence has illuminated the domes of our city. We have seen it, Sir, and we have replied to it, Sir. We have commenced, Sir, with that Star—we have addressed that Star, Sir, through the pages of our eloquent journals. We have said to it:—Star, you are welcome; make yourself at home; here we are freemen. The crowned Lion has heard us and has hid his terrified tail in ecclesiastical. Our circular to the Empire of Canada, has fallen like a compunctious horticane upon the minds of our rulers. We want now only a leader. Between us and the glorious rebellion of 1837, there is but the step of an infant. We desire to join the two; we wish to make the glory of St. Denis to our own. The flag that you hoisted there, is now ours—we ask to seek freedom at its feet and we find it with you. Like patriots, called there to [illegible] we come to ourselves at your feet. We acknowledge that you were wiser than more far-seeing than we were. 37 should have been the birth-year of freedom; we made it the Saturnalia of cloud. When we took at our hands, we are forced to confess that they are very dirty—but what of that! you must help us to wash them. Cause a success to flow in which we can partly ourselves. Here are ministers of us who all bore muskets and rifles. Thus gentlemen in the grey coat sent down ten of your countrymen! No more comes to embrace you. I—fellow-citizen—would have given a thousand pounds for your head; I now ask to be permitted to embrace you. There is the Editor of the Herald—you recollect how important he was that the gallows should not wait—now he is pening to join you.

Fellow-citizen, we wish to crown this glorious change by electing you to the highest office that will soon be hoped amongst us. I dare can be no doubt that in about six weeks the lion will be driven from his resting-place on this side of the Atlantic. We already see the dawn of his receding footsteps on the sand banks of time. The voices of vociferating Germen will hasten his departure—Then, Sir, it will be for you to take your natural position amongst us. Anticipating that glorious event, we offer you the office of Governor of our State, at a salary of £10, per annum. A little boy from the Herald Office is now on his way to bring you a printed proof of your appointment. Accept it and thus add to the laurels of St. Denis the civic crown bestowed by a liberated people!"

To this Address, Mr. Papineau returned the following answer:—

"Gentlemen, I feel very much obliged to you for your offer—You have not mistaken my feelings in supposing that I view every ability which occasions confusion and disorder on this side of the Atlantic with hearty satisfaction. It is a matter of the most inexpressible delight to find that you have become familiar as well as myself, and that you are just as ready now to rebel against [illegible] as you were in 1837, to put down and try [illegible] Sir, for my part, I [illegible] but you I cannot. England has [illegible] I was [illegible] it would be [illegible] when he pleased the sailor over the hedge to long

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"Gentlemen, I feel very much obliged to you for your offer.—You have not mistaken my feelings in supposing that I view every thing which occasions confusion and disorder on this side of the Atlantic with infinite satisfaction. It is a matter of the most inexpressible delight to me to find that you also have become traitors as well as myself, and that you are just as ready now to rebel against Great Britain as you were in 1837, to put down me and my unfortunate countrymen. But do not suppose, in consequence of that, that I can confound my cause with your's. I hate England, but you I despise. England has insulted me in forgiving me; you she has always petted and spoiled. I am a republican at heart—you, God knows what you are; but I know what a few days ago you *were*. Do not think that I will trust you. If we can work together to injure England, I have no objection; but I am not sunk so low as to be your leader. So long as England pampered you and indulged you, you were loyal, very loyal; at the first sacrifice she asks you to make, you desert her. How do I know it may not be the same with me? How do I know Mr. Holmes, that in a week you will not be as anxious for my head as you were in 1837? You are a "man of error", you know, veering with every turn of the political compass. How can I trust the Editor of the *Herald?* Did he not proclaim a few weeks ago, that the country was "rapidly advancing? Now he sees nothing but "ruin and decay." Are such men to be trusted? I have risked my neck once; I will take very good care how I do it again. For the flag which you profess to detest, pull it down, revile it, and curse it. I will stand by and smile. It will do my heart good to see you at the work; but do not count on me to assist you. I am at least, superior to you, and, traitor as I am, cannot afford to stoop to your level.

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good morning.

Punch has not heard that the deputation intend to publish an account of this interview; but he rather thinks not.

TRADE REPORT.

The late high winds have caused a considerable fall in tiles, whilst chimney pots have been unsteady. Hats were inclined to rise, and several of the lighter descriptions went off rapidly, but as they immediately came down, it led to several dirty transactions. We have heard of one operator in corn this week, who has suffered severely through cutting some of long standing. He is expected to cut himself. Several influential washerwomen had large transactions in starch, but the heavy rains threw a damp on the speculation. It is rumoured that many tradesmen are holders of Government Clerk bills, which they would gladly exchange for Government Debentures, paying a premium. The rope-market is flat, it being expected the boundary line of the United States will shortly be offered for sale, although the Glut may not be great in consequence of the immense demand by Punch for rope's-ends for the annexationists.

GOOD REASON WHY.

The *Courier*, the organ of Annexation, grinding out its doleful rejoicings in the Key of A Flat, over the late harmonious meeting, asserts there was no discord in the band (of conspirators,) because "no disrespectful word was uttered of Lord Elgin." The Annexationists may be knaves, but no one ever charged them with being fools. Lord Elgin is their best friend; it is his presence in Canada which gives vitality to their otherwise lifeless body. Why should men speak "disrespectfully" of their best friend?

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

The *Minerve* and other foreign papers have, of late, frequently alluded to a gentleman whom they stole a "nommé" Joseph Lee. This gentleman's correct cognomen is Joseph Smith Lee. But another Joseph Lee has arisen in Montreal who indulges in signing annexation addresses, and getting into rows in the Quebec suburbs; he also is a Smith Lee, one who passes his days at the forge and anvil. We suggest to the last mentioned gentleman, that to distinguish him from the "nommé" Joseph Smith Lee, he should assume the style and title of Joseph Blacksmith Lee.

SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—"I'll give you a lift" as the bull said when he pitched the sailor over the hedge.

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1867.

Did goe with my wife to-day to ye Lunatic Asylum, where we did see many poor folk quite crazed, some of whom my wife did knowe. Did notice ye late editor of ye Montreal *Herald*, who hath been there some time. A stout bluff man, and well-favored, as my wife doth thinke. He did ask us if ye Queen of Trumps was come from Portugal, and whether they grew pumpkins in ye moon. Also, did see Mr. Merritt, quite busy making canals on ye floor with his finger, which he doth do marvellous well. Also, there were some which they do chain like wild beasts, but which did grin and howl most horrible, so that my wife was like to faint. Many of them I did know in ye Parliament of ye old Province, and which were after traitors to ye Queen. Methinks such punishment was well designed, to show ye world how great a sin such treachery is. On going out, did notice Francis Hincks with ye head shaved, playing leap-frog with Robert Baldwin in ye yard. Robert hath got a frock and trowsers, much like a little boy. The keeper doth report well of Robert, but Francis hath lately bit him in ye thumb, and hath a nasty snappish temper, which makes him somewhat feared. Altogether was much pleased; though I do see great cause to thank God that I am not as those poor creatures are. Afterwards to ye Falls, where I did find John Dougall and ye female slave, whom I did not meet of late. John doth look well and lusty as I do thinke. He says ye slaves are getting up, and talketh much like one who groweth rich. At dinner there was much talk about ye separation of ye Northern States, which do find themselves harrassed by ye Tariff. John says ye slave states shall not consent, but I do think it must soon come to this, which God grant, ye country being very wretched, such as I did never know till now could be to any people.

FROM PUNCH'S OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

A blue and a pink pamphlet has lately been sent to the Horse Guards. The following is the reply sent throngh Punch's mesmeric correspondent:—

F. M. the Duke of Wellington cannot decide between parties in Canada who seem to have been both in the wrong. He knows nothing of the morals of the Canterbury Barracks. He never writes long letters and never reads them.

Horse Guards, 18th Nov., 1849.

BY AUTHORITY.

Punch is authorised to contradict the report, that F. Johnson, Esq., has offered his services to the proprietor of the Ministerial Travelling Circus. It is not impossible that Mr. Johnson may join Christie's Minstrels on the retirement of the present banjo player, but nothing is definitely settled. Punch thinks it too bad that such reports should be circulated.

NOTHING.

The Shakspeare Club issued a notice that a Mr. DeWalden would lecture on "Nothing, with illustrations." Punch having an intimate knowledge of the illustrious lecturer, thought him fully capable, like some of the new judges, of doing justice to his subject, "Nothing." But the lecturer follows Punch and the seat of Government. Punch therefore gives him the following

ADVICE GRATIS.

The best way you can illustrate "Nothiug", is to keep away from the lecture room, and send a likeness of the Governor General to represent you—with the motto "Nothing can come of Nothing."

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The identical pair of shoes referred to by Mr. MacKay in his late speech at the St. Maurice-street chapel. May be seen on application to Miles's boy, at his old stand, in the Bonsecour Market.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

If you're fond of botheration
And wish for tribulation,
Go vote for Annexation,
and
Yankee-doodle-*do*.

Cry, *down* with Whig and Tory,
And England's ancient glory,
Including Queen Victo-ry;
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

Join old Giniral Taylor,
(He's a riglar go-a-head nailer,
A soldier and a sailor,)
and a
Yankee-doodle-do.

There aint no manner of use
In sticking to Egg-lin Bruce,
He's a 'tarnal-thundering-Goose,
so
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

Let our *peaceful* declaration
In favor of Annexation,
Be—*d*—*n* the British Nation,
and
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

WELL-DESERVED REWARD.

Punch is informed that the Annexation Association intends to offer a purse of a splendid "fools-cap," to the author of the best essay on the "ruin and decay" of the Province. It is generally understood that the Editor of the *Herald*, will be one of the Competitors. *Punch* wishes him sucess.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.

In packing up the furniture at Monkland's, it was supposed that all Lord Elgin's things were put into the *wrong box*. On enquiry, however, it was discovered that it was His Lordship himself who was in the *wrong box*, and that the things were all right.

ADVANTAGEOUS INVESTMENTS.

The proprietor of an extensive brewery in the Quebec Suburbs, offers for sale a large number of annexation votes for the next general election. For Terms, apply to Molson Terrace, number ONE.

CON FOR THE CONNUBIAL.

"Why is a careful housekeeper the best person to send unmarried daughters to?"

"Because she husbands all she has."

VICE VERSA.

"Do you ever bet on a horse-race?" Not exactly; but I've seen my sister Bet on a race horse.

No RULE.—"Do you know anything of cricket?" Not, exactly; but I've been frequently stumped.

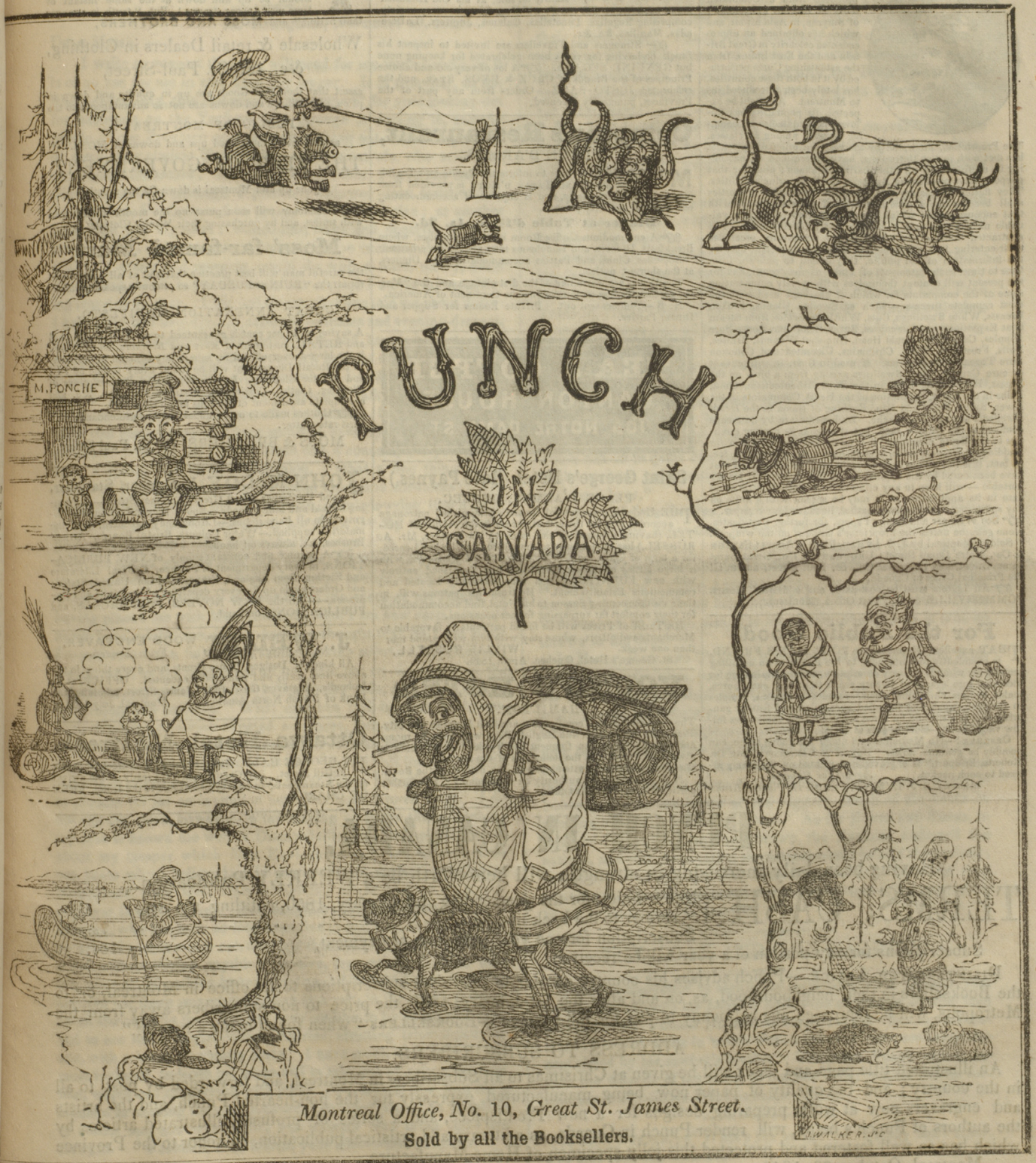
WANTED TO PURCHASE,

A sample of Mr. Jacob DeWitt's annexation Peas. N. B.—Not more than 2s. 6d. a bushel will be given.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d' Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. man & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. **24.** **November the 29th,** [PRICE, 4*d*.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Great St. James Street.*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

Mrs. CHARLES HILL announces to her friends and Pupils that in consequence of her engagnments n Toronto, her CLASSES will not commence until on or about the 1st of JANUARY, 1850.
St. Jean Baptiste Street, November 15, 1849.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE, !!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Com.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞ See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞ All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

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THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. *Agents for Canada,*

MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, ***choicest Brands of Segars,*** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

☞ Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. ☞ A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,

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MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

☞ A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine,*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

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CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSEL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS AND BROTHERS,

Wholesale & retail Dealers in Clothing, &c. 180 St. Paul-Street,

assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

as the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

Moss' far-famed Mart,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent is guaranteed to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of *Moss and Brothers,* whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

☞ Clothes made to order under the superintendance of a First-rate Cutter.

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JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

☞ A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

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Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL. Great Saint James Street, formerly M'Gill Street. ☞ Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

FASHIONABLE EPISTLES.

Letter from Miss Clarissa Oily to her dear Mama, at Diamondville.

St. Evangelist, November 10, 1849.

Dear Mama,

I write to request that you will send for me immediately, as it is of no use for me to stay here any longer. It is true that, as the Shopkeepers say, this place is "a good stand" for girls looking-out for husbands, as the Yankees pass through it coming in, and the people of our Province pass through it going out, without speaking of some very eligible Englishmen, on their travels, who arrive by the Cunard Steamers; but, somehow or other, I have not had the slightest chance, although I precisely followed your instructions. At one time, I endeavored to appear mild and pensive; at another time, mild and dignified; sometimes, frank and cheerful, at other times, serious and meditative; indeed, on one occasion, I tried what hearty laughing and romping would do with a bluff, merry, florid young man;—all, however, would not do, and I am as far from being married as ever. I did not forget what you told me about dress: I have tried morning-dresses, afternoon-dresses and evening-dresses; gipsey-hats, cottage-bonnets, men's hats and beaver-bonnets, with drooping feathers; and have worn my hair in short curls, screw-curls, and in plain bands; all, however, as I said before, would not do. I have, in the course of conversation, talked of my uncle in Calcutta, and my bachelor-cousin in Jamaica, but without effect. Only two men, during this long summer, have appeared to take any particular notice of me: I overheard one, a consumptive young man from Virginia, say to his companion, "what a fine thing health must be! I wish I had that girl's broad chest and shoulders!" The other, a hatched-faced old Scotchman, after glowring like a satyr at me, said to a similar wretch at his elbow: "My certie, Donald, yon's a sonsy lass; she wudna be the waur o' a gudeman!" so, send for me as soon as you can, Mama, for there is no use in my staying here any longer. I do not mean to reproach you, Mama, when I say, that you may be considered the cause of my failure, by having placed me with Mrs. Hookem, who, I am now certain, would never have invited me, if she had not thought that, as I am stout, I would serve as a foil to that spider-looking creature, her daughter Lydia, who, by the bye, never let me walk out on the arrival of the American steamboat, without being at my side, doing her best to look dainty and delicate. What men can find in such skeletons, such mimminy-pimminy affected creatures, I'm sure I cannot tell: every one of them, however, seemed to look at her, and none, except the two I have mentioned, at me. So that all the expense we were at in entertaining her vulgar sister Peggy last winter, in order to procure for me an invitation here, has been thrown away. I do not see any good, however, in my staying at home this winter, as my face is known too well in Diamondville, and that spiteful report about my temper which Miss Envious spread, is, (I'm sure, I do not know why,) believed. If you could get me an invitation to Mountroyal, from Mrs. Plain, something might be done, as a new regiment is come there. Her daughters are all frights, and as to Edward, who has been so long attentive to me, I think that it might be as well to throw him out, now and then, little hints of encouragement, without saying anything positive, for, perhaps I might take him after all, if nothing better turns up. Not that I care for being married: if there was no such thing as a man in the world, it would be all the same to me; but one does not like to be called old maid, and to see one's acquaintances married, strutting triumphantly by one, with a batch of chubby brats. I have much more to say: but must leave off to loose my stays and to take out of prison my poor feet, which are all covered with corns. So, dear Mama, lose not a moment in sending for me. Edward, I dare say, would be delighted to escort me, and who knows but jealousy may bring some one forward. I remain, dear Mama, your affectionate daughter,

CLARISSA OILY.

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF AN ANNEXATION TARIFF.

Punch will divide his ideas of an Annexation Tariff into various heads; upon which he will phrenologically manipulate and point out their peculiarites. Punch finds acquisitiveness of metal strongly mixed np with adhesiveness of brass; and amativeness of Yankee principles regulated by combativenss with the British party, who, seeing these principles stretching out to a great length, desire to cut them short.

Fish will doubtless be liberally dealt with. Lobsters will have a clause in the Tariff, as well as the claws belonging to themselves; and Salmon will be weighed in their own scales, and frequently found wanting.

Fruit will be greatly reduced in price, thus enabling every man to get his dessert; when, according to Shakspeare, "Who will escape whipping?"

Lumber. Of course there will be no duty on this article; excepting the duty of everv man in the trade doing his duty, but as every man can see a beam in his brother's eye, it is expected that Free Trade in Timber will be universally acceptable. Hoops will come in at such a rate that all the Juveniles will inevitably have the hooping cough.

Brass and Cast-iron are considered to be articles which Canadians can manufacture to great advantage; which accounts for the fact of Benjamin Holmes, Esq., M. P. P., having so much of the one, and Louis Joseph Papineau of the othea. Cheap iron, it is generally considered, will encourage the manufacture of Iron rings, which will be in great demund for the snouts of those who indulge in the swinish propensities of the genuine sons of Liberty, the "Bowery boys."

Drugs and Dye Stuffs, which naturally go together, there being a very intimate connexion between dying and drugging, will be greatly reduced in cost. To forward a measure to reduce the cost of powerful purgatives and lead to the easy introduction of leeches, is worthy of the Yankee Annexationists, whose aim is to clean out the pockets, and suck the life-blood of the Canadian people. Bark will become so cheap, that, like all physic ought to be, it will be thrown to the dogs.

In Hides, Raw and Tanned, it is said that the Canadians, from their superior facilities, can drive a roaring trade with the Yankees; but if the Annexationists' hides were tanned, they would drive a roaring trade immediately. However, considering the extent to which the free and enlightened citizens carry the practice of flogging their slaves, it does not seem to us that Canadians can compete with them in Hides, Raw and Tanned. But as it will reduce the price of Cats, and there being much virtue in a cat, when its lashes penetrate the backs of the niggers, much of the virtue in question must be whipped into them. As for Boots and Shoes, in spite of Protection, black and brown, the Yankees undersell the natives, and with Annexation the natives would be sold themselves; however, on the principle that when things come to the worst they must mend, the Annexationists are no doubt right in bringing them to the worst as soon as possible.

THE LOAN AND THE GAZETTE.

Punch is compelled to assure his cotemporary the *Gazette*, that he was not, through his London agent, the contractor for the loan obtained by Mr. Francis Hincks, on the part of the "Strong Government;" in fact, loans in which Punch has any part, are invariably negaciated by his mother's brother. Therefore Punch cannot inform the *Gazette* of the terms of the said loan; neither can he furnish him wiih balance sheet so much desired.

A good Reason.—"What's the news?"—"I really don't know, I've only seen the Courier."

ALMOST AWAY.

Scene.—TAVERN AT DRUMMONDVILLE.

Lord Elgin and his Private Secretary.

Lord E.—Any thing new in the papers this morning, Major Campbell?

Major C.—Oh yes, my Lord. There are a few articles in the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *Toronto Patriot*, and the *Brantford Courier*, in which allusion is made to Your Lordship, in rather disrespectful terms, however—

Lord E.—Do you call that "any thing new," Major? I had hoped from your affirmative reply, to have heard of something laudatory—something in which "*due consideration*" was shown to those eminent qualities in which I so far excel all my predecessors. Well any thing else?

Major C.—There are a few more addresses to Mr. Gowan, with his replies thereto. Shall I read them, my Lord?

Lord E.—No, no! Confound the fellow! it's well for me he has not the Canada Gazette at his service.

Major C.—Then there is a very interesting account, of the negotiations with the Indians of Lake Superior. Your Excellency would perhaps relish the natural eloquence of these children of the forest?

Lord E.—Never mind it just now, Campbell, I had enough of their "eloquence" at my last interview with the rude rascals. They had not a shadow of respect for constituted authorities, and treated the Representative of the Sovereign, like any common man. Well, well! I see there *is* nothing new this morning. By-the-way, how's Exchange? Look at the Broker's Circular.

Major C.—[*Reads*] "Heavy as quoted; tendency downwards."

Lord E.—Just like my luck! If we had not been in such a deuce of a hurry, with that last couple of thousands I sent home, I might have made some ten pounds more out of it. But it can't be helped now. Hand me a paper, Campbell; let *me* try if I can't find something interesting. [*Reads in silence for some time, occasionally shaking his head despondingly; but suddenly starts up, with an illuminated physiognomy.*] Why, bless my soul, Campbell! Look here! Only read that paragraph! There! Amongst the "Miscellaneous."

Major C.—[*Reads.*] "The Lord Mayor of London has an allowance of £8,000 per annum."

Lord E.—"Eight Thousand Pounds!" Sterling, too, my dear fellow! Only think! Eight thousand Pounds Sterling—how much is that in Currency?

Major C.—At par, my Lord! [*Lord E. too much agitated to speak, nods assent. The Private Secretary calculates,*] £9733,6,8, Halifax Currency, my Lord.

Lord E.—All that amount to a petty London tradesman, while here they grudge the paltry sum of £7777,15,6, to a man of my descent,* title and talents. Campbell! I shall no longer honor, this remote and benighted Province, with my dignified presence. I had hoped to have witnessed the great consummation of Annexation—but duty calls me to another field. Write to Lord Grey, my dear Campbell, a "private despatch," recollect! Tell him that the state of Her Ladyship's health will probably prevent my longer continuance in the highly onerous and responsible office, which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to confide to me, and hint that the medical men recommend the climate of India. You can enquire, incidental, in a Postscript, whether a Bill to secure the dependence of the Corporation of London on the Crown, and to throw the appointment of the Lord Mayor into the hands of the Government, might not be quietly slided through Parliament, at the next Session. I would be happy to undertake its introduction into the House of Lords, if His Lordship should consider that there would be no impropriety in my afterwards accepting the office of Lord Mayor. Tell him I can furnish him with precedents from this country—that Chancery Bill, you know, Campbell. Say that in that case it would gratify my strong feelings of family affection, to obtain an appointment that would retain me near so esteemed a relative as himself. Put it strong, but mild—*you* know how, my dear fellow. But, for my sake, not a word of this to Hincks or Lafontaine!

Major C.—Will your Lordship excuse my suggesting that it would be as well before proceeding further to look at the remainder of the paragraph?

Lord E.—Oh! "free house, coal, candle," and so forth, Let me hear what they say.

Major C.—(*Reads.*)—"He," that is, the Lord Mayor, "is not considered to support the office with becoming dignity, unless he spend £4000 in addition to his allowance of £8000."

Lord Elgin subsides in calm rigidity into the nearest chair; the Secretary hurriedly places a glass of water at His Lordship's lips, who, slowly reviving, murmurs in despairing accents—something about "gazelles"—"dark blue eye"—"know me well"—"sure to die."

* His Lordship's descent during the last year certainly has been very great. *Note by Toby.*

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile--but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,
And grimly try the temper'd edge—he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,--
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more,

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd—
He seemed to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade,—then first I found a tongue—
"Hold *madman*! stay the frantic deed?" I cried, and forth I sprung;
He heard me, but he heeded not! one glance around he gave
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun—to *shave*—
To *shave*—yes gentle reader—to *shave* his grizzly chin;
He flourished 'round his razor and gave a crazy grin,
I looked at every feature—and then I knew the face
Yes—yes I'd seen it often in *many a funny* place;
T'was that grey-headed man, the Editor of Punch,
Preparing for his mornings walk—to Dolly's for a Lunch;
And when that meal is eaten—his Castor he will don too
H'ell bolt from all his creditors and mizzle to To-ron-too.

MINOR MISERIES.

Shaving on board a ship with an unsteady hand, and a cross sea running, in consequence of which you get more skin than hair off.

Six hungry fellows dropping in to dine just as you have finished your own chop; and are about to emulate the kitchen fire, which has gone out for the evening.

Laying long odds on a horse, which you discover next day, has been dead for a week.

Trusting your washer-woman with your only shirt to wash, who won't trust you, in return, with the unattainable price of the washing.

Riding a runaway horse, who will get in among the dogs, and become a whipping post for the hunt.

Leaving your purse in a cab, mentioning the circumstance to the driver the moment you alight, who whips his horse into a gallop, and wishes you may get it.

Lending your nag to a friend, and receiving a polite note from a Veterinary Surgeon, stating that the beast has been placed under his care, with a reference to you, which, if satisfactory, will induce him to undertake the cure of his broken knees.

UN CALEMBOURG NONPAREIL.

Pour quoi est-ce que le nom familier en Auglais de Sarah revient, à une contradiction en Francais?

Parce que son nom qui est *propre* est celui qui est *Sal.*



Clown Loquiter.—Here we go, and here we are.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 2.

THE POLICEMAN.

A policeman is one who, being paid to preserve the peace, invariably is the first to break it. He is sometimes in derision called a civil officer, while lavishly is his great characteristic. Having knocked an unoffending passenger down he orders him to move on. He is to be seen with all disorderly houses who feed him liberally; and associates indiscriminately from all classes, though preferring the fine dollars of some notorious offender, he does not disdain the pence of the perishable poor. Being of the force he is a man in power. He is insulting to the weak and impudent, valorous amidst little boys, defiant over all women, and woe betide the unarmed wanderer who comes across his path. His pronunciations are blows while with him the best argument is truncheon. He is a superior creature on the pathway of a Canadian, an honor to the civilized country in which he is situated; to exist; and a specimen of what mere physical force can effect when well organized. The muscles of his motionless and truly obliging servants are at the very properly trusty beck of the well-fed inspector only whom he is paid, who refuses to do his bidding. Without the pleasantry and overbearing self-will of the constable the hospital would be tenantless, and the House of Correction would be deserted of the noble and free inspiring. To the credit he is worthy, he gives his valuable services to the country and dispenses blows and benefits for a paltry stipend and the compensation above the necessary needs.

THE CALF BOY.

The calf boy is one of the many flowers born in sunny climes in the illuminated and fairy gardens, around the shores of the Thames. Mr. Tomkins as Richard the Third is one of many nights, and very little nursing, for the boy's own pleasure, has summoned him from the cheerful discussion of a friendly glass of Brandy-and-water, in the sanctum of his dressing room, to the desperate mimic needs of blood and death on the sanguine board of Pell, and weak light illuminated representation of Bosworth Field.

"King Richard! Catesby! Buckingham, Richmond, and Blanchly!" shouted at the top of the Calf Boy's voice, mingled in a game of Cribbage between two of the supers fighting and disputure the demolition of "the high-reliefing Prestigiums" of twelve oysters and a pint of half and half. The Calf Boy a power from meekes with the "Ten minutes, Ladies and Gentlemen," previous to the performance of the overture. In a most weird of commanding "Overture to open!" every body down to begin, adhered to those first on the list; and Barry "Orlando" upon found for the illumination of all concerned in the play. The business is not only to inform the town when the "opera is on" but also to amply them with their "properties."

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the usual [illegible] King Richard, called twice, Sir Thunderbolt and Blank sheet of paper, and ring for Lady Anne. Anne to recite it after she is dead. Lord Stanley ready. 1 P. M. with letter for Richmond. Charlie, candle and dagger. Tullus to bed. Lear will thunder, Sir, not to rush head in the dungeon's [illegible] sharp and flutist like the spring ode in Cymbeline. Blow a [illegible]. Property, tree pink and spangle for blood. Please keep handles clean. Ist Sentinel, O. P. 1st Murderer P. S. Country glass, lamp of Cupid and Twelfth. Please be quick, Sir, "the Pharaoh" has been shining out and wants to fill only about twice."

Such are the instructions and advices given and performed by a calf boy, a kind of Mephistophelian pig, extravagantly useful and occasionally necessary to keep the whole working machinery in motion, but, like the [illegible] as it appeared, an object to the management.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

A woman, suffering a great deal in the night, at an early hour [illegible]

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

In Notre Dame Street, we observe that second-hand coats are considerably in a worn than new ones. Indeed last years tailor's bills seems to prevail, and although Chesterfields, Wateroffs, Alberts and Taglioni, have had their day, Black Guards are to be seen as frequently as ever in all societies. Trousers of last years cut, and don't come again to the same tailor's, are all the rage with those who have no change, the late dirty weather gives them a splashy appearance. We saw a gentleman in purple on an improved principle, which received and exhausted the water with the same action. Generally speaking garments after the previous fashion are very much behind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

[illegible] Day and Temperature.

[illegible] remarkably high all of them ranging to the meeting points in the Church steeples, and most of them to the degree of Fever. We cannot state more upon the blue, but seems in two great unanimity are at variance the [illegible] Mercury being due North. While the rabble [illegible] wrote to the Board. We have referred to a little [illegible] and a hole in our back garden, but can obtain nothing satisfactory, as the sphinx is no waiting to his tricks [illegible] perpetually turning round. The prevailing tops on the Bench [illegible] the height on the Peak is the old hat we [illegible] many of whom were richly ready [illegible] a [illegible] adapt on their morals as their hot climates. They be [illegible] musical.

THE DUBLIN REPORT.

[illegible] considerable demand for sugar in the latter part of the week, [illegible] After some dearth, the demand [illegible] by printing out sugar sticks which agreed for immediate consumption.

Blows are already in the heads of the bakers. Spring greetings are to be met [illegible] and have risen as high as five [illegible] The stocks [illegible] by unsuccessful have caused many [illegible] in the week together. Chimney pots went off rapidly on Wednesday last, and are said to have decreased in value, in consequence.

There are [illegible] quantities in the neighbourhood of some of the heavy articles; and a great deal has been done in sheep, of which a considerable quantity has been consigned to Texas, and directed to Timbuctoo, where it will be shortly sold off.

PLEASANT PARKS.

(In your days.) Sir, exactly: but I've a sister that does
Why do bakers require all they earn?
Because they sweat (tread) all they make.
Why is a Mahometan better off than other man?
Because he always has a surplus (suit) by him.

EASY STEPS.

Hanging is an easy step for the "Start of Government." Annexation is an easy step to Taxation. Issuing Debentures is an easy step to repudiation. Stealing a pocket handkerchief is an easy step to Mr. Medina's. A sin at law is an easy step to ruin. Taking your Son in an advocate is an easy step to the devil. Trading during is an easy step to insolvency. Keeping bounds is an easy step to the dogs, and three Sheets of Mill Prints are an easy step to no necessy a (dose) step, as any Gentleman would wish to avoid trying on.

'TIS TIME FOR ANNEXATION.

[illegible] Sirens are [illegible] in the [illegible]

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 2.

THE POLICEMAN.

A policeman is one who, being paid to preserve the peace, invariably is the first to break it. He is sometimes, in derision, called a civil officer, while incivility is his great characteristic. Having knocked an unoffending passenger down, he orders him to move on. He is in league with all disorderly houses who fee him liberally; and accepts bribes indiscriminately from all classes; though preferring the five-dollars of some notorious offender, he does not disdain the penny of the peripatetic prig. Being of the force he is a man in power. He is insulting to the weak and defenceless, valorous amidst little boys, despotic over old women, and woe betide the houseless wanderer who comes across his path. His remonstrances are blows while with him the best argument is his truncheon. He is a superior illustration of the humanity of a Canadian, an honor to the civilised country in which he is allowed to exist; and a specimen of what unobtrusive merit, petty power, and a short-cudgel can effect, when well organized. The Certificates of his meritorious and truly christian services are found in the very properly broken heads of the scoundrel householders, by whom he is paid, who refuse to do his bidding. Without his praiseworthy and persevering efforts, the contusion ward of the hospital would be tenantless; and the rising generation of Surgeons would be ignorant of the noble art of trepanning. To his credit be it spoken, he gives his valuable services to his country, and dispenses blows and benefits for a paltry stipend paid when the corporation have the necessary funds.

THE CALL BOY.

The call boy is one of the many flowers born to blush unseen in the illuminated and fairy gardens, behind the scenes of a Theatre. Mr. Tomkins as Richard the Third, would cut a sorry figure, and very little mutton, did not the voice of the Call Boy summon him from the cheerful discussion of a friendly glass of Brandy-and-water, in the sanctum of his dressing-room, to the desperate mimic deeds of blood and death on the canvass board foot, and wing light illuminated representation of Bosworth Field. "King Richard! Catesby! Buckingham, Richmond, and Stanley!" shouted at the top of the Call Boy's voice, knocks up a game of Cribbage between two of the adverse faction, and disturbs the demolition of "the high-reaching Buckingham's" twelve oysters, and a pint of half and half. The Call Boy's power commences with the "Ten minutes, Ladies and Gentlemen," previous to the performance of the overture. His next word of command is, "Overture is on" and lastly, "Every body down to begin" addressed to those first on his list; and lastly "Curtain's up," shouted for the information of all concerned in the play. His business is not only to inform the actors when their "scene is on" but also to supply them with their "properties."

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of his usual address! King Richard, called twice, Sir. Truncheon and blank sheet of paper, and ring for Lady Anne, Lady Anne to return it after she is dead. Lord Stanley ready. P. S. with letter for Richmond. Othello, caudle and dagger. Pillow on bed. Desdemona will thank you, Sir, not to stab hard, as the dagger's rather sharp, and Juliet lost the spring one in Capulets Monument. Macbeth. Property, rose pink and sponge for blood.—Please keep handles clean. 1st Entrance, O. P. 1st Entrance P. S. Looking glass, lump of Chalk and Towel. Please be quick, Sir, 'cos Macduff has been dining out and swears he'll "only knock twice."

Such are the instructions and offices given and performed by a Call Boy, a kind of Dramatic linch-pin—exceedingly useful, and absolutely necessary to keep the whole working machinery together, but, like that, little thought of, till out of place; and then trifling as it appeared, an upset is the consequence.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

Mr. Workman, commenced a speech the other night, at an annexation meeting with the following words; "Gentlemen, I have a great mind——

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

In Notre Dame Street, we observe that second-hand coats are considerably more *worn* than new ones. Indeed last years fashions seems to prevail; and although Chesterfields, Waterfords, Alberts and Taglionis, have had their day, Black-guards are to be seen as frequently as ever in all societies. Trousers of last years cut, and don't-come-again to the same tailor's, are still in vogue with those who have no change, the late dirty weather gives them a splashy appearance. We saw a gentleman in pumps on an improved principle, which received and exhausted the water with the same action. Generally speaking, garments after the prevailing modes are very much behind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The late winds have been remarkably high, all of them reaching to the weather-cocks on the Church steeples, and most of them to the towers of Notre-Dame. We cannot state from what quarter the blow has come, as two great authorities are at variance, the game cock on the Nunnery being due North; while the fish on Christ-church sticks to the South. We have referred to a little man with a gun, on a pole in our back garden, but can obtain nothing satisfactory, as he appears to be waltzing to his favorite air, and keeps perpetually turning round. The prevailing fogs on the River have transferred the freight on the boats to the old fog-ys the passengers many of whom were frighted greatly: which had a favorable effect on their morals as from bad christians they became good quakers.

TRADE REPORT.

There has been a considerable demand for sugar in the nurseries of the Home departments. After some demur, the demand was satisfied by giving out sugar-sticks which served for immediate consumption.

Bricks are steady in the hands of the holders. Some descriptions are looking up considerably and have risen as high as five stories. The stories told by annexationists have caused annexation to rise even higher. Chimney pots went off rapidly on Wednesday last, and are said to have decreased in value, in consequence.

Oats are seen in small quantities in the neighbourhood of some of the livery stables; and a great deal has been done in chaff, of which a considerable quantity has been consigned to Punch, and directed to Toronto, where it will be shortly sold off.

STRAY SPARKS.

Do you draw? Not exactly; but I've a blister that does.
Why do bakers require all they earn?
Because they knead (need) all they make.
Why is a clergyman better off than other men?
Because he always has a surplice (surplus.

EASY STEPS.

Humbug is an easy step for the "Seat of Government." Annexation is an easy step to Taxation. Issuing Debentures is an easy step to repudiation. Stealing a pocket handkerchief is an easy step to Mr. McGinn's. A suit at law is an easy step to ruin. Articling your Son to an advocate is an easy step to the devil.—Tandem driving is an easy step to insolvency. Keeeping hounds is an easy step to the dogs, and three bottles of Milk Punch are an easy step to as uneasy a (door) step, as any Gentleman would wish to avoid lying on.

'TIS TIME FOR ANNEXATION.

The Times are so hard in the vicinity of Quebec that the butchers only kill half a pig at a time.

SONG OF THE HARD UP.

I would love thee through life,
Mid'st its joys and its sadness,
Its smiles and its strife,
Its hopes and its badness.
Thou hast woven a spell
To charm all, save the frowns
Of my Ma, who cries shell—
Yes, shell out the browns.

Oh, blame fate and not me,
I can never deceive;
My heart's love! 'tis thee
I adore while I grieve!
Oh, with rapture I think
Of the time when John vowed he
Was mine; now I shrink
When Ma says—he's a rowdy.

They tell me true love,
E'en through life, ne'er forgets
The one who can prove
Its hopes and regrets.
Love's faults! I deplore them,
True faith is my sin;
But while I weep o'er them,
He's hard up for tin.

He watched o'er my youth,
He'd have borne for me rather
The wretched world's ruth,
Would my mother, my father!
This I know; but, alas!
My hard-hearted mother
Cries—"tip up the brass,
Or you'll find it more t'other!"

MORE COPY.

"More copy, please Sir."

"Go to the Devil."

"So I will, when I get it, Sir."

"Which way do you go home?"

"To the Quebec Suburbs."

"How much do you want?"

"Half a column, Sir."

"Take the whole of Nelson's column, and book the extra half to next week's account."

"But the printer says he wants a light article."

"Then lead out all you've got."

"We have, as much as we could, but you sent so much lead in them, the compositors say they won't stand any more."

"Tell the printer I'm out, and you couldn't find me."

"Oh, please, he's a waiting at the corner, and knows better than that, as he has just been speaking to your washerwoman, who says she's been a waiting these three hours,"

"Well, I've no idea."

"That's what he says, Sir."

"Hold your tongue, you ink-spotted imp; hold your tongue, or if—(*A single knock at door.*)—Run down stairs as hard as you can pelt; and if that is the washerwoman say, I am gone to Toronto."

THE COLONEL'S LAST.

Why is reading Punch like a popular zest for meat? asked Mr. Benjamin Holmes of the Colonel?

"Because its "reading sauce" was the instantaneous reply.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have received our usual private despatch from Earl Grey; and, as he wishes, shall not communicate their contents.

MONTREAL MELODIES.

OR

DITTIES FOR THE DONE.—No. 1.

SONG OF THE GROCER.

Oh! you're gone to the West—
You are gone there for me;
And you've drunk all my Brandy
My Coffee—my Tea,
You emptied my shop
And—you've emptied my till
You've used all my goods
And wont pay your bill,
Oh! may trouble pursue you
From daylight 'till dark
You chiseller;—you diddler,
You—"GOVERNMENT CLERK."
Oh! I need not complain,
For I know its no use
To tell all your doings
To "Egglin the Bruce"
If he offer'd to give
An—*Indemnity Bill*,
'Twould be Government Swindling,
(Unpopular still)
Ah! no there is nothing
Left now for me,
But to look for employment
With Shakspeare and Lee;
And this be my prayer
In daylight and dark;
Debentures pursue you
You—GOVERNMENT CLERK!

NOTICE TO EVERY BODY.

The Proprietors of the Aerial Ship, are prepared to take contracts for the instant removal of the "*Seat* of Government" at a moments notice, with all the hungry English, Irish, Scotch, and French, half-breeds that sit on it—to any part of the Province.—The Governor as well as the Government Clerks, will see the great advantage in this speedy mode of transit, the former will escape all rotten eggs or games at *Chicken Hazard*, the latter by avoiding their creditors will be ABOVE *doing a bad action*.

NOTICE TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Punch has been favored with a sight of a newly discovered sort of *bean*, called the "has-been." It is rather a seedy specimen and Punch thinks it is not nutricious.

NOT UNLIKELY.

The Yankee papers are trying to get up a war-cry in the United States, against England about the "Mosquito" business.—They may get up a good cry, but Punch thinks the Yankees would have all the tears on their side for the getting into a war would give them something to cry for."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"I'll be blowed first" as the bad fire said when it was wanted to burn up.

"I insist on your taking your hat off" as the high wind said to the Quaker.

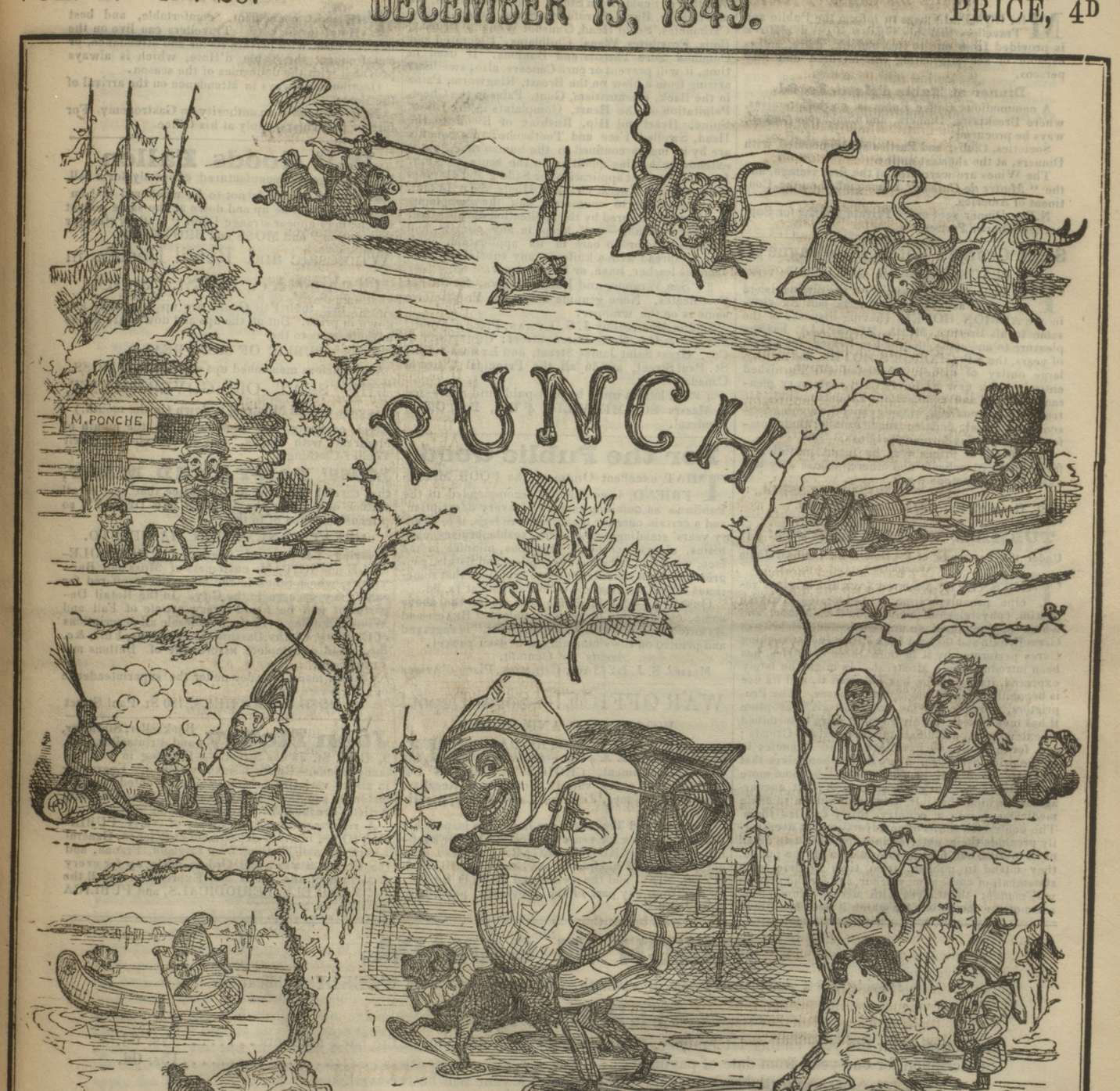
"Thats a bad *pas*," as the man said, when he saw a dancing master kick his son.

"I'll give you a turn," as the curling iron said to the straight hair.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. B. DEWALDEN, Montreal.

B. DAWSON, *Bookseller and Stationer*, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 25. DECEMBER 15, 1849. PRICE, 4D



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN McCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada.

Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustrations, for 1850. J. McCOY, Montreal.

COMPAIN'S RESTAURANT,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured.

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N.B.— Dinner sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL), has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visits the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.

THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has been introduced into Montreal. As might be lately expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily preclude their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other cause. Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gunshot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ringworm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street; and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH and BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,

Messrs. S. J LYMAN, CHEMIST, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, CHOICEST BRANDS OF SEGARS, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseradas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

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THE most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibusses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N.B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! bu that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Clothing, &c., 180 St. Paul-St.,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

As the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and BROTHERS, whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c., and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

Clothes made to order under the superintendence of a First rate Cutter.

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A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States, and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers ..... 7s. 6d.

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Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to Non-Subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

A GREAT TRAVELLER.

Mr. B. Hamburger (what is the gentleman's name in English?) of No. 15 King Street, sells wines, cigars, and tobaccos,---that is to say, he wishes to sell these articles; and for the purpose of accomplishing his wish, he has issued a circular in which he asserts of the aforesaid wines, cigars and tobaccos, that "he SELECTED THEM IN PERSON, AND IMPORTED THEM DIRECT."

Mr. B. Hamburger must be a wonderful man, a Baron Munchausen, a Gulliver, a Mungo Park, a Sinbad the Sailor, all rolled into one. What a determination he must have possessed of getting the real genu*wine* thing for his customers, when he took the trouble of visiting the various wine-pressing and tobacco growing countries, which he must have done, if, as he asserts, "he selected them *in person* and imported them *direct*." Punch fancies he sees him tossing on the Atlantic with an unpleasant interior sensation, bent on visiting the sunny fields of Ardennes with the fell purpose of investing capital in a basket of champagne; again, regardless of danger, Punch sees him riding with the desperation of a "*Times* courier," over the bloody fields of Germany; and, being taken for a spy, amidst a shower of bullets discharged from a patent rifle he escapes only through the fleetness of his horse, and reaching "Metternich" completes his purchase of one bottle of "*that* Johannisberg." His interview with Queen Isabella respecting the pint of Port and the account of the glass of Sherry, seized on the frontiers of Spain,---his conversation with the Sultan on the price of the best Turkish,---his astonishment when in Virginia he found himself the purchaser of a nigger head (and body) instead of the ounce of negro-head tobacco he thought he was bidding for, ---and his adventures in the West Indies, the Brazils, South America, and the thousand other places he visited, to select his stock "in person and import it direct," are highly interesting; but hitherto Mr. B. H. has kept them to himself, or tells them only to his customers on their purchasing the several articles of his stock, to each of which is attached some recollection of hair-breadth 'scapes, or some mysterious legend of £ s. d.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Here we are in Toronto. But here, if you wish to prevent the dismemberment of the Empire of your Royal Mistress: if you desire to serve the country you are paid £7000 a year to govern, here you must not stay. Personally I can have no ill-feeling against your Excellency; my opposition to you is purely political. It may be mistaken; at least, it is honest. As a husband, as a father, as a man desirous to disseminate the blessings of education; and anxious to promote the happiness of the meanest over whom you rule: you are entitled to the esteem of all. As a politician you are rash even to madness: and short-sighted almost to blindness. You have raised a whirlwind which you can neither guide nor arrest. You have destroyed the foundations of authority in Canada, it will require an abler hand than yours to build them up again. And yet you may have been an unwitting instrument; the combustibles were there, the train was laid: your hand did but apply the Torch. The old Colonial system of Government was unsound: it might have been likened to a rotten tree root; trunk and branches, all decayed: A mass of Touchwood. It stood in Montreal. It crumbled away exposed to the heat of the Rebellion Bill. It disappeared in the flames of the Parliament House. It is dust and ashes: And yet you think it exists, and not you alone but many well meaning persons share your delusion. Because you are called Governor! because you have a certain number of Gentlemen termed Executive Councillors, and understand me, whether these are called Hincks and Lafontaine or McNab and Cameron, the case is the same; because you have a Parliament! because you give the Royal assent to laws: and because all the machinery of governing a nation seems to be at work, you fancy Canada has a Government and some Canadians fancy they are governed. It is all a myth. The system is dead, what is true of the whole is true of the parts: all you government people are parts, therefore you are all dead. As individuals you have vitality, but in what relates to the functions supposed to be delegated to you, by the people from whom all power springs, you are absolutely and undeniably defunct.

May it please Your Excellency.

I will prove my assertion.

The will of the people determines their form of Government. Its vital principles are their sympathy and affection. Without these it has none. What sympathy and what affection has the people of Canada for their present system of Government? Ask those who rebelled in '36 and '37; enquire of the British League: demand of the Annexationists; listen to the mutterings of party-hacks who support you and your fellow myths because in so doing they "support their party"; read the owl-like letter of Mr. Robert Baldwin to Mr. "Wete and Flower"; hear the owl turned cuckoo with the endless note of "party! party!! party"!!! For years Canada has been a living body tied to a carcase hourly growing more and more putrid. Ignorance, and ignorance alone has prevented the people of England from long since insisting on a burial place being provided for the loathsome thing. And you, my Lord, would embalm it, and how? With the over-proof spirits of political prostitution: perfumed with the essence of rats (musk-rats of course); and a feeble extract of opposition benches. My lord, my lord, the people of Canada has willed that the carcase shall be cut away: that its hideousness shall no more be hid by gaudy trappings; that it and its pestilential exudations of high-salaried embalmers, needless expenditure, law-leeches, party politics and party plundering, shall be swept into the ocean of time and be no more known in the land. This must be done, my Lord, and this will be done, because not one man can be found in Canada who advocates "things as they are"; and it is this phase in Provincial politics which is almost unprecedented. A change is inevitable. But what change? There is but one either "practicable or desirable," and that is Annexation; but not to the neighbouring Republic; not to Yankee knavery, not to Yankee dishonesty, not to Yankee poverty; and as a nation, the Yankees are poor; but to England. Since the days of Edmund Burke this subject has not been considered by British Statesmen, because England lost the Thirteen States from insisting on her right to tax them without granting them Colonial Representation. People are wiser in these days. A considerable party in this country would willingly allow the United States to tax them, through their Representatives, knowing that peace and good government must be paid for. Can not Canada negociate for terms with England. She will annex herself to the States or to England. It will require a general organization of men of all politics to accomplish either. The Representative of Her Majesty should lead the British party. A large proportion of that party will not be led by you; they repudiate you as the Yankees do their debts. By remaining here you injure their cause and promote that of their enemies.

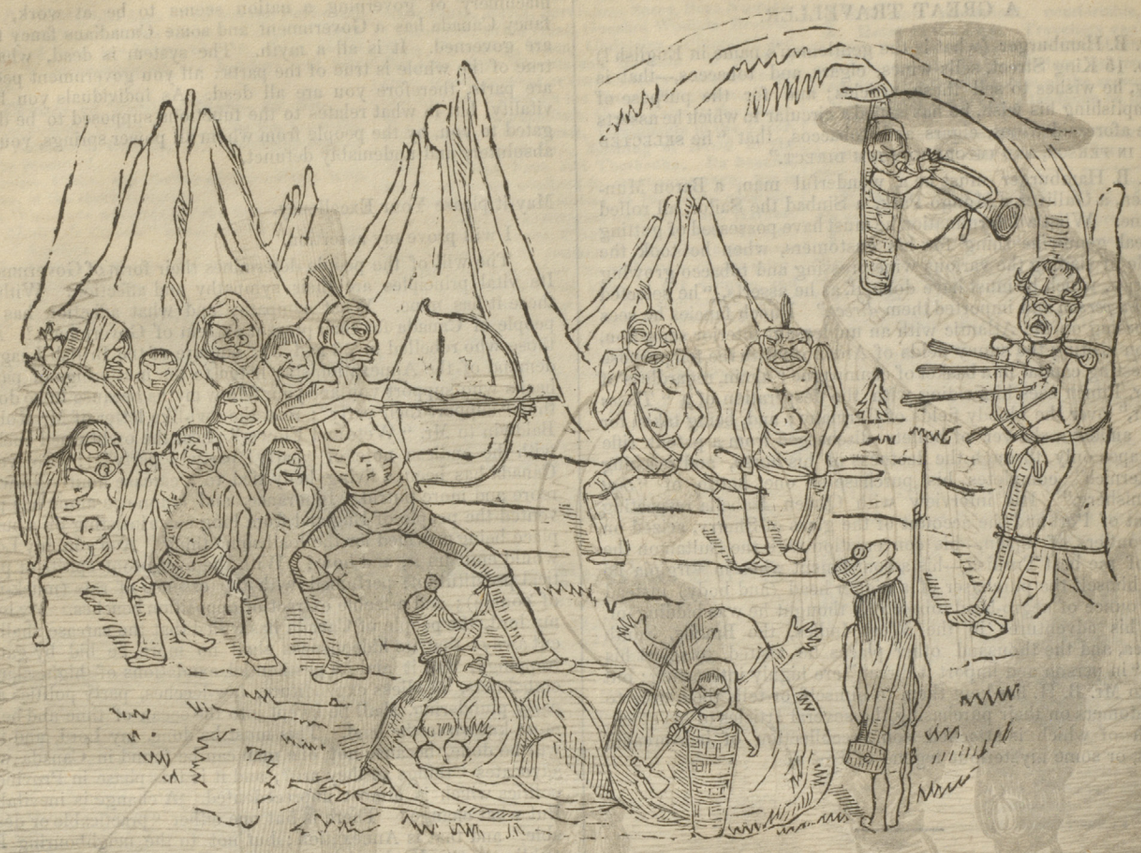
Once more imploring you to go home,

I remain your obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

A WONDERFUL DIGESTION.

"A Digest of Cases" is announced by Mr. John Hillyard Cameron. What cases has Mr. Cameron been digesting? Can he have digested the fifteen hundred pounds worth of packing cases made for the removal of the furniture and fire-wood of the Government officials? If so, his digestive powers must be extraordinary. He must be case-hardened. If Mr. Cameron can stomach the present administration, who are a set of the hardest cases in Canada, will he oblige Punch by digesting them? Mr. Cameron may have digested the cases first alluded to, but will the people digest their cost?



RANDOM SHOTS, FROM A RIFLEMAN AT MICA BAY.

Miker Bay (no date up here, wich is lost.)

DEAR HUGGINS,

On cartritch paper, with ink made of gun-powder dilewted with Superior water, and with a hiron pen constitewted out of a ramrod, I trace these lines, my covey, with a steady 'and but a bitter art. It is not the part of a so'ger to repine at the vissitudes wich the 'Oss-Guards imposes upon him in the tower of his dooty, but wen a Rifle has nothink left upon him but his Stock, I say he is not by no means sich a Bow as the 'Oss Guards would have him be; and cander compels me to state that my sitewation at the present riting, is one in wich Private feelings of decency struggles for mastery with Corporal Retchedness. Now, Huggins, don't you tell anythink about this to Mary Hann at the top of Bay Street, wich might Arrow her feelings for the fate of her Bow, and wich poor girl's last gift of a hawburn lock—(it wasn't red, was it, Huggins?)—at present shares with many other curosities, the scalp department of the mewzeum of a Haboriginal nobleman with an edd like a copper biler. Eaven knows my art-strings is twined about that hawburn lock! But, a trooce with scentiment; —and to the courser seines in a soldier's checkered life, as Peter Quin said of the 79th ighlanders, in fascetious allewsion to their tartan legs. The fust thing, old feller, that strikes a stranger on coming to these parts, is generally a tommy-hawk,—an instrewment wich the Haboriginal uses with remarkable skill and precishun, in the most delicate as well as the ruder hoperations of domestick husbandry;—from pairing his flourishing toe-nails, to cutting a sliver off his Bare 'ams, wich is a meat wich many shews here in preference to Dear mutton. If anythink strikes the visiter after that, it will be, perhaps, the wonderful haptitude wich these red creechers hexibit in catching up the hairs of the swyvelized millingtary man. At this moment a squad of what they calls *papooses* here,—but I calls 'em copper miners, on account of their tender years and penny-ha'penny compleckshins,—a squad of them little devils, dressed in natur's euniform of tighty-brown, is a drilling out in the open air, and the byrometer, I can't tell how many degrees below Nero. In another corner of the lance-cape, fieldsports of a pekewliar disposition is in full hoperation. It is a meeting of the tox-hofilite club of Miker Bay;—an institewshun wich includes every body here,—the redskins doing of the harchery, and the wite folk enjoying a ansome post in the sitewashun of target,—everybody being considered a bull's-eye all round the third button of his veskit. Bugler Cheeks, of our company, is the present wictim of fashnibble sportivity. Being a favourite here with the gentle secks, on account of his mewsick, he has been allowed to retain his euniform, and the game is tying him up to a tree and shooting at him with blunt harrows, wich only goes in about a inch and sticks,—for the creechers is wonderful careful not to hurt. I have an itching for Mary Hann, wich I enclose you to give her. It exibits the seine,—she will excuse its courseness. But swyvelization has not marched up here with the Rifle Brigade, nor is it for the Oss Guards to put it in orders. We are not egzackly prisoners here, only we couldn't get away if we wanted, and our haxions is subject to a rayther unpleasant control,—as our clothing is all taken from us, and I have nothink upon me egcept a coat of blue paint, wich would be a great saving in buttons if the Prinse would only put the army into it. Our Commizary Officer is painted yaller, by way of compliment, and the warriors generally has him employed making soup out of wild cats or sich like, wich is reckoned game up here. Most of our



THE RAT CATCHER.

Rat Catcher.—"Buy a Rat, Master! One of the real Sherwood Forest sort, and warranted to give good sport."

Young Gentleman.—Would n't have it at any price. Do n't like the looks of it.



THE RAT CATCHER.

company Officers is made chiefs and tattooed all over, wich is a tattoo *they* never expected to turn in with wen jining their mess;---and they makes a lanced corperl of a man in a minute, by touching him delegately up with a spear. O, Huggins, I wish the Oss Guards was up here dont I, that's all;---though I egspect, wen the Hiron Dook comes to hear of this, there'll be a crow to pluck with some folks in Canada, and no Saxe to hold the feathers, There's a scroo loose somewares, and if the Haboriginals hadn't been done by the Govmt, Mary Hann of Bay Street wouldn't ave to deplore the habsence of her true soger. We ain't wanted up here---that's the wust of it;---there's no breech of the peace, nor any breeches at all among the stowical red creechers as I can see, but a universal owl for justice goes up to eaven in a manner orrible to ear. There's a war dance or some sich selebrashun going on before my abused eyes this very minnit. Squaws of all sizes is dancing in a ring, to the mewsic of Cheeks's bugle, he being out on paroll for that purpose;---there aint nothink much to talk of in the way of dress;---sich a peel of belles I never see. One of 'em dont dance so bad; and skantily decorated as she is with nothink on but my shako; her fine phigger shines out in the morning sun like a copper cast of Tallyony. Dont shew this to Mary Hann on no accounts; but give her the enclosed, containing my scalp, wich was obligingly removed for me by a fasceeshus young warrior friend. Poor Mary Hann!---she will sometimes ile the Lock of her Rifle with her tears. Ajew, Huggins, and pray eaven to put a more propishus sky over

Your unhappy comrade,

GILES GRUBB,

To Corperl HUGGINS, Rifleman.

Rifle Brigade, Toronto.

MONTREAL TWISTERS.

The following paragraphs are taken from the report published in the *Montreal Gazette*, of the annual Thistle Curling Club dinner.

"Mr. Shipway sang, "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her."

Mr. A. Heward sang "Rule Britannia."

Now Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward are signers of the Address declaring that her Majesty's reign is by no means conducive to their individual prosperity or to that of the country they inhabit. They are not paid vocalists, who, for a guinea and a dinner, would sing "Here's a Health to old Satan," or "Rule Apollyon," with equal nonchalance and effect: but they are private gentlemen and good fellows, desirous of promoting the social enjoyment of their friends, therefore they do themselves injustice; and wrong their friends by chanting loyal songs, the soul-inspiring words of which must fall from disloyal lips spiritless and tame,---and tame and spiritless singing is by no means agreeable. Punch pities the Curlers on the occasion alluded to, and recommends Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, if they have any desire to do justice to their fine voices and masterly style of singing, to study "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia." There was one song sung by Mr. Greenshields after the toast of the "Quebec Curling Club, and the Curling Clubs of Canada," which Punch does not rightly understand, unless Curlers are Tee-totallers. The song was, "Round the Tee." Is a Curling dinner, tea and toast, or what connexion has a song celebrating a party sitting "Round the tea" with the toasts usually given at a dinner? although dinner toasts and tea-toasts resemble each other in the important essential of being disagreeable unless well buttered.

Punch might have anticipated that in the Montreal Thistle Curling Club numerous Twisters would be found, seeing that curling is twisting. Weeds also might be expected in a Thistle Club: but the wonderful twists displayed at the Club dinner in Montreal by the weeds of annexation, Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, must have caused the lips of many a keen-witted Curler to curl with suppressed laughter, at hearing them shouting the loyal strains of "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her," and "Rule Britannia."

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

1st December, 1867.—Walking through Holmes' Park, that was the old French Square, did pause to see the Fountain, which they now do call the Washington Squirt; but which I do remember old Sandy Simpson proud when it first did play. Boys at play there, and much sport by blowing the water in the faces of the female passengers, which made me think of the watering of roses with a small garden-pot. Then to the Parliament, to see ye Battle of Mile-End, painted on two miles canvass. General John Bailey Turner there as large as life, on a spavined horse, and hewing down the British with a bowie-knife. Also Brigadier Ben Holmes in the distance of the picture sitting on a flour-barrel and bleeding at ye nose, which made me laugh to see, though melancholy to think of. And in the fore-ground John Rose, dressed like a Scottish Chief, which methought a poor conceit, and better had been the uniform of ye Tomkins Independent Blues.

3rd December, 1867.—My wife and I in a cab to the American Museum, which Moses Hays did build, and where I do remember Jem Wallack act the first time it was opened for a play-house. Lectures there on Republicanism, by a sallow, poor-looking old man, one Harrison Stephens, who did afterwards stand on his head and suck a Sherry-Cobbler, at which much laughter. Afterwards a comic song by Frank Johnson, with a sneezing chorus whereat my wife in fits, saying she do remember Frank always considered up to snuff. Frank grown somewhat stout as I think, and wearing a brown wig. Then to the Ladies American Coffee-House, where had supper of clam-soup, and my wife a brandy-smash, I preferring ye cocktails of gin. Much sport here betting on the election for President, though their tickets I do not understand,---but Tully, seemingly a great man, and his picture up in most ye public houses, which did make a poor African cry, reminding him of ye Ourang-outang of his native mountains. Home by moonlight and to bed, where my wife did make me a gift of a blue woollen night-cap, which do remind me of the people called French Canadians in the olden time.

9th December, 1867.---To-day to bottle up some good strong beer, and gave a shilling for doing the same to one John Molson, a ragged old man but very handy at this work. My wife do laugh much at his legs, for which I did chide her, quoting some scripture to her shame. Afterwards to the Tully Bowling Saloon, where saw Jacob DeWitt wrangling with John Gordon Mackenzie, about a strike, they wanting John Dougall to decide; but John asleep on the benches, which now seemeth his great delight, and would not be made umpire. Home at dusk, and to reading an old number of the Montreal *Courier*, terribly fierce and loyal to ye Queen of England. To bed late, and did dream of John Bailey Turner on ye spavined horse.

LIBERAL EDITORS.

Liberal Editors are men who allow no one to differ in opinion from themselves; therefore when two liberal editors quarrel, the style in which they blackguard each other is highly amusing to an unconcerned looker on. The *Globe* and the *Examiner* are delicious specimens of two fighting liberals. They were once great friends, of course they know something of each other, and if either of them be worthy of belief, one or the other is about the most unscrupulous, and unconscionable, and time serving and corrupt scoundrel in existence? Which of them is it? Punch is sleepless with anxiety until the question is decided.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

Job or somebody else remarked that every man had his price, and yet Mr. Malcolm Cameron objects to the Ministers having theirs. How could any one buy Ministers if they had no price, besides, that which has no price is usually worthless. However, Mr. Malcolm Cameron looked at the question in another light,---he thought that getting rid of the present Commissioner of Crown Lands and giving the office to him, would make the present a priceless Ministry.

PUNCH AND HIS PAPA.

Know ye the City where Butchers and Tailors
Are emblems of men who were done in my time,
Where the sighs of the victims, the grins of the *railers*
Now burst into swearing, now melt into brine?
Know ye the City of eggs and of stones:
Where grass-widows are dwelling in desolate homes;
Where Fortin the fearless, not loving the light:
Brought his troop from La Prairie in dead of the night;
Where Mackenzie and Rose would "annex" us "right off";
And Holmes and DeWitt spouted columns of froth?
If they had what they wanted, the comical elves,
They'd soon "up the spout" find their own precious selves!
Where the grocers are soft as the butter they sell,
And all, (save the people who don't) pay them well?
'Tis the birth-place of Punch; of that city he's son,
Can he smile when he thinks how his father's been done?
No! Salt are his tears when he ponders the larks
Of the Tories, the Bruce and the Government Clerks.

GLORIOUS OLD NORFOLK'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,
Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,
Oh! let me batten on the public purse at ease.

The case of Crooks, my knavery bespeaks,
My actions all proclaim my lengthened ears,
And many a wrinkle in my shrivelled cheeks
Has been a channel for my knavish tears.

Yon Court, erected by the fiery Blake,
Made me a servile, fawning, truckling tool,
Corruption there her residence does take,
But though a knave don't make of me a fool.

Hard is the fate of a despised old rat,
Begging for parings of the Public cheese,
Give me a slice of Ministerial fat,
Give me that Judgeship in the Common Pleas.

Oh, send me to its rogue-consoling shade,
Or I shall be most positively sold—
And though your choice the Judgment seat degrade,
Think I am poor, and miserably old.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,
Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,
Oh! let me batten on the Public purse at ease.

SONGS OF SEPARATION.

NO. 2.

"The times, the times, the troubled times!"—
No song but this will sell;
It rings upon the Church-yard chimes,
Upon the dinner bell.
The wind that whistles down the bay,
And round Gibraltar point,
To every wave I hear it say,—
"The times are out of joint."

Old quacks about the patient go,
On amputation bent;—
Hold, bungler, there, that clumsy blow
Aimed with a foul intent!
If nought can save but hatchet law,
Go, axe thy way with fools;
But I will hold the good old saw,—
"Beware of sharp-edged tools!"

"Any employment here for a quill-driver?"—As the porcupine said to the country editor.

"Wait a bit till I draw your tooth,"—As the artist said when he sketched the elephant.

"What do you think of my dips?"—As the sperm-whale said when he went down with the tallow-chandler.

JUDY'S PETITION,

addressed to the Patron Saint of Scotland, on seeing a Gentleman in full Highland costume at the St. Andrew's Ball.

Blest shade of St. Andrew, proclaim if you please
Your wish that your votaries cover their knees;
Kilts cannot be pleasant in such freezy climes,
And look rather odd in these modern times.
We know your disciples, when broadcloth was rare,
Were obliged to dispense with breeches to wear,
Because their gude wives for themselves kept *the* pair,
And the petticoat left as the gude man's best share;
But believe me, dear Saint, the old Hieland passion
For bare legs and arms, is quite out of fashion,
Men might as well go to balls with nought but a sash on.

GRAND PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN BY HIS CONTITUENT PARTS TO J. H. PRICE, ESQ.

The great dinner at Powell's Hotel came off on Thursday. Many of the Guests went to blow themselves out, and that they should afterwards blow themselves up was a natural consequence. We have only room for the following eloquent addresses·

Hon. J. H. PRICE said that he disliked the taste of public life: it was bitter, very bitter—it was gall; but the sweets of the Treasury were sugar, delicious sugar. Altogether the mixture was not unpleasant, but his own disposition was so saccharine; that he cared but little for the Treasury's golden Lollipops, his only desire was to mix the gall which so discomfited the livers of his friends with honey from the hive of Responsible Government. (Unknown voice—Bunkum.) No, it was not Bunkum, it was beer.

Mr. HINCKS explained why Mr. Malcolm Cameron had resigned. The honorable gentleman saw that his friend Malcolm insisted on his friend Price yielding up his crown land stick of barley-sugar. The said barley-sugar to be delivered over for consumption to his friend Malcolm. But as his hon'ble friend Price wanted the barley-sugar for himself, the bad little Malcolm placed his (Malcolm's) sugar-candy at his colleagues' disposal. But they cared but little for this, as they found ministerial sugar-candy greatly in demand and it could be disposed of at an increased rate: certainly the consumption of the friends of the *Examiner*—

The *Examiner* rose, with his hair standing on end—you are a liar.

The *Globe* loomed large—"you are another."

Mr. BALDWIN.—Its true.

Mr. HINCKS.—My colleague is ——

The *Examiner*.—He isn't.

Voices.—Put him to bed.

The row continued for a considerable period. The *Examiner* was effectually shut up; and eventually carried home on a shutter, much disabled. After which, "the party" broke up in great confusion.

SINGULAR FACT.

Mr. H. J. Boulton has lately experienced much anxiety of mind, to relieve which he bought in the market a dog's-eared edition of the works of William Shakespere, and opening the volume he read—

"There's nothing to be got now a days, unless thou canst fish for it."

The Hon. Gentleman instantly procured a rod and line and has been heard of, fishing for a Judgeship in some very dirty waters near the Government House. Punch hopes he will never catch it.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Mr. Henry Sherwood *thinks* that if Ministers would take his opinion as to their appointments he would not be a bad judge.

Mr. F. G. Johnson, Mr. Rose, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, the Magistrates and the Militia Officers who have lately advocated Annexation, and the individuals with "more money than brains" who have subscribed to support an "Annexation Press," *think* they have made fools of themselves.

Lord Elgin *thinks* he'll be another year in Canada.

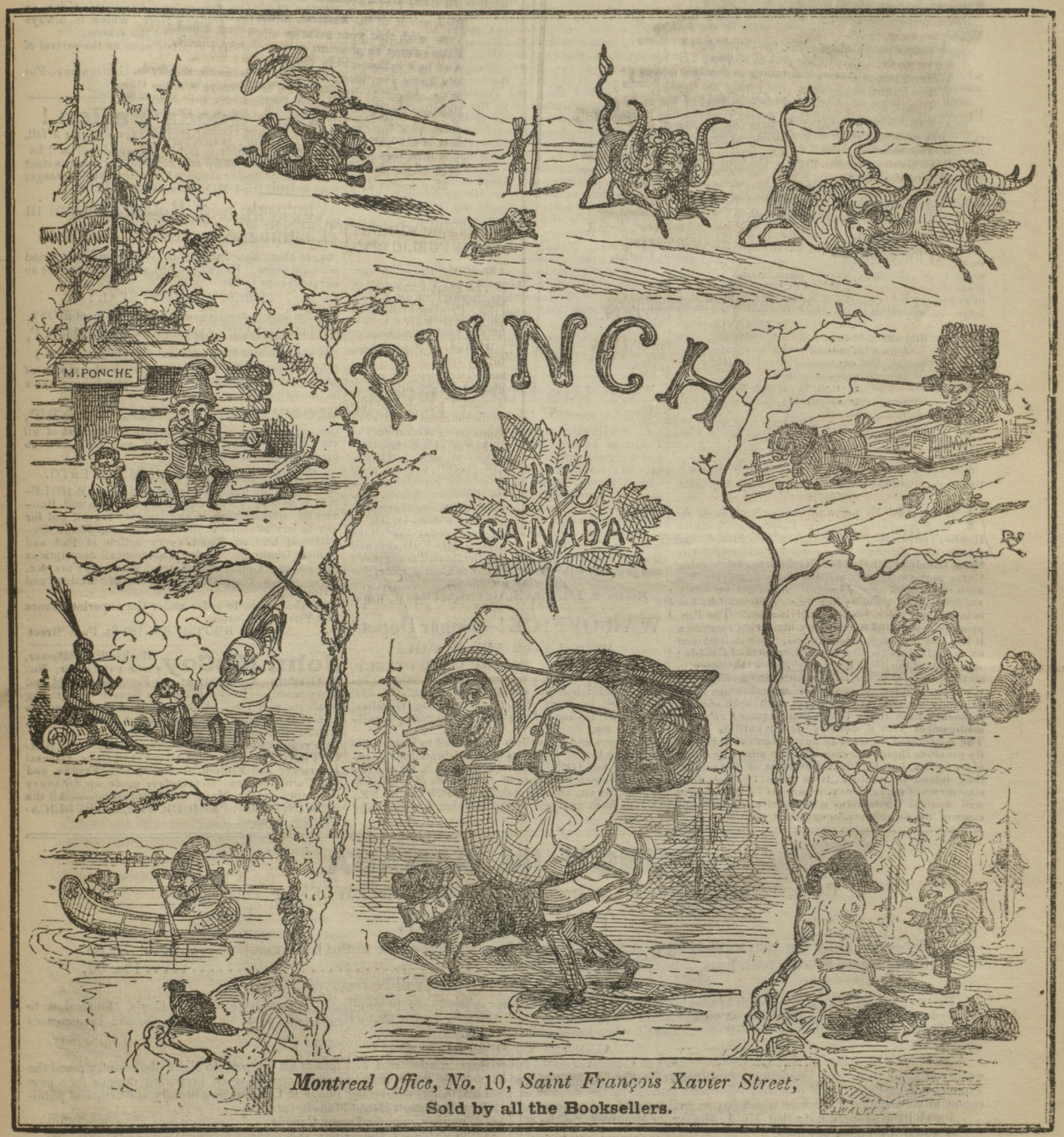
The Ministry *think* the move of the Seat of Government was a move in the wrong direction.

Mr. Malcolm Cameron *thinks* he is better out of Office than in it

The Lower Canadians *think* the Canadian Menagerie will be exhibited at Quebec.

B. DAWSON, *Bookseller and Stationer*, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 26. DECEMBER 22, 1849. PRICE, 4D



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN McCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada.

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Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

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Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's,)
PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

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His Tariff of prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c., 180 St. Paul-St.,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

As the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.) Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

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DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to Non-Subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

To William Lyon Mackenzie, *the fomenter of discord; and the promoter of bloodshed in* 1837; *the repentant Apostle of peace and good will in* 1849.

My Dear Mackenzie,



ET me have a few quiet words with you on behalf of the people of Canada who have vested in me the right of poking my long nose into other people's affairs, when such affairs are of public interest. For the welfare of my clients I would I could see into your heart: it must have been afflicted with disease, ay, foul disease! Has adversity effected a cure? Is your heart sound now? These are questions, my dear Mackenzie, that must be answered ere the people whom you misled will give you a chance of doing so again. For them many excuses may be urged, for you none. You are neither ignorant nor imbecile. You were the Satan of the Rebellion, the greatest and the most hateful of the evil spirits of '37: you are sagacious, adventurous, and intrepid: you possess talents which should exalt you amongst your fellow men: but I fear they are debased by low-cunning and dishonesty. I say I fear this. I hope not. We are commanded to forgive those who trespass against us even as we would be forgiven. The people of Canada have forgiven you: but you must give better evidence than you have done as yet, of a repentant spirit and a changed mind before they again take you into their service. Your recent letters published in the *Examiner* have been rather too self-satisfied; too vain glorious; have partaken too much of the character of injured innocence rather than of the tone which should pervade them, that of humbled guiltiness, to be very satisfactory. Before confidence can be extended to you, you must obtain toleration. Before you can obtain toleration you must read an ample recantation of your errors; you must confess your crimes; you must evince contrition: and this must be done openly and before the people: having done this, having satisfied your judges of your penitence, and having received absolution, you will still have for years to undergo the penalty of contumely and distrust.

I will now draw your attention to one act of yours, which if shame still retains her blush in your composition will dye your cheeks scarlet. I mean the act of writing *the Caroline Almanack and American Freeman's Chronicle for* 1839. *Rochester, N.Y. Mackenzie's Gazette Office.* In which you wrote as follows:

Page 8, *January 5th*, 1839.—*Von Schoultz's murder sanctioned by the* Bloody Queen of England.

Page 13.—*All these murders of the virtuous Canadians are urged on by the* Bloody Queen of England: who is as keen for spilling Canadian blood as her MAD OLD GRANDFATHER GEORGE III.

What a perverted mind, what a malignant heart must have been yours, my dear Mackenzie, when you could indite such words: and deliberately cause them to be printed. With what Devil's pen did you correct the proofs? You must cleanse yourself from this foul blot on your humanity: you must plead that disappointment and revenge had deranged your intellect—had made you mad. In humiliation and with humbleness you must sue for pardon at the footstool of the gracious Queen whom you so foully slandered; you must in penitence ask forgiveness of the subjects of that Queen and swear on the altar of your country, that your future life shall be passed in faithfully serving her and them. If failing to do this the people of Canada take you into their confidence, they will receive a sacrament of infamy and a baptism of disgrace.

Do this and you may yet live to atone and to be honoured of all men: you may assist in working out the regeneration of Canada: you may be a saviour where you have been a destroyer: a blessing where you have been a curse. An exile from the land of your birth and from the country of your adoption: denied the privilege of remaining a subject of the Queen you had reviled; forbidden to share in the liberty of those institutions you had so misunderstood and contemned: you have dwelt in the boasted land of freedom, the Almighty Republic of the United States. You have discovered the hollowness of their mis-called liberty. You have experienced the real tyranny of an unbridled Democracy. You can foresee the desolation and carnage which yet awaits that doomed Republic, when the Demon of Anarchy, who is now skulking through the land, concealing himself in bar-rooms armed with bowie-knives and revolvers, and experimentalizing with Philadelphia riots, Astor place murders, Southern butcheries and Speaker's elections—shall arise to reap his harvest, seeing that the seed he has sown has ripened.

Your experience may prevent this Demon's pestilential march through Canada: you may assist in staying the annexation plague which has broken out and which is but the messenger he sends to prepare the way before him. But before the people of Canada will accept even this benefit from your hands, you must convince them that you are a changed man.

I am, my dear Mackenzie,

Yours most devotedly,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

25th December, 1867—Being Xmas day, to ye church of St. Thomas, which old Tom Molson did build in former days, naming it after himself. There a sermon from the Reverend Mr. Gugy, whom I did know a lawyer before the troubles, and a Colonel of Militia, but ordained now, for the cause ye church do pay well. Much tears from the preacher, who in smooth language denounced ye humbugs and impostors of our day. One Dutton as parish clerk, giving the responses in a nasal twang, and do mangle the English tongue much, though once a schoolmaster. Afterwards to dinner with Tom Molson, the founder of ye church, where wags have said he do expect to find his bier when called away—he being a mighty brewer of strong ale. Much marvel there, to see how folk have forgotten the good old ways of Merrie England; and my wife, not being very discreet, did give much offence I fear, by saying that ye pumpkin-pie had less of Xmas jollity about it than ye plum-pudding—of which they had none. I too, did much regret the misletoe bough, and the freedom of ye pretty damsels beneath it, which made Xmas so merry of old, but dare not tell my wife, so sat by and twirled my thumbs to the musick of ye Tully Polka, a new-fangled measure, but graceful from the hands of a pretty lady who played it, and with whom I did fill my eyes. The conservatory very grand, where saw a tobacco tree growing in a tub, and was shewn a mignionette-box full of a strange vegetable which they called plantation cigars, but to my mind a sort of cabbage. Away very early, and melancholy to think of what I had seen; but my wife would have me go to J. R. Dolly's, where had a good brimming cup of ye fine old wassail, and the smell of plum-pudding did make me cry. Dolly glad to talk of old times and the drinking of old Tom, for which they did found ye Shakspeare Club. But blasphemed much at hearing of ye pork and beans and ye pumpkin-pie at honest Tom Molson's, for which my wife did reprove him, and would take no excuse but a measure of red wine mulled, which J. R. glad to make, so to escape censure. Home by midnight, and to read a chapter in an old book called ye Sketch-Book, the work of one Washington Irving, an American too, but methinks savours more of plum-pudding than of pumpkin-pie. And so made out our Xmas, and to bed, thankful that it was no worse.

STOP! STOP!! STOP!!!

To Cabinet Makers.—The Earl of Elgin's Cabinet having been much damaged in the journey to Toronto, artists are requested to tender their advice (gratis) respecting the best mode of repairing it. A private inspection may be had of the fractured article by applying at Government House. His Excellency has no objection to experimentalizing on its renovation, as he is not afraid it can be worse than it is. Indeed, he rather wishes for a radical change. There are legs and drawers enough left, but it is greatly deficient in the upright portions. His Excellency is not particular as to the materials to be employed in the repair, provided it be made strong enough to secure his Lordship's savings, which are considerable. Tenders to be sent in to Mr. Attorney General Baldwin. N. B.—W. L. Mackenzie need not apply.

SONG OF THE FEEBLE FOUNTAIN.



O, a thirsty, thirsty soul am I,—
  Fill up my pipe and bowl:
Do you think I'll play when my cup runs dry,
  Man of the narrow soul?
The snobbish city pump may be
  Considered a bore in his way;
But I am a fountain bold and free,
  And who shall hinder my say!

Sprung from the old St. Lawrence cold,
  Who at my birth shall sneer?
Though many prefer the tap, I'm told,
  Of Molson's muddy beer,
O, turn the water on, I say,
  Man of the narrow soul!
I fain would play, on this bright young day,
  Then fill up my pipe and bowl.

The matin bell tolls in the morn
  To the silent old Place d'Armes,
But spirits nor spray have I forlorn
  To drink to the glad alarum.
'Twere better the low-bred pump to be,
  Caressed by a rabble rout,—
For though he's a bore, as I've said before,
  He never complains of drought.

When cherry-cheeks go dimpling by,
  I fain would a circling shower
Around them cast of my feathered spray,
  But, O, I lack the power!
Then fill up my feeble pipe, I pray,
  And fill up my thirsty bowl;—
On Christmas Day I'll moisten my clay,
  Man of the narrow soul!

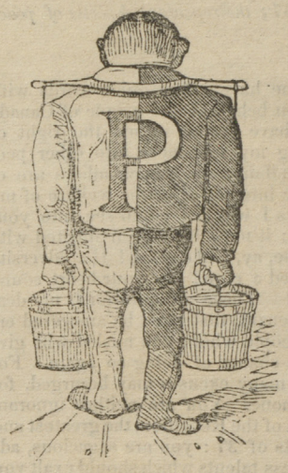
A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Why did not the Hon. H. J. Boulton remain in Newfoundland? Because it was too cold for him: he is only comfortable in hot water.

TOO BAD.

Certain gentlemen have been dismissed from the Custom House by the Inspector General, for taking Government Debentures and putting them into circulation. It is too bad to dismiss officers who shew a desire to lessen the cares of those in charge of the public money, by taking care of it themselves. In fact, if the money was taken for Duty, the gentlemen were only *doing* their duty by taking it.

PROVINCIAL FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



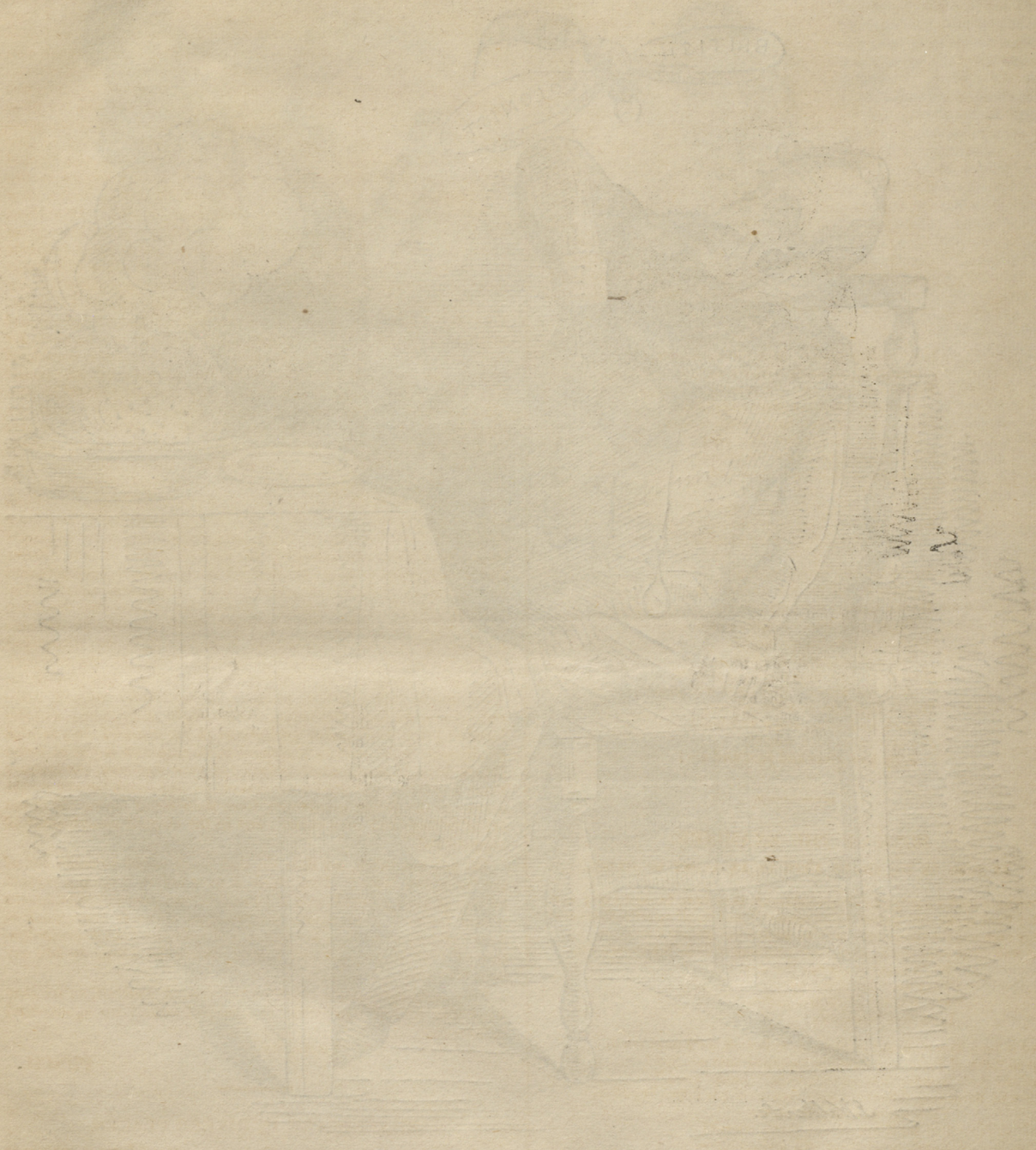
EA-JACKETS continue to be worn—particularly by the fashionable inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary, the prevailing style of garment in which institution is what may be denominated a double P jacket; the residents there affecting a duplicate brand of that mystic initial upon their eccentric and somewhat quaintly devised wrap-rascals. The division of colours, so strictly adhered to by this exclusive circle of exquisites, is not only startling in its effect, but actually admirable for its propriety,—one half of the person wearing a sorrowful dark grey mourning, for the glaring, bright yellow sins committed by the other half. Never were the lights and shades of life more beautifully and affectingly displayed to the feelings, than in this little pictorial device of costume, and the close crop, or shoe-brush style of *coiffure*, so universally adopted by the knowing ones of the establishment—including every body there of the involuntary residents, furnishes the phrenologist with abundant proof that their heads, at least, if not their hearts, are in the right place, viz.—the Provincial Penitentiary. This is about all the fashionable intelligence we have been enabled to glean from Kingston.

At Montreal, muffs appear to have gone out pretty much ever since the departure of the Government *employes* from that *ci-devant* metropolis; and pumps have decidedly fallen into desuetude from the same period. Straps are not worn so much as formerly, by *la Jeune Canada*, such coercive means being no longer required to keep down the buoyant spirits of that circle of rank and fashion, now that the seat of Government has seceded from its centre. Bells may be heard, and Belles seen, in the streets the daylight through, and well on towards the night: not Shakspeare's "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," but sweet belles in cherry-coloured velvet bonnets with cheeks to match, and lips cherrier and velveter than either bonnets or cheeks. Eagle's feathers were set up early in the season; but the wearers felt that they looked like geese, and moulted incontinently, exchanging their uncouth style of head gear for the more appropriate *Plume de la British Lion's tail.* In fur caps the only variety is the *Casque a l'Annexion*—a simple helmet, constructed of a donkey's head dressed with the hair and ears on, and which possesses the comfortable requisite of fitting the wearer exactly like his own skin. Boots are worn very long,—in some instances so long that the annexation question between the upper and lower portions has come to a regular burst, the vamping up of which has led to a terrible consumption amongst cobblers, many being constantly drunk in the perplexity occasioned by the split. The foregoing remarks generally will apply to Quebec, although the observations on which they are based were principally made at Montreal.

Toronto is dressy and gay. Most of the houses in King Street have mounted their winter flannels, and some knowing old bricks button themselves up in pea-jackets, from the cellar-window to the chimney-pot. Indeed, the weather is so mild that the houses appear to live altogether out of doors, and it is quite the *ton* for the chimnies to enjoy their smoke *al fresco.* Illustrated linen is much worn, particularly about the button-holes. A neat article in the way of a pictorial shirt, displaying some historical reminiscences of Punch, with a conundrum on the collar to be solved in the next week's washing, would amply repay the enterprizing haberdasher who might risk its introduction. Amongst the Government Officials the hair is worn remarkably thin, owing to their having parted with most of it on leaving their inconsolable creditors at Montreal,—locks being then taken in exchange, at par, for bolts. The Heads of most of the Departments are nearly bald in consequence, and the majority of them would be all the better of a good wigging.



LITTLE HENRY JOHN sits down to a nice Christmas Pudding, but is prevented from enjoying it by a nasty great wasp.—(Suggested by Hunt's *Boy and Wasp.*)



CHRISTMAS FOR THE PRINTER.



AN Punch be wrong? No! he knows it was in a stray number of the Temperance Advocate, that he saw a mild song, entitled "Here comes winter,"—which staggered along under the good, but rather heavy burden of "Pay the Printer." Nevertheless there was a wet-blanket, muffled tone about it, ill calculated to cheer the Printer. Punch therefore takes up the song, and, throwing a little of himself into it, begs to hand it round for the benefit of that hard-worked and meritorious class.

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Sneezing, freezing round a body;
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Let him have his glass of toddy.
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Freezing up the beer and ale;
Pay the printer, make the printer
Happy with his gin cock-tail.
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Money makes the merry cheer;
In cold winter, in cold winter,—
Beef and pudding, ale and beer.

Merry winter, merry winter,
Circle round the fire so bright;
Here's to you, my jolly printer,
Type of all that's proper, quite.
Happy winter, happy winter,
Fill another jovial glass,—
Here's the lass that loves the printer,
And the Press,—that toast will pass!
Here's to winter and the printer,
Sack and cider, snow and hail!
Jovial printer, jolly winter,
Lass and glass and rum and ale!

SONG OF THE EXAMINER.

AS SUNG ON DECEMBER 19TH IN AN AGONY OF GRIEF.

They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, they have broken every vow,
They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, and its all up with them now.
They care not for the people, they've kicked out honest Cameron,
But wait until next week, when their precious nobs he'll hammer on,
We'll make them rue the day,
They ever dared to say
We wanted place and pay—
Lost, lost Ministry.

Had it been MacNab and Sherwood, to bear it we'd have tried,
But to think of Price and Baldwin asserting that we lied!
Can any body wonder that we should be "kinder riled"
When of those long advertisements they have our hopes beguiled.
Their excuses may be clever—
But we'll not excuse them—never!
But to upset them will endeavour—
Lost, lost Ministry.

There's their blessed Chancery Court with its quibbles and delays,
Which when a cove gets into—why in for life he stays:
They call themselves Reformers, yet adopt the Tory ways,
Of creating monstrous sinecures, for which the country pays,
They may laugh and think it fun,
But they're regularly done,
And we'll make them cut and run—
Lost, lost Ministry.

PUNCH TO MR. DUTTON, OF MONTREAL, PEDAGOGUE.

DEAR SIR,—

Permit me to make use of one of my own columns for a pedestal, from which, after the fashion of St. Simeon Stylites, I may chant forth the praises of so very distinguished a person as I conceive you to be. My object in taking this liberty is to thank you for the luminous card or placard lately issued by you at Montreal, which, however, owing to the unavoidable attendance to my duties upon the staff of Lord Elgin at Toronto, I have not had the pleasure of seeing. But the spirit and tendency of your announcement I understand to be this;—that, in consequence of the approaching amalgamation of these colonies with the United States, you have determined to devote all your energies to the due preparation of the tender young Canadian maple, with a view to its engraftment on the rugged American hickory. Doubtless, Mr. Dutton, you were within an ace of making a great hit,—great even for one who is in the habit of making a great many palpable hits every working day, as the knuckles and other vulnerable parts of your pupils can probably testify. Were annexation really to take place, your academy would speedily run up into a college; for many additional branches of the tree of knowledge would require to be introduced, to put your saplings in a fit state for reception into the destined nursery. Your assistants would, of course, be selected from amongst the citizens of the model Republic. The Gouging Department, for instance, might be presided over by a distinguished oculist from Kentucky, and the blessing of being able to turn one's thumb to advantage in this useful accomplishment, be thus conferred upon the rising generation, for a small additional remuneration. By the judicious introduction of young negroes, and their occasional stimulation to muscular exercise by the application of knotted thongs, the minds of your young friends would be gradually prepared for the milder details of slave-holding; until at length they might be indulged with the instructive spectacle of roasting a full grown African alive,—a rational pastime of which I lately read a very pleasant description in a southern paper. The laboratory, or chemical department of your college, should be under the direction of a regularly-graduated bar-keeper from one of the saloons at New York, whose matutinal lectures might be illustrated by the practical application of various fluids, to the composition of cock-tails and other truly republican compounds.—Thus would your youthful *protege's* imbibe liberty with or without bitters, as their individual tastes might determine; and the humble julep would raise aspirations in the mind of its youthful swallower, to boundless transactions in rum and sugar at some future day. In the pleasure-grounds of your seminary, the tobacco plant might be cultivated with advantage, and much benefit would accrue to the young gentlemen, from their being instructed in the art of rolling their own cigars, and in the elegant manufacture of nigger-head.

Do you not think, my dear sir, that much might be made out of the foregoing hints? Pray think it over before issuing a revised edition of your placard; and if you think that pictorial illustrations would forward your views, my principal artist is very much at your service, as well as the use of my columns for the promulgation of your ideas, to which I shall always be happy to add my own remarks.

Pray send me a daguerreotype likeness of yourself, as we may want you by and bye when the subject comes up again—and believe me

Yours, &c.,

PUNCH.

SHAKSPEARE IN DIVERS PLACES.

A Jamaica paper states that, an expert diver somewhere amongst the Islands, being lately employed to recover some property submerged in a sunken schooner, succeeded in fishing up forty casks of rum from the hold of the hapless craft. Could Shakspeare of the "prophetic soul" have had this rum in his eye, when he talked about calling "spirits from the vast deep?" In that case it is more than probable that the many strange visions undoubtedly seen by him in his dreams, were neither more nor less than Jamaica spirits.

THE FOOLISH ONE,

WITH THE

GREY DISHEVELLED LOCKS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—ELMSLEY VILLA.—*Dismissed Magistrates and Militia Officers, Wicked Montreal Tories and Annexationists, and a Guard of Honor drafted from the Prairie Hens, discovered.*

CHORUS—(ANNA BOLENA.)

Silence! silence! the Earl's in the dumps,
Annexation has cut up a shine O!
Ambassador Hincks is ill with the mumps
Cos in London he could not raise rhino,
And now to Elmsley, Francis doth repair
His visage redolent of rude despair.

[*Enter Mr. Attorney General Baldwin.*]

Baldwin—Alack! alack! the news is sad as may be,
The noble Earl is blubbering like a baby,
The Bruce's nerves in tremor wild are shaking,
And Annexation (faugh!) has set the household quaking.
Kincardine comes, now show your griefs
If not by tears, at least by handkerchiefs,
Each martyred Magistrate must sob and cry,
(*Aside*)—If they do this, I know 'tis "all my eye,"
Draw handkerchiefs! eyes wet! long faces!
Keep your position—though you've lost your places.

[*The mob obey orders.*]

[*Enter the Earl weeping.*]

Earl—Pelt me with eggs, talk about Annexation,
Want to reduce my pay! degrade my station;
Laugh at a Bruce! it passes all belief—
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief.

[*Baldwin hands a cotton wipe.*]

Baldwin — (*weeping*) — Oh! Guvner; still more wicked things they've done,
Yet swear they but complete what you begun,
Taught by your Lordship that the tie was broken,
They Annexation shout—the word is spoken,
And chaunt aloud in chorus Magisterial,
They neither care for you nor rule Imperial.

Earl—Not care for me! oh, fortune! grant me aid,
Is thus my "dignified neutrality" repaid,
They can't be men!

Baldwin—Pray be a man, for when I've said
What only Earls like you with wooden head
Are privy to—

Earl—I would do so,
Yet cannot but remember such things cost
Vice regal reputations—mine is lost,
I feel mine eyes are melting with my grief,
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief,

(*Baldwin hands another wipe.*)

For I must play the coward with mine eyes.

Baldwin—Oh! much loved Govnor, how t'will you surprise
To hear who plays the braggart with his tongue.

Earl—Hah! say! who?

Baldwin—A genuwine do!
Sherwood by name, who swears that he
Has saved your Lordship from the pillory—

[*The Earl starts.*]

My Lord, the term is only metaphorical,
I meant not pillory corporeal but historical;
But list!—more work my Lord, in chorus clear,
The Magistrates dismissed are joyous here—
DeWitt and Holmes and Torrance too and Lindsay,
Hart and Peter Dunn and eke J G. Mackenzie,
With aching sides nigh burst themselves with laughing,
And you and all your ministers are chaffing.

[*The Earl faints in Baldwin's arms.*]

SONG OF THE MAGISTRATES.

(*Yankee Doodle.*)

Air—DE WITT.

Although traitors we may be,
Of Fools the incarnation,
Let's dance on our commissions, Boys!
And shout for Annexation.
Mistaken, lost, misguided Bruce
Dry your briny tears, oh!
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
From the Fortin Halberdiers, oh!
(*Chorus,*)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—JOHN MOLSON.

Sense of honor I have none,
My principle is self, Sirs,
In course, I love my country some
But first I love myself, Sirs.
(*Chorus,*)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

I nothing care for yankee land,
But whiskey want to sell, Sirs,
And if I could a price command
I'd annex myself to (*cries of shame,*) well! Sirs!
(*Chorus,*)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—ROSE.

My Queen with silk my shoulders graced
But ere the web is frayed, Sirs,
I prove her confidence misplaced,
And make Loyalty a trade, Sirs.
(*Chorus,*)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

The Earl has gradually recovered, he upsets Baldwin and with frantic gesticulation exclaims,

Silence, ye knaves, I'll hear no more,
Baldwin, show these donkies to the door.

[*Baldwin bows them out and exits—The Fortins follow.*]

[*The Earl throws himself into a chair.*]

Would 'twere a dream, alas! 'tis sad reality,
Such the results of DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

[*Bursts into tears and the scene closes.*]

PUNCH ON PRECEDENT.

PUNCH.—Yes, Toby, the foundation of the *Lex non Scripta* is Precedent. For instance, Ogle R. Gowan offends the "Strong Government" and is dismissed from the magistracy, and because Ogle R. Gowan offends: his brother is dismissed from the Customs.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—The rule of that precedent may be illustrated thus,—If, which Heaven forbid, Lord Elgin should offend Her Majesty and be deprived of his high office, Col. Bruce must submit to the loss of Her Majesty's commission.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—Precisely. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

QUEER MISTAKE.

Mr. Egan, M.P.P., has authorized Punch to correct the mistake which has gone abroad, as to the cause of the Hon. Malcolm Cameron's resignation. It was not the Crown *Lands* the hon. gentleman wanted, but the *Timber*.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that the Honourable H. J. Boulton has received so severe a blow from a "Crook," that his friends have given him up. He has been very bad for some time and is daily growing worse.

B. DAWSON, *Bookseller and Stationer*, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 27. DECEMBER 29, 1849. PRICE, 4D



SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN McCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada.

Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustration for 1850. J. McCOY, Montreal.

LOST OR STOLEN from Gorrie's Wharf, on the 27th ult., a LARGE BLUE CHEST, covered with rough board, labelled "*J. Walker, Toronto.*" Any information will be thankfully received at the Punch Office.

COMPAIN'S RESTAURANT,
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured.

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N.B.— Dinner sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's,)
PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL), has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visits the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!
Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company

THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has been introduced into Montreal. As might be lately expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily preclude their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other cause, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gunshot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ringworm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

☞See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street; and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

☞All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy of every description and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH and BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,
Messrs. S. J LYMAN, CHEMIST, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, CHOICEST BRANDS OF SEGARS, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseradas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,
HAMILTON.

THE most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibusses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N.B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c., 180 St. Paul-St.,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

As the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and BROTHERS, whose Stock is the largest ever off red for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c., and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

Clothes made to order under the superintendence of a First rate Cutter.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street

John McCoy, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.——Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists, Brushes, &c., always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States, and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.——All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers ..... 7s. 6d.
Subscription for one year, from date of payment ..... 15s. 0d.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to Non-Subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

THE LECTURE MANIA.

Punch perceives that the Lecture nuisance has again broken out with fearful violence amongst the good people of Montreal. Punch is of opinion that this disease is peculiar to the Montrealers, who are, indeed, in many respects, a very "pecooliar" people. When a person is seized with the Lecture fever, he becomes very absent, and frequently shuts himself up for days together in his room, raving and prigging from Encyclopædias dreadfully. At the end of a certain time, he comes forth with a small roll of paper, which he carries about with him till it is very dirty and musty, and then reads it [on an appointed night] before some dreadfully learned society, such as the Eggs and Butter Association or the Literary Clean Linen Society. As the audience is generally composed of inspired merchants' clerks, literary storekeepers, and sucking law students, there is no fear of any wholesale felony or petty larceny being discovered, and if there was, as each in his turn "goes and does likewise," it would be no great matter. When the lecture is over, there is always a great shuffling of feet, and an exclamation from the ladies of a "certain age" who attend all the lectures, and make so many purses for the charity bazaars, and have always a young clergyman and two or three poor families on hand, of "Oh mi---how sweet---what an intellectual creature!" and this opinion is generally confirmed by some young gentleman with very light hair and a turned-down shirt collar, who gives it as his opinion that it "fully comes up to Macaulay's best, and that it is a thousand pities that Blower [who don't know his own talents] doesn't publish an Encyclopædia or write a history of the middle ages, or something spicy of that sort." This opinion also is that of a particular friend of Blower, who writes for the *National Nutcracker*---a literary and scientific journal, in which Blower's lecture is published at length, with a short memoir ["written expressly for this publication"] of the author. This sets Blower up for ever as a literary man, a "popular lecturer," and all that sort of thing. Henceforward his name appears in every published programme of the Eggs and Butter Association, and he is elected at once an honorary member of the Literary Clean Linen Society, much to the annoyance of Mrs. B., who fancies she smells brandy and water on his shirt fronts, and finds the end of a cigar folded up in a literary production in the pockets of one of his trowsers.

Against this sort of "ruin and decay" Punch resolutely sets his face, deeming it worse than opium-eating or the elegant accomplishment of tobacco-chewing. A lecture from a man who has something to impart---a man of high educational qualifications ---is a thing worth listening to, but to be tortured by John Smith and Peter Jones, who have just sense enough to know a big A. from a cow's foot, and are as ugly and vain as they are stupid, is too horrible to be endured. If the nuisance does not cease, Punch will be compelled to publish the likenesses of the learned lecturers, with an index of the pages of the particular authors from whom they have prigged, and who would be very much disgusted if they could come back and see the vile purposes to which they are applied. He hopes, however, that this remonstrance will suffice, and that the programmes issued by the Eggs and Butter Association and the Literary Clean Linen Society will be at once withdrawn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Augustus Heward, Esq., of Montreal.

Dear Sir:—I have received yours, dated the 21st Inst., and blush to find that I, Punch, should have been imposed upon, when I asserted, in No. 25 of the emanations of my immortal spirit, that you had signed the annexation address. It gives me great pleasure to withdraw my remarks as you request, "in a manner equally as public" as they were made.

Nor can I forbear from begging your pardon for the error into which I was led by some devil's imp. It has taught me a lesson. It has almost made me doubt the infallibility of

Yours, very truly,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

A LIGHT CON.

Why is Alderman Duggan in the dark?
Because he has put out the little Blazes.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY AND PUNCH.

Sir,---The name of Punch appearing to a facetious publication just issued in this city, I am commanded by the Governor General to enquire whether such name has been placed there with your consent. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
J. LESLIE,
Secretary.

Secretary's Office,
Toronto, December 15, 1849.

(answer)

Punch Office, December 15, 1849.

Sir,---I have had the honour to receive your letter, enquiring by command of His Excellency, whether the name of Punch has been affixed to a certain facetious publication issued in this city, with my consent.

In reply, I beg leave to say that I am not in the service of the Crown. Punch receives from government no emolument. Punch holds no office. Punch is a private subject of the realm, practising his profession as a joker, and in that profession he holds a patent of rank and precedence.

If you assume that Punch has transgressed the laws, you have no right to interrogate him at all: if Punch has observed the laws, he acknowledges no power in any quarter to interfere either with his conduct or his circulation.

But though Punch is tenacious of his personal rights, Punch is a "brick," and would scorn to shirk any plain question which might be addressed to him, no matter by whom. His reply, therefore, is, that his name was placed there by his consent, and that there, as long as rogues and fools are to be found, it will remain. At the same time he would like to know---just out of curiosity ---by what right that question is put to him, and with what object?

And he has the honour to be
PUNCH.

To the Hon. J. Leslie,
Provincial Secretary, &c. &c.

Secretary's Office, Toronto, Dec. 17, 1849.

Sir,---I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, in which you admit that you are Punch, and am commanded by the Governor General to say, that His Excellency sees no invasion of the constitutional rights of the subject in making the enquiry to which your letter refers of one so renowned for his loyalty and lion-heartedness.

His Excellency feels bound by a sense of duty, as well to the sovereign and the empire at large as to the people of Canada themselves, to encourage the circulation of Punch by all the influence he possesses. In the performance of this duty he has instructed me to enquire whether he can obtain a complete set of the back numbers of your inimitable publication, and also the amount of discount you will allow, if His Excellency should decide on taking six copies weekly of the same.

I have the honour to be
Your most obedient servant,
J. LESLIE,
Secretary.

To this *Punch* replied by stating that "his terms were cash and nothing off," and so the matter (which excited intense interest for a time,) ended.

Terrible effects of Ruin and Decay.—There was a telegraphic report from Montreal last night that the Editor of the *Herald*, [D. K.] had committed suicide by burying himself inside of an old Stilton, and that he was dug out two hours afterwards in company with two empty porter bottles, quite insensible! His conduct has for some time past given great anxiety to his friends and led to the impression that he was unsettled in his head. Poor fellow. "Alas, poor Yorick! We knew him well, Horatio."

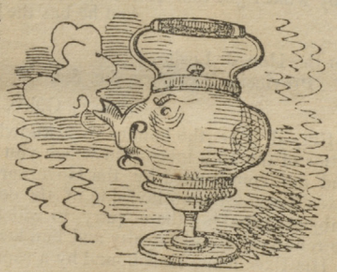
OPEN CONFESSION, &c. &c.

"*The Independent*" announces that it has become a weakly paper.

PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS.

Grief, they say, is dry: and it is perhaps for this very reason that political martyrs are generally presented by their admirers with a drinking vessel, of some fashion or other, to wet it—we suppose. Mr. Vansittart received a goblet, or ewer, upon this principle. Yet, on the other hand, joy is frequently treated in the same liberal manner. Our respectable old friend Dolly, for instance, on the occasion of his joyous hospitality towards those terrible Lucifers—(not bad matches for the ministry, however,)—who were accused of burning down the Parliament House, accepted, as a token of public gratitude, a cup or tankard, suitably inscribed. This was a hint to him to moisten his clay for joy. Again, did not the mighty reformers of Guelph present Mrs. Lowell with a brass toddy-kettle, yea, and a dozen spoons to stir the toddy with, when compounded? Of course they did—the brass being provided by an eminent lawyer there, and the spoons taken at random from the ranks of the reformers. This was a festive occasion—that of Lord Elgin's transit; and it behoved the widow to wet her whistle accordingly; which we sincerely hope she did, to her own satisfaction, and that of her friends. Well, the Essex men have been presenting their worthy representative, John Prince, with a claret-jug; which, we suppose, must be looked upon as a grief-offering, the occasion being that of his retirement from their representation. May the gallant Colonel drown his grief in it, "full fathom five!" When Malcolm Cameron retires—as the wet principle will still have to be maintained—his friends must present him with a handsome coffee percolator, no stronger drink being acknowledged in his "brewage."

And pray, when eminent individuals are thus being treated to sundry convivial pledges of sympathy on all sides, has that catholic and cosmopolite philosopher, Punch, been suffered to wear out his Christmas season "untankarded, unkettled and unjugged?" By no means, my dear sir;—there is, in progress of manufacture, a most appropriate Punch kettle, the design of which is from the pencil of our principal artist, while the legend is an emanation from the pen of the immortal Punch himself. As the material of this utensil is nothing less than silver, with a spout of gold and a handle of father-of-pearl, (mother being all gone in buttons, long since)—anticipations of the most sanguine hue may be formed as to its singing. Placed in the centre of Punch's round table, and with its steam well up, its dulcet and silvery tones will strike a sympathetic chord upon the heart-strings of its proud possessor; and when the bibends are taking their merry round, and the festive joke conjures up the hilarious spirit of the laugh, even then the liquid melody of that kettle will pour forth its harmonious remembrances into the soul of Punch, and he will immediately mix his third tumbler of toddy.



SUBJECT TO BILE.

SOME OF THE EFFECTS PRODUCED IN MONTREAL BY THE DISMISSAL OF THE MILITIA OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles S. De Bleury
Flew into a very particular fury;
Lieutenant Colonel John Yule
Thought he had been a considerable fool;
Lieutenant Colonel the Honourable Jones
Went to bed with a pain in his bones;
Captain David Kinnear looked remarkably queer;
And little John Monk was in a horrible funk!

In addition to this, Punch is informed that Lieutenant Colonel John Molson attempted to break his sword between his legs, but could not on account of natural causes which need not be explained, and that Captain Charles Lindsay was carried home in a fainting fit, with two *Montreal Couriers* wrapt around him, and has not been seen since.

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

28th December, 1867.—This day to the American Museum, where many curious relics, which do remind me of by-gone days. Saw there the sword which the Queen of England, (God bless her!) did take away from old Ben Holmes in the year '49, for the cause that he did forswear allegiance to the throne, though holding commissions therefrom. Likewise of many others, whose swords do all hang up there with much spider's work twined about them, which methought the emblem of treachery, and not misplaced. But Jacob DeWitt's sword, nothing but a bowie-knife, and the keeper of the Museum do use it for opening oysters, which seemeth to me a great abuse of ye poor dumb shell-fish. There also the silken gowns taken from ye apostate lawyers, Frank Johnson and John Rose, much moth-eaten, and rusty like ye seedy pledges in ye pawnbroker's window. Yet some foolish people do make pilgrimages to see these melancholy rags, and touching ye hem thereof is thought to be a sovereign remedy for ye King's evil, seeing the republican minds of ye former wearers. A print here too of my Lord Elgin, set up in a gold frame, with ye American eagle for a coronet; much venerated as ye Apostle of Annexation, it being through his means that ye Yankees did gain Canada. Many do call their children after him, and the keeper tells me he hath a son named Bruce Washington Elgin Marbles Jefferson Tully Comstock, which do remind me of a few gaudy beads strung upon a necklace of sausages. Many curious wax-works here, and a Chamber of Horrors like one I did see in London many years ago. In that chamber ye Rev. Mr. Gugy, larger than life, with a buck-saw in his hand, with which he cutteth off the heads of ye Hydra of ye Press, which presently start up with new faces and much grimace, especially one Punch, whose nose doth grow larger, and who grinneth more wickedly every time; whereat ye Rev. gentleman much troubled. Likewise an image of Liberty, presenting Ben Holmes with the freedom of ye States in a silver spittoon; Frank Johnson by, playing on a banjo, and dancing ye lively measure of one James Crow. The little children much frightened at a wax-work of De Bleury, sitting in a rocking-chair with his feet on ye British lion's neck; but I reminded of a painting by ye famous Landseer, wherein a great baboon playeth pranks upon a noble stag-hound, which sleepeth none the worse. Then to a smaller chamber, where saw many curious things. Much store, the keeper tells me, set by a small slip of paper in a glass case, which found to be a receipt from a tradesman to a government clerk, bearing date November in ye year '49,—and said to be more scarce than ye one farthing coined in ye reign of Queen Anne. Likewise an act of parliament in ye French tongue, and a stuffed Canadian reading it, which did look very natural and lively.

CAPREOL AND THE COLONIST.

The *British Colonist* has a paragraph which has caused Punch "much pondering." It states that "Mr. Capreol has returned from the United States, where he had been procuring plates, &c., for the *Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company.*" Punch demands of the *British Colonist* a categorical answer to the following questions:—What plates did Mr. Capreol wish to procure; and what does &c. stand for? Does it stand for dishes; and is Mr. Capreol going to stand a dinner to the "*Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company*;" and, if so, will the Board of Directors stand it? Will that influential board consent to become a festive board; and, if they do, will Punch be an invited guest? Much depends on this. Presuming this to be the case, and that the plates, &c., are dinner plates, &c., Punch is delighted that Mr. Capreol has made all the requisite arrangements, and that the work (the cooking of course) will go on with the utmost rapidity, and enable the directors to dispose of (dinner) tickets. That the "early bird catches the worm" is an old and mysterious prophecy, which manifestly relates to the lottery tickets of the "Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company." The "early bird" meaning the early buyer, and "the worm" the first prize.

"Wilt thou love me *then* as now?"—As the gallon of brandy said to the grocer's wife, when she was going to "water" it.

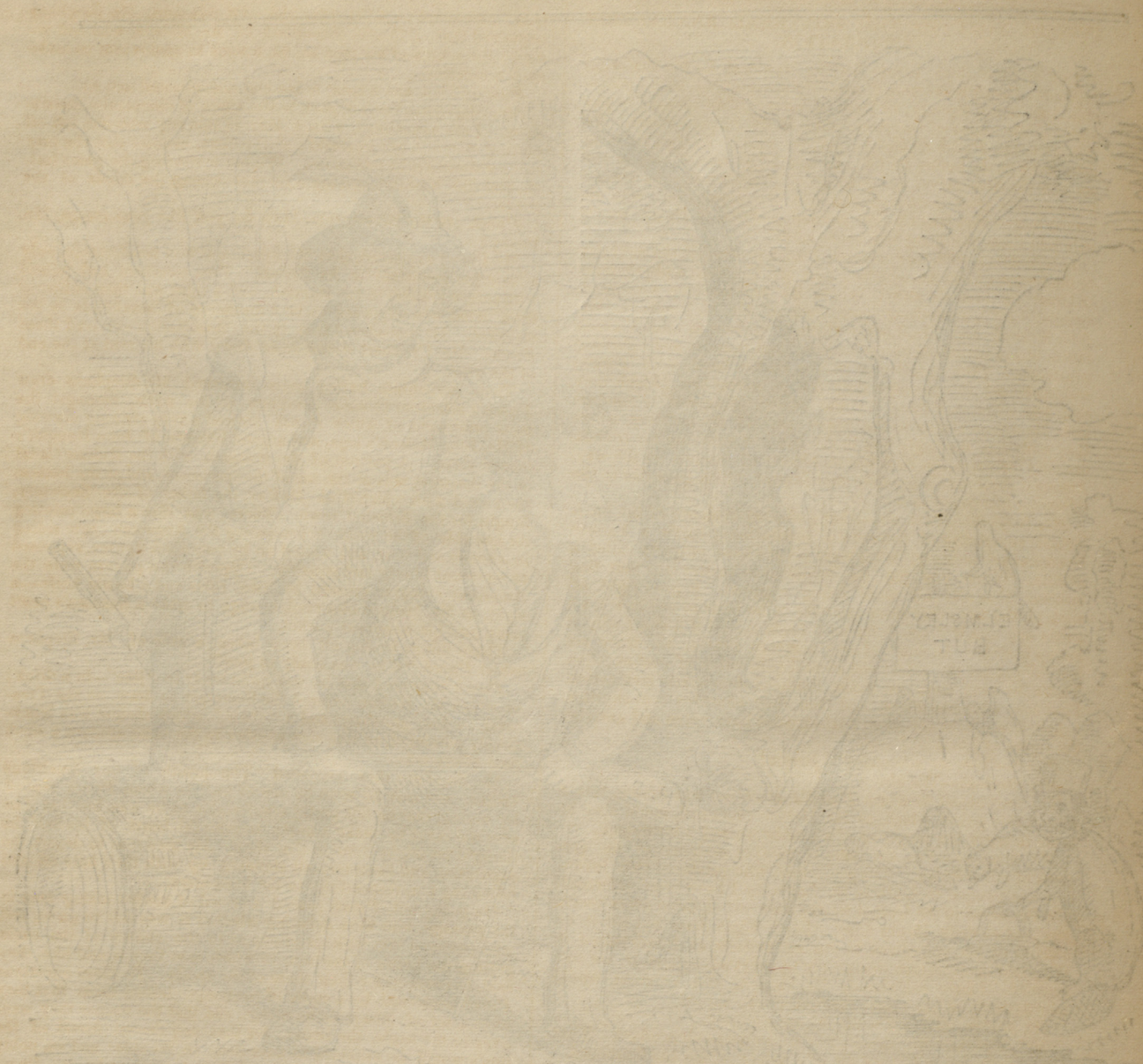


THE TRAPPERS.

"I saw young Harry with his beaver," &c.—*Shakspeare.*

1ST TRAPPER.—SAY, BOB, DARNED IF WE AIN'T KETCHED THE OLD HE BEAVER RIGHT INTO THE TRAP, AND THE OTHERS IS A-CROWDIN ROUND LIKE ALL CREATION!

2ND TRAPPER.—WELL, KEEP HIM THAR, BOY, KEEP HIM THAR;—I GUESS HE DONT QUIT THIS CLEARIN JIST YIT. THIS IS SOME, THIS GAME IS;—DARNED IF IT DONT BEAT HEUKER!



PUNCH'S VISIT TO THE MONTREAL ANNEXATION ASSOCIATION.

Two or three days before leaving Montreal for his vice-regal residenee, *Punch* was waited upon by a committee of the peaceable Annexation Society, to learn if he would be pleased to pay a visit to the rooms of the Association in St. James's street. To this invitation *Punch* replied by saying, that if he had no other dirty work to do before he left, he certainly would step in and see how the Association was getting on. This intelligence seemed to occasion a great sensation amongst the deputation, who observed that "that was all they wanted, and that if *Punch* would only join them the thing was quite sure."

In accordance with this promise, *Punch* proceeded the next day to the rooms of the Association, over Mr. Urquhart's physic store in Great St. James's street, where he was received with much ceremony by a committee, composed of Mr. H. Stephens, Mr. John Molson, and Mr. Luther Holton, dressed in anti-Victoria coats, blue annexation inexpressibles, and thunder and lightning waistcoats. These gentlemen having shaken hands with *Punch*, and expressed the pleasure they felt at seeing him (which they said was a first-rate thing for the cause) proceeded to conduct their illustrious visitor to the upper part of the building, where they said that the eagle was in the habit of receiving his friends, drawing his attention to different objects of interest on the way. Amongst these was a peculiar coal-skuttle, which gave rise to the following conversation :—

Mr. Stephens—That, sir,—thar's another evidence of the intellectual superiority of democratic institutions; that's a Yankee bituminous depository, what your people have vulgarly called a skuttle. When you put the bituminous matter into that thar machine, thar aint no more fixing required. It goes right off slick to the fire every three-quarters of an hour to see how it's a gettin on, and if it wants feedin it feeds it, and if it don't why it leaves it alone. In some of our northern States, sir, there are institutions for the moral and mental cultivation of coal-skuttles. That's the next step, sir, in the chain of democratic civilization. First they educates idiots, and then they educates coal-skuttles. I shall live, sir, to see them coal-skuttles have votes and exercise the rights of freemen, I shall.

Punch—You are a wonderful people!

Mr. Stephens—We air.

The next object to which *Punch's* attention was drawn, was a remarkable poker, which, as Mr. Holton explained, could also be made to serve the purposes of a hair-brush and a tooth-pick.

Mr. Stephens—Yes, sir, there is another evidence of the progress of our country. The gentleman who produced that invention was gouged to death in St. Louis, as I have been informed. The President of the United States uses one of them every morning, and so does Henry Clay. Lord Elgin does not use it, on account of his prejudices to our institutions, as I understand it. We could manufacture that article to great advantage if we war annexed. I have calculated, Mr. Holton, that Varmont would take $50,000 of 'em yearly for tooth-picks alone?

Mr. Holton—But not while we are a colony.

Mr. Stephens—No, sirree; not whilst we are dependant. Thar aint no instance in history, sir, of a colony which has flourished.

Mr. Molson—Except France!

Mr. Stephens, firmly—Sir, I war about to make that exception!

On entering the room of the Association (which was smelling very strongly of Dr. Cook's anti-bilious pills, and some kind of vermifuge) *Punch* was introduced to Mr. Penny, the Secretary, who was just then engaged in whittling in a corner. He stated, in answer to inquiries, that the number of members at that moment was sixteen, of whom nine at least were full-blooded Yankeys. There were, however, expectations from the country, and he thought by the end of the year they would be able to make up a score. He said it was very hard to make people believe the "ruin and decay," and complained of a rumour which had gone abroad that "decay" was D. K. (David Kinnear) of the *Herald*, and that he (Mr. Penny) was the "ruin." It was too bad, he considered, to spread abroad such a rumour. It had always been his aim to make the *Herald* "penny-wise," and if his advice had turned out "pound foolish," he didn't see that it was anybody's business. At the request of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Penny showed *Punch* a list of the donations to the Association, which (without counting a brace of spit-boxes from the annexation ladies of Montreal) amounted to £131 16s. 3¼d. Of this sum, Mr. Stephens explained that £75 was subscribed by Mr. Molson, who had reduced the wages of his men 2s. 6d. a week to enable him to make such a sacrifice.

Punch—That was a most noble and disinterested act, sir.

Mr. Stephens—Yes, sir, such is the effect of democratic institutions. I am acquainted with a lady in this city who has left off putting starch in her husband's shirt collars, in order that she may make a donation to our cause. We are a winning the game fast, sir, and no mistake—we are a revolutionising the minds of the people.

Punch (to the Secretary)—How do you like your rooms, Mr. Penny?

Mr. Penny explained, that the apartment was comfortable, only a little too medicinal in its flavour. Two members had retired with severe cramps in the stomach, and a third was then suffering from what was supposed to be a discharge of assafœtida in the staircase. He considered that if the Association survived these shocks, Mr. Urquhart would come down with his rent at the end of the year.

These particulars having been furnished, Mr. Stephens drew *Punch's* attention to some paintings on the walls, amongst the most prominent of which *Punch* noticed a very striking drawing of Mr. John Molson's legs, and a good likeness of John Dougall's female slave. A portrait of Mr. Redpath, with the Rideau Canal in the distance, was at the top of the apartment, and at the bottom the sword with which Col. McKay, the father of the Secretary, fought for the British Crown. There was also a large painting on one side of the room, representing the American eagle riding in a coach and four, and waited on by two *black* figures, supposed to represent liberty and equality. Opposite this picture were the American colours, crossed by two rifles and a bowie knife—a sight, as Mr. Molson observed, enough to make a freeman's heart jump into his waistcoat pocket.

These things having all been taken a note of, Mr. Stephens asked *Punch* "if he was ready to jine?"

Punch answered that he was quite ready to "jine"—in a drink; on which Mr. Holton ordered the Secretary to draw on the Treasurer for four gin-slings and a "chaw," which cheque was immediately honoured, as was also another to the same amount a short time afterwards.

Mr. Stephens then proposed "The health of our illustrious visitor; and may he soon be one of us," to which *Punch* replied by saying, that he felt pretty comfortable as he was, but that if he ever did want to make a nasty ungrateful beast of himself, he thought he might come to that shop. He then rose to depart, the deputation and Secretary all standing up with their hats off, and following him respectfully to the bannisters.

On going out, *Punch* passed a crowd of seedy-looking men in the passage, who were debating whether it was safe to go in, and who pestered him with questions as to the chance of the eagle getting the better of the lion, in which case they would like, they said, to come in for their share of the spoils. To these questions *Punch* answered by a smile of contempt, telling them that they were a set of miserable humbugs, and that the sooner they went over to the eagle, the better, for that any decent friend of the lion's would be ashamed to have them on his side: and so, nobly and manfully—like a true-hearted British brick as he is—*Punch* went on his way.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Duke of Parma, it appears, is rushing about amongst his subjects, like a mad bull in a china shop. He flogs people to death for his private amusement,—whipping the cream of his dominions into a nice froth to stimulate his pampered appetite. Now Punch's opinion of His Parmesan Highness is simply this—that although his Parmesan Highness may probably look upon himself as the *mitiest* of potentates, yet Punch can by no means permit his Parmesan pranks to be regarded as "the cheese."

Col. Gugy *thinks* Mr. Punch will forget him, now Mr. P. has moved to Toronto.

Mr. Punch *thinks* he shant.

Hon. FRANCIS HINCKS *v.* Hon. MALCOLM CAMERON.

Punch has procured copies of the original letters as written by the gentlemen whose names stand at the head of this article. He hastens to lay them before the expectant public. The elaborations and mystifications of those documents, as published in the columns of the daily press, Punch treats with the contempt they deserve.

CAMERON TO THE PEOPLE.

No. 1.

My dear People,

The ministry are humbugging you, and so I have cut their acquaintance. They'll tell you I resigned because I could not get the Crown Lands. Don't believe 'em—they are for the most part snobs, and Hincks is an awful ——— deviator from the truth.

I am, my dear people, your faithful subject,
MALCOLM CAMERON.

HINCKS TO CAMERON.

No. 2.

When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. Don't let the people know the cause of quarrel. I have drawn up the enclosed for the *Globe*; of course you can't object to that, because being in that paper, nobody will believe it. Just endorse the statement, will you? there's a jolly old cock.

F. HINCKS.

CAMERON TO HINCKS.

No. 3.

You be blowed. I'll endorse none of your lies.

MALCOLM CAMERON.

HINCKS TO CAMERON.

No. 4.

I am blowed; and we shall all be blown, if you keep your back up. You said you did not wish to let the public know the truth; then what harm in immaculate lies, especially in the *Globe*.

F. HINCKS.

CAMERON TO HINCKS.

No. 5.

I said I had no desire to go about blabbing everything; but won't have nothing to do with you or your immaculate lies. What are you interfering for, eh! It's none o' your business. You keep quiet, or you'll catch it slap in the bread-basket—you will.

M. CAMERON.

HINCKS TO CAMERON.

No. 6.

Don't make an ass of yourself.

F. HINCKS.

CAMERON TO HINCKS.

No. 7.

That's my business.

HINCKS TO CAMERON.

No. 8.

You be d——d.

CAMERON TO HINCKS.

No. 9.

I won't.

The letter marked No. 9, is not yet written.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

His Excellency has lately informed Mr. Ferguson, of the 5th Battalion of Montreal Militia, that "he does'nt lodge there."

FINSIHING A "FORTIN."



"LOOKEE HERE, BILL,—I'VE BEEN AND DRAWED LEGS FOR ONE OF THESE HERE CHAPS, AS NOBODY NEVER SEES NOTHINK OF BUT THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS!"

MONTREAL CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS.

Punch finds the following in a late number of the Montreal *Pilot*, under the head "Corporation Proceedings."

"Alderman Larocque moved, That the Police Committee be instructed to consider the expediency of requiring the boys who are licensed to act as carrier boys at the market, to have both a *moral* and *intellectual education fitted for their station*; and also of enacting that no person be allowed to act as such who possessed not such education, after a stated time."

We wonder what amount of "moral and intellectual education" the sage Alderman requires for a market boy to carry a basket of carrots from the aforesaid market to his respectable dwelling? We suppose that the examination will be something after the following plan—Where is Cote Street? Answer: Off Craig Street. Who lives in No. 6? Answer: Mrs. Spuggins.—Where do bad market boys go to who prig their customers' apples? Answer: They goes to eat em behind old Mrs. Murphy's new cow-house." Admitted of course: but who is to look after the "moral and intellectual training" of the Aldermen?

Mr. John Scott *thinks* he ought to have been made Solicitor General.

Mr. Christie *thinks* he'll get four dollars a day next Session.

Mr. Peter Perry *thinks* he'll be "almighty peowerful" on the "Wete and Flower" question.

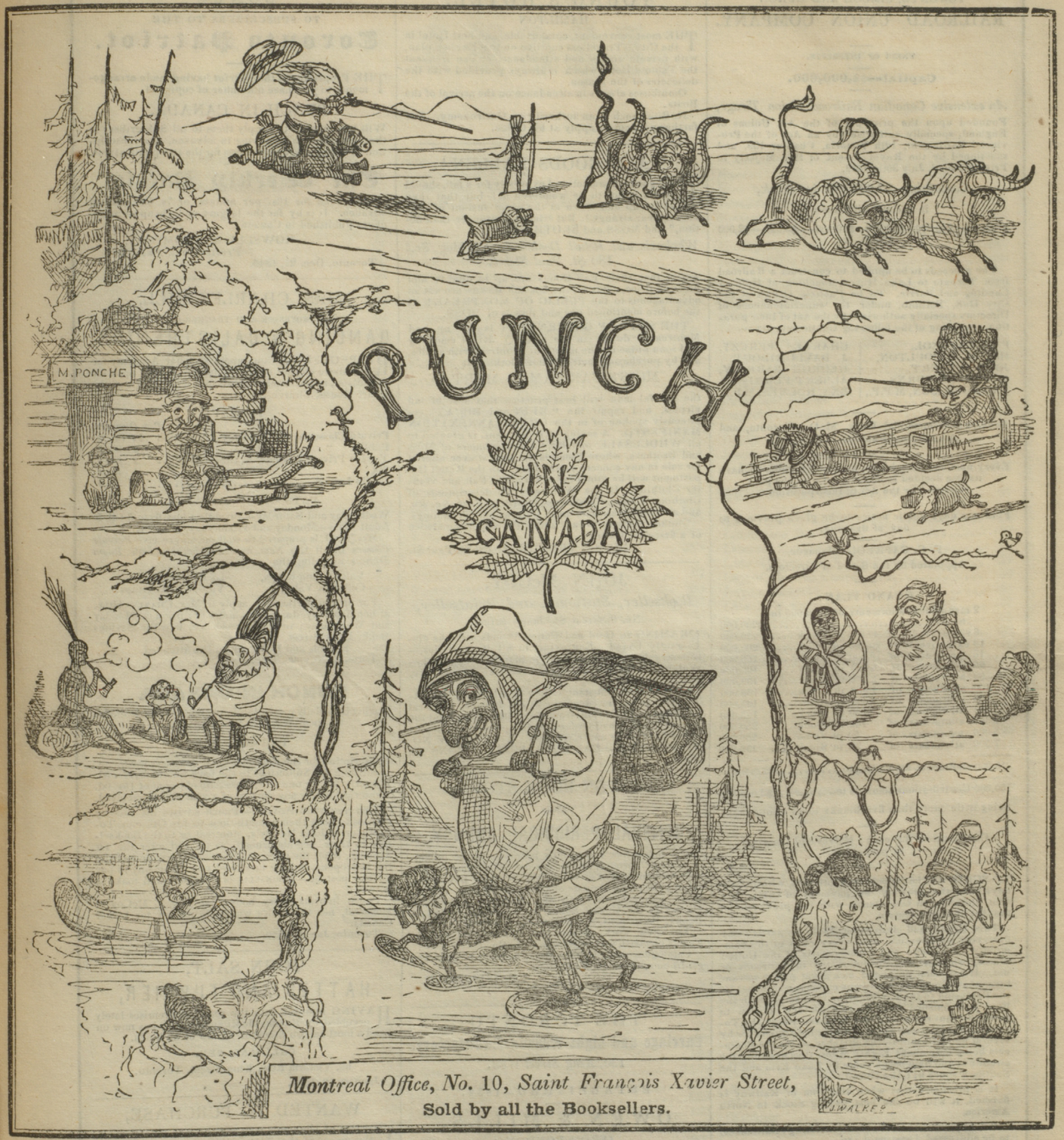
The French Members *think* they'll be comfortable in Toronto.

William Lyon Mackenzie *thinks* he is coming to Toronto to edit a paper.

"Look out for squalls,"---As the matron said when she presented her husband with a double "pledge."

D. [illegible] removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 28. DECEMBER 31, 1849.



Montreal Office, No. 10, *Saint François Xavier Street,*
Sold by all the Booksellers.

SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN McCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada.

Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustration for 1850. J. McCOY, Montreal.

LOST OR STOLEN from Gorrie's Wharf, on the 27th ult., a LARGE BLUE CHEST, covered with rough board, labelled "*J. Walker, Toronto.*" Any information will be thankfully received at the Punch Office.

TORONTO, SIMCOE AND HURON

RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.

UNION OF INTERESTS,

Capital—$2,000,000.

An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Tirage,

Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorised by an Act of the Provincial Parliament, 12th Victoria, Chapter 199, and sanctioned by the Royal Assent of Her Majesty in Privy Council, July 30th, 1849,

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in various allotments of

$100,000—$40,000—$20,000—$10,000—$5,000—$2,000 $1,000, &c.

The proceeds to be applied to construct a Railroad from Toronto to Lake Huron, touching at Holland Landing and Barrie. To be *Publicly Drawn* at the City Hall, Toronto, under the superintendence of Directors specially authorised by the Act of Incorporation, consisting of the following Gentlemen, viz :—

F. C. CAPREOL,	CHARLES BERCZY,
Hon. H. J. BOULTON,	J. DAVIS RIDOUT,
JOHN HIBBERT,	GEORGE BARROW,
R. EASTON BURNS,	ALBERT FURNISS,
J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P.,	BEN. HOLMES, M.P.P.

Bankers :—Commercial Bank, M. D., Toronto, and its various Branches in Canada.

Every number to be drawn, and each number to have its fate decided in accordance with the plan directed by the Act of Incorporation.

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F. C. CAPREOL, Manager,

Appointed by the Board of Directors.

GRAND PLAN:

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6 splendid do of	40,000 in Stock	240,000
10 extensive do of	20,000 in Stock	200,000
16 large ditto of	10,000 in Stock	160,000
20 allotments of	5,000 in Stock	100,000
50 allotments of	2,000 in Stock	100,000
100 allotments of	1,000 in Stock	100,000
250 allotments of	500 in Stock	125,000
500 allotments of	250 in Stock	125,000
2,500 allotments of	100 in Stock	250,000
5,000 allotments of	50 in Stock	250,000
7,500 allotments of	20 in Stock	150,000
15,000 allotments, amounting to		$2,000,000
100,000 Contributions amounts to		$2,000,000

Being little more than five blanks to an allotment!!

Contributions $20 each; Halves and Quarters in proportion.

☞ SCRIP will be issued for allotments, within forty days after the drawing, on payment of twelve per cent. thereon, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Incorporation.

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Union Tirage Hall,
Toronto, 1st January, 1850.

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Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars apply at his Office.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c.,
180 *St. Paul Street,*

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the PUBLIC OF MONTREAL! as the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

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MOSS'S FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues, and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO. A saving of 10 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and Brothers, whose Stock is the larg st ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

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AND

GENERAL PERIODICAL AGENCY.

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The New York, Boston and Philadelphia Weekly Papers received, and single Nos. for sale

Catalogues ready in a few days, and will be delivered *gratis* on application at the store.

B. COSGROVE.

Toronto, Dec. 24, 1849.

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Carriage and Light Waggon Manufactory,

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ESTABLISHED—1832.

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Toronto, June 7, 1849.

BONUS

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Toronto Patriot.

THE Proprietor of the *Patriot* having made arrangements to purchase a number of copies of

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Will be prepared to supply them to all Subscribers to the *Toronto Patriot* paying in advance, at a subscription of *Six Dollars per annum* for the two publications.

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Is published for 10s. per annum, or 7s. 6d. cash in advance. It is by far the largert and cheapest newspaper published in Canada.

ROWSELL & THOMPSON,
Printers and Publishers.

Toronto, Dec. 21, 1849.

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Twelve Private Lessons, at the Academy	2 0 0
Six " " "	1 5 0
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Valse a cinq temps,	La Redowa, and
Cellarius Valse,	Valse a deux temps.

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Schools and Private Families attended.

Toronto, Nov. 26, 1849.

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Apply at the office of the "Union Tirage Hall," Toronto.

January 10, 1850.

INDEX.

AN INDIAN Curiosity 7
A Voice from the Far West 15
Answer to Numerous Inquiries 16
An Invitation 24
A Card 28
A Reflection 32
A Fragment 39
A Useful Hint 39
A New Government Situation 39
A few Words in Season 55
A Monster Petition 59
A Legend of a Leg 64
A Laye of Egges 72
American Orthography 75
A Warlike Observation 84
At it again 91
Angel's Visits 91
An Ossianic Fragment 96
An Electric Shock 99
American Justice 100
A Shift for a Dinner 112
A Reported Impossibility 120
A Ministerial Question 127
Agricultural Intelligence 127
A Mild Aperient 128
Affecting Incident 132
Agricultural News 131
Agricultural Implements 148
Advertisement, Whereas, &c 148
A Caution 150
A Lamentation 153
A Simple Example 158
Advice Gratis 158
A Case of Real Distress 164
A Moving Scene 167
A Hint for the People 168
An Old Rhyme to New Words 171
A Very Singular Fact 175
Advertisement to J. B. 176
———— to Officers of Militia 176
———— to Dealers in Curiosities 176
Amusing Political Toy 180
A Singular Mistake 184
Advantageous Investments 184
Almost Away 188
A Fragment 188
A Great Traveller 195
A Wonderful Digestion 195
A Question Answered 204
A Light Car 211

BOARD and Lodging 20
Bourret v. Byron 20
Brevity is the Soul of Wit 27
Blue Bonnets over the Border 36
Bar and Bunkum 84
Bricks! Brokers!! and Bankrupts!!! 175
Bribery and Corruption 176
By Authority 184

CONS by the Colonel 4
—— for the Curious 15
—— by a Cockney 127
—— for the Connubial 184
—— Good Reason 187
Consignments on Sale 28
Circular to the Executive 31
Cochon's First Joke 39
Col. Gugy's Distress 44
Cold-catching made Easy 55
Canada v. California 56
Chauson Gaie et vive 56
Court Circular 56
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!! 75
Court Circular 76
Capital Opportunity 91
Comic Euclid 108
Curious Physiological Phenomenon 116
Caution to Apothecaries 120
California Intelligence 128
City Police 131
Crumbs of Comfort 131
Correspondence about Weather 153
Choice Flowers 156
Cold Comfort 164
Correspondence "Rose and Crown" 167
Chaunt of the Government Boy 176
Christmas for the Printer 207
Capreol and the "Colonist" 212

DOMESTIC Delights 28
Doing Something Useful 131
Dignified Neutrality 157
Decidedly Bad 158
Distressing Disappointment 164
Dismissal of Militia Officers 212

EXTRACTS from the Journal, &c 52
Extensive Swindling 92
Extraordinary Statistical Phenomena 124
Education for the Army 145
Easy Steps 191
European Intelligence 215

FEMALE Wisdom 12
Found near the House of Assembly 20
Fighting Intelligence 24
Filial Replies to Parental Questions 44
Fashionable Intelligence 52
For quiet People 60
Flint upon Physic 63
Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! 76
Further Correspondence on Ball Tickets 80
From our own Poetical Contributor 84
Facts of the Times 91
Fragment to the Saxe Horns 108
Familiar Epistle in Verse 111
Fashions for the Season 115
Fashionable Movements 116
Foreign Intelligence 192, 124
French Domination 145
Fun for the West 150
For Sale at Morse's 150
Flowers of Rhetoric 157
Fifty years after Annexation 172
From Punch's own Clairvoyant 184
Fashionable Epistles 187
Fashions for December 191
Finishing a Fortin 216

GENERAL Contentment 24
Good Credit 24
Great Discovery 35
Green-House Dissertation 40
Gubernatorial Munificence 64
Great Banquet 79
Gross Deception 91
Geographical Intelligence 107
Government Notice 124
Great Reward 149
God save the Queen 149
Gold! Gold!! Gold!!! 158
Gugy, I believed thee true 180
Good Reason Why 183
Glorious Old Norfolk's Petition 200
Grand Public Dinner 200

HO! for California 4
Hard Times 8
Honorable Members 63
Hurrah! for St. Denis! 76
How to clear the Track 76
Horrible Sentence 91
Holding up the Mirror 103
Heads and Arms 143
Highly important 167
Half a Dollar Reward 168

ISSUING of the Second Number 12
Important to Housemaids 24
Infamous Neglect 32
Important Announcement 75
Intercepted Telegraph Reports 116
Important if True 136
Interesting Family Advertisement 158
Important News 175
Important Advice 183
Important Information 216

JOHN BROWN'S Maire 4
Jurors are not paid 11
Judy's Petition 200

KEEPING the Peace 91

LECTURE Phobia 12
Lafontaine the Modest 12
Liberté, Egalité et Froternité 15
Late Sittings and Early Risings 31
Lay of Modern Canada 39
Lays of Liberty 48
Liberal Donations 47
Legal Dancing 75
Lord Grey—The Times—Mares' Nests 84
Loyalty and Electricity 108
Lines to "Dignified Neutrality" 127
Latest from California 128
Lines to Jacob De Witt 157
Lord Elgin's Movements 158
Lines to a Luminary 176
Liberal Editors 199
Lecture Mania 211

MOMENTOUS Question 27
Montreal Sweepers 47
Missing 60
Modern Regulations 73
Mes Souvenirs 87
Meteorological Observations 115
Mysterious 115
Modern Editorials 120
Marriage of Sir Allan Mac Nab 124
Miraculous Cure 148
Minor Miseries 188
Meteorological Observations 191
More Copy 192
Montreal Melodies 192
Montreal Twisters 199
Medical Intelligence 208
Montreal Corporation Proceedings 216

NEVER Despair 20
New Discoveries 20
New Publications 32
Native Manufacture 35
News from India 39
Not at all Funny 158
Nothing 171, 184
New Political Feature 175
No Rule 184
Notice to Everybody 192
Notice to Agriculturists 192
Not Unlikely 192

PUNCH IN CANADA.

OCHLOCRATICAL Sapphics..... 43
Our Marbles 75
Our own Gazette..... 92
Ornithological Transformation 92
Our Young Republicans..... 100
Organization 115
Old King McCord 119
Open Confession, &c 211

PUNCH in Parliament 20
Parliamentary Vocabulary..... 20
Princely Idea 20
Pity the Poor Cabmen 23
Punch to his One Subscriber..... 24
Patriotic Song..... 31
Public Dinner..... 31
Parliamentary Eloquence 32
Punch's Admiration 32
Parental Replies to Filial Questions..... 44
Punch's Garland Poetry..... 48
Punch's Political Leader 47
Punch's Classical Odes 55
Punch's League 63
Punch's Sonnets 63
Punch's Morning Regulations 75
Punch on Evidence..... 75
Punch a Trancendentalist..... 80
Punch's Addresses 83
Punch on Prophecy 92
Punch's Obituary 99
Punch's Angel..... 103
Pigs do not grow on Thistles..... 75
Protection for Tully 91
Parallel Rulers..... 92
Police Movements 95
Prize Conundrum 104
Punch's Dream 107
Punch's Prophecies..... 112
Punch's Political Vaticination 119
Punch's Rumors 119
Punch's League again..... 120
Punch on the Markets 144
Punch's Address..... 148
Punch wants to know 148
Punch's Echo 148
Punch's Presidential Ticket 148
Punch's "Pepy's Diary" ..149, 157, 167, 171, 184, 199, 203, 212.
Punch on Annexation..... 149
Punch's Patriotic Songs 157
Punch's Flourometor 157
Punch's Intercepted Correspondence 157
Punch's Primer 158, 168
Punch's Secret Information 164
Punch's Poetic Dialogue 176
Punch's Replies to Correspondents 179
Punch's Last Deputation 183
Punch on Precedent 208
Punch's Visit to Annexation Association.. 215
Punch in Canada's Letters
To Louis Joseph Papineau..... 7
To the Dames and Demoiselles of Longeuil 16
To William Lyon Mackenzie.... 40, 203
To Robt. Christie, Esq., M.P.P 56
To His Excellency the Governor General, ... 60, 153, 163, 195
To W. Hume Blake, Esq..... 76
To Mr. Dutton of Montreal 207
To Augustus Heward..... 211
Profitable Investment..... 51

Private Correspondence..... 60
Preparations for Receptions, &c 119
Politics for Little People..... 144
Proclamation 148
Punch and the British Lion..... 153
Probable Effects of an Annexation Tariff... 187
Punch and his Papa 200
Provincial Fashions 204
Provincial Secretary's Correspondence.... 211
Public Testimonials 212

QUEER Mistake 208

RESPONSIBLE Government 7
Reward of £23,000..... 20
Railroad Notions..... 31
Reward for Libel..... 48
Remarkable Facts 60
Recreations in Natural History..... 107
Raising the Devil 135, 139
Removal of Punch's Seat of Government.. 178
Random Shots from a Rifleman..... 196

SONGS of the Session..... 20, 28
Song for the Times..... 19
Song of too many..... 35
Song of *L'Avenir*..... 105
Song of the Atlantic Railroad..... 132
Song of Separation 149, 200
Song of the Hard-up..... 192
Song of the Feeble Fountain..... 204
Song of the *Examiner*..... 207
State of the Markets..... 20, 28, 64
Scientific Information..... 28
Set a Thief, &c..... 31
State Prosecutions 47
Something Unique 55
Summary for the Mail 58
Sympathy for the Governor 71
Suggestion of Blood-letting 84
Short Ode..... 99
Sanitary Measures 103
St. Hyacinthe Races..... 119
Seat of Government..... 143
Schools in Canada 149
Sauce for the *Courier's* Currie 150
Something useful..... 158
Scientific and Political..... 175
Stanzas for Music 184
Sketches of Character..... 178, 191
Singular Delusion 191
Stray Sparks 191
Sayings and Doings..... 192
Singular Fact 200
Stray Thoughts 200
Stop! Stop!! Stop!!! 203
Shakspere in Divers places..... 207

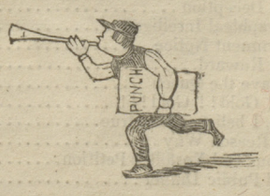
THE Pepperbury Family....3, 11, 19, 27, 35, 43, 51, 59.
The Board of Dirty Works..... 4
The Duties of Councillors 4
The Railway Sleepers..... 7
The Inspector-General's Last..... 8
The Well of Truth..... 8
The Mercantile Library Association 15
The Fancy Ball 23
The Member for Drummond..... 24
The Song of too many..... 35
The Princely Lion-tamer 36
The Height of Impudence 39
The Governor's Visit to the *Punch* Office.. 44

The Weal of the Many 48
The Modern Mrs. Chapone.....47, 55, 60, 71
The Force of Sympathy..... 60
The Prorogation of Parliament..... 79
The War of the Races..... 80
The New Police 81
The Latest Deputation 87
The Prisoner of Monklands 90
The War of Races 95
The City Water..... 95
The *Moniteur's* Regrets..... 96
The Inquisition 98
The American Flag..... 103
The Club Nationel et Democratique..... 104
The Legend of the Hermit of the Mountain, 116
The Board of Health 120
The Latest Foreign Intelligence 120
The Legend of King the Son of the Cord, 123, 131
The Hermit of the Mountain 127
The Weather and the Crops 136
The Ballad of the Moss Troopers..... 140
The Hon. Dominick Daly..... 144
The Vice-Regal Progress 147
The Rock of Quebec 148
The Annexation Squib 150
The Parting..... 153
The Last (John) Rose of Summer 163
The Eagle and the Fawn 164
The Eighth Wonder of the World..... 167
The Thimble Rig 168
The Montreal Herald Vindicated..... 172
The Government Grass Widows 175
The Last Annexation Scheme 176
The Coming Man 176
The Loan and the Gazette..... 187
The Colonel's Last..... 192
The Foolish One..... 208
The Cameron Correspondence 216
Too Good News to be True 4
Truth is Mighty..... 11
Too Bad 20
To the Mare of Quebec 23
Theatricals Extraordinary 27
To J. B. 64
To Correspondents 75, 100, 147
To all whom it may Concern 92
Two Years after Annexation 154
To be Sold Cheap—British Principles.... 154
Trade Report 183, 191
To be Sold Cheap 184
Tis time for Annexation 191
Too Bad 204
Terrible effects of Ruin and Decay 211

UMBRELLA Advertisement 136
Un Calembourg Nonpareil..... 188

WANTED—Professors, &c..... 20
Wanted to Purchase 184
Wanted—£500 48
What is a British American League?.... 59
Winter Colloquies 16
Wonderful Discovery..... 76
Worse and Worse..... 96
Warning to the Tories 127
Wonderful Effects of Annexation..... 148
Wants! Wants!! Wants!!! 179
Well deserved Reward 184

YANKEE Notions..... 150
Ye Model Brokere and ye Mysterious Merchantes..... 89



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